February 1942
TECHNOLOGY DEPT.

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Yachting

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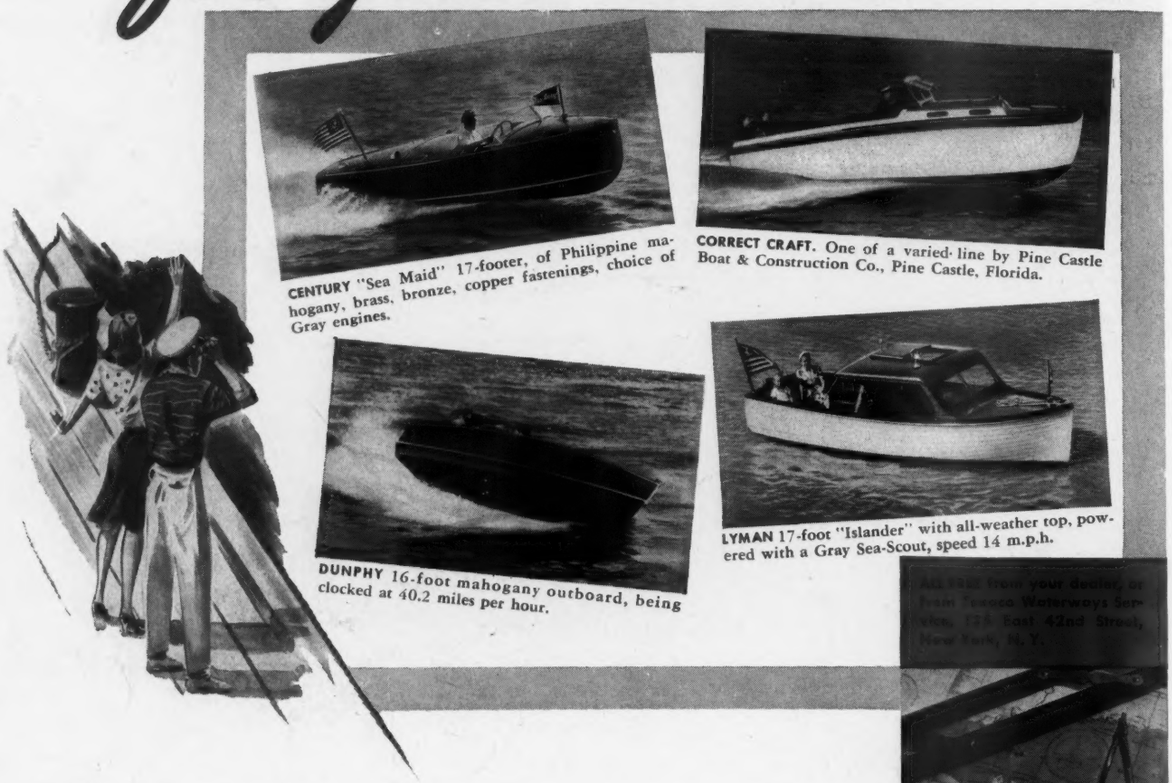
LONGER LIFE *for your boat!*



CENTURY "Sea Maid" 17-footer, of Philippine mahogany, brass, bronze, copper fastenings, choice of Gray engines.

CORRECT CRAFT. One of a varied line by Pine Castle Boat & Construction Co., Pine Castle, Florida.

DUNPHY 16-foot mahogany outboard, being clocked at 40.2 miles per hour.

LYMAN 17-foot "Islander" with all-weather top, powered with a Gray Sea-Scout, speed 14 m.p.h.

NOW THAT NEW BOATS and engines may be difficult to obtain, due to many builders having gone "all-out" for the nation's war needs, yachtsmen must get along with their present boats and engines.

The simplest way to extend engine life is to follow the practice of leading boat and engine builders themselves. They use, recommend or approve the use of *Texaco Marine Motor Oil.*

Texaco Marine Motor Oil keeps marine engines *clean,* assuring full power and fuel economy.

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APPROVED BY LEADING BOAT AND ENGINE BUILDERS

YACHTING, February, 1942, Vol. 71, No. 2. Published monthly at 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. $4.00 a year. 50 cents a copy. Entered as Second-Class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Some Saturday morning, when Mom takes Junior to the dentist, why not hoist sail and swap yarns with your daughter? Some of her ideas will surprise you, and vice versa. And all hands will have a grand time.

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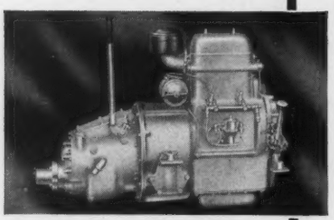
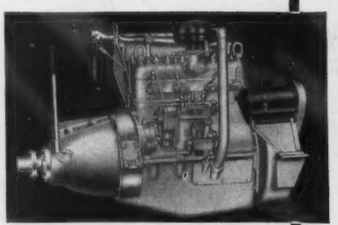
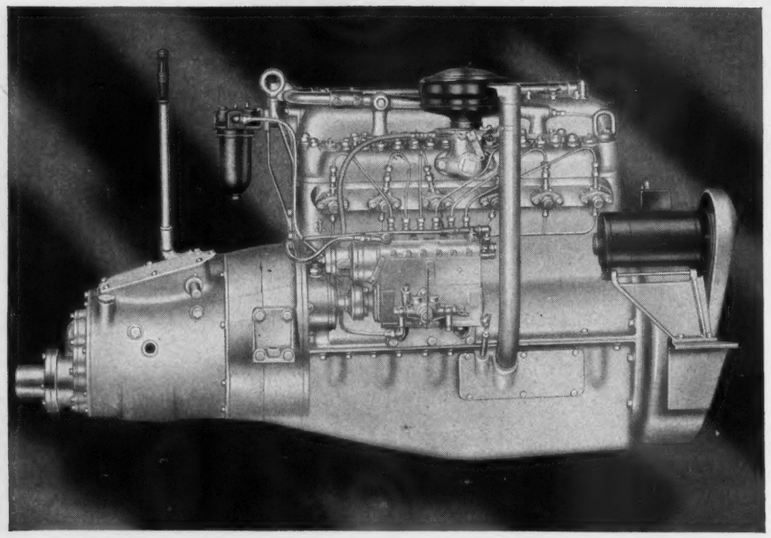
USE THE FUEL-SAVING ECONOMIES OF KERMATH-HERCULES MARINE DIESELS



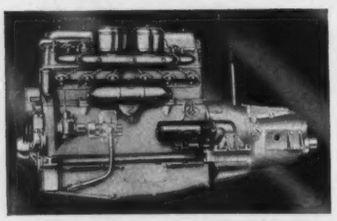
A husky, two cylinder, 27 h. p., four cycle Diesel specially designed for small cruisers, auxiliaries, fish boats and life boats.



Four cylinder, 65 h. p. light weight full Diesel engine available with or without the compact, silent Upton reduction and reverse gear.



The Kermath "6-288" is an 84 h.p. "six" with a net weight of only 1355 lbs. and an overall length of 55 11/16", illustrated with the built-in Upton combination reverse and reduction gear to show its extreme compactness.



The "6-474" Kermath-Hercules Diesel offers 113 h. p. at medium duty speeds —shown with Upton reverse and reduction gear.

Where conservation of fuel and parts, where the need for consistent and continuous operation has become a prime necessity, Kermath-Hercules Marine Diesels provide certain distinct advantages in today's war time economy.

These advantages are the result of many basic design features exclusive with Kermath-Hercules Diesel development. They include an added compactness, less weight and more power, simplified, easier starting, new smoothness of operation, complete flexibility in required speed ranges, a smokeless, odorless exhaust, lower fuel consumption, extreme operating dependability and an extensive choice of sizes and power ratings.

If the National Emergency enables you to repower or make new engine installations, we urge you to investigate the advantages of Kermath-Hercules Marine Diesels now.

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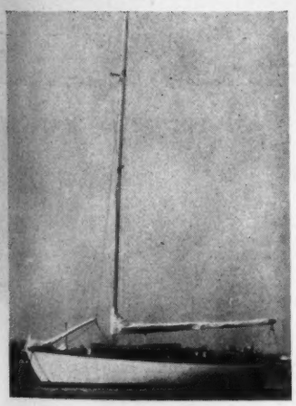
There is available one of the fastest and one of the best of these famous Herreshoff sloops. This is one of the "strapped" boats—that is, she is constructed with diagonal bronze straps that hold the hull rigid when sailing under all conditions. This is a superior construction. There is one suit of Ratsey sails, practically new, and in addition there are two other mainsails, two jibs, and a spinnaker. Standing rigging in good condition and some of running rigging practically new. Offered at $1200 for immediate sale.

CRUISING MARCONI SLOOP



A real cruising boat only 22′ over-all, 6′ beam, 4½′ draft. Built in 1938 of finest materials. Mahogany planked; Everdur fastened. Hollow spar. Lead ballast, 2000 pounds outside, 1000 pounds inside. Sleeping accommodations for two. Toilet, 4-cylinder Gray Sea Scout motor. Speed under power about 6½ miles. Copper fuel tank. Galley with 2-burner Perko stove is located aft. Fully found, dishes, glasses, etc. Offered for sale completely equipped at only $1650. Additional information will be gladly furnished.

ABLE SLOOP MOTOR SAILER

Well-built and Atkins designed motor sailer has had exceptionally fine care. Built in 1932. Approximate dimensions: 36′ x 35′ x 11½′ x 4½′. Seaworthy type. Outside and inside ballast total four to five tons. Powered with 6-cylinder Lathrop motor turning a 24″ x 24″ wheel through a 2½-1 reduction gear. A 6″ mechanical blower operates on propeller shaft. Sleeping accommodations for six including one double stateroom. Ample tank capacities. A really fine boat of this type. Full cruising equipment except linen, blankets and dishes. Additional details gladly furnished.

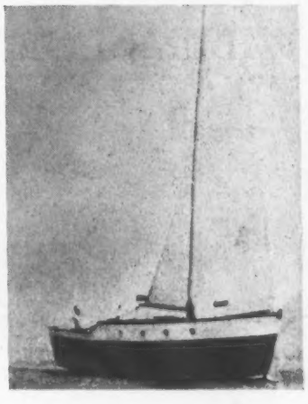
MARCONI SLOOP • CRUISING YAWL

Although not a new boat this 27′ sloop looks modern. A copy of a survey made in June 1940 will tell you just how good she is. Permanent backstay; 1938 sails; sleeps two; outboard motor. More details gladly furnished. Now offered at $1200.

34′ Yawl, built in 1938, is now available for sale. Located on the Great Lakes. Comfortable cruising type of moderate draft. Sleeps four on berths with innerspring mattresses. 4-cylinder Universal motor. Full cruising equipment. Write for additional details.

CUTTER RIGGED MOTOR SAILER

Built in 1933 and a roomy and comfortable small motor sailer. Approximate dimensions: 32′ x 11′ 5″ x 3′ 6″. V-bottom type. Sails by McClellan include besides working sails, balloon jib and spinnaker. Stainless steel rigging. Bronze hardware. Accommodations for four in two uppers and two lowers. Galley aft. 95 h.p. Chrysler motor with 2.02;1 reduction gear installed in 1941. Ample tank capacities. Full equipment including Penn Yan dinghy. More details on request.



EXCEPTIONALLY FINE TANCOOK SCHOONER

1939 built schooner now in Canada. Approximate dimensions: 39′ 6″ x 30′ x 10′ x 5′. Full headroom. Kermath motor. Six comfortable berths. Monel metal galley. Lead outside and inside ballast. 1¼″ white pine planking. All wood used was specially selected. In addition to four lowers she carries a balloon staysail and a Genoa. All sails of English loomed Egyptian cotton. Exceptional storage space. Hanging locker, drawers and lockers. Fully found. Pleased to furnish more information if you are interested.

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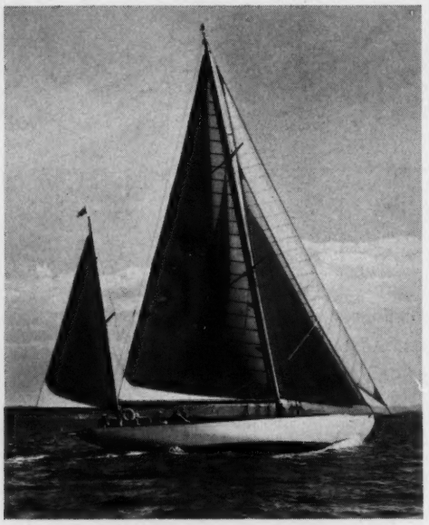
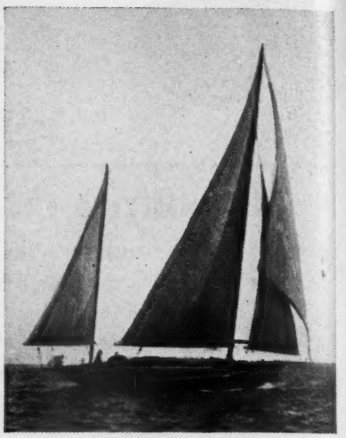
● We are offering this attractive little cruising cutter for sale. She is 32′ 1″ x 26′ 6″ x 9′ 7″ x 4′ 10″. Here is a cutter which does not look like everybody else's boat. She has plenty of individuality. She is stiff and dry and handles easily. There is a double stateroom forward and two additional berths in the main cabin. Her galley is aft. The design is by John Alden and she was built by Morse in Thomaston. She has stainless rigging, roller reefing on the jib and a Kermath motor. *Refer to File 506.*



● This fast beautifully built cruising yawl is being offered for sale for the first time. She was built by Quincy Adams Yacht Yard in 1936 from John Alden's design and is unusually well fitted out for cruising, racing or afternoon sailing. She is double planked, has teak decks, Ratsey sails, and many other refinements. Dimensions are 56′ 7″ x 40′ 3″ x 13′ 3″ x 8′ 1″. Auxiliary power is furnished by a Gray motor. *Refer to File 620.*



● Here is a smart cruising yawl from our designs which is the last word in comfort, ease of handling, and roominess above and below decks. She measures 38′ x 27′ 10″ x 10′ 5″ x 5′ 3″. There is a big double stateroom forward. Next aft are toilet and lockers followed by large main cabin and workable galley. She can be bought for a very attractive price and we will be glad to furnish further details. *Refer to File 639.*

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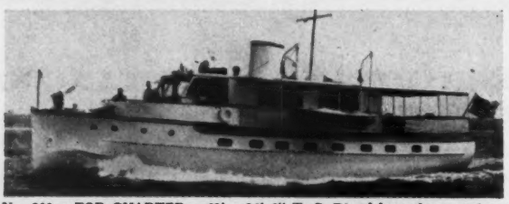
No. 213 — FOR SALE OR CHARTER — Highly desirable 98′ Diesel T. S. motor houseboat, handsomely furnished and fully equipped. In Florida.



No. 300 — FOR CHARTER — 61′ x 16′ 6″ T. S. Diesel houseboat-cruiser, with roomy cabins, spacious deck saloon and large after deck. Attractively furnished and most economical in operation. In Florida, ready for use.

No. 3490 — FOR SALE — 40′ x 11′ twin motored, sport fishing cruiser, of high class construction, well equipped and reasonably priced, In Florida.

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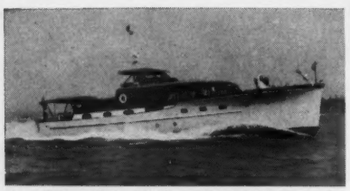
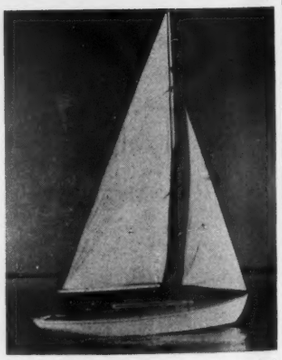


No. 5709 — FOR SALE — Elco 57 powered with twin Gray Diesels. Built in 1940. This is one of the most popular models Elco ever built. Two fine large double staterooms. Two lavatories. Shower bath for owner. Very large deckhouse. Elaborately furnished, beautifully equipped and in perfect condition.



No. S-2326 — FOR SALE — 30′ o.a. single hander from Sparkman & Stephens designs. Built in 1939. Very complete equipment. Extra berth in cockpit. Gray auxiliary.

No. 3879 — There are a number of very fine late model Matthews 38's now available in both open and enclosed models. Write for details.

The 38′ cruiser is the most suitable for owner operation. A number of fine "buys" are on hand in this size, of various makes. Ask about them.

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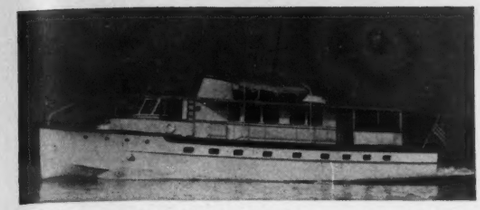
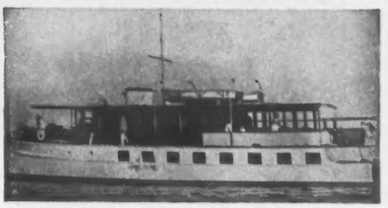


NO. 8277-Y — FOR SALE — One of the newest Mathis house-boat cruisers. Diesel motors. Exceptionally roomy. Now in Florida waters.

NO. 5495-Y — FOR SALE — 80′ o.a. Diesel powered racing and cruising yawl. Composite construction, good accommodations in natural wood paneled throughout. This yacht in splendid condition, very fast, quite reasonably priced.



NO. 7976-Y — FOR CHARTER — Twin-screw Diesel powered houseboat. Has been maintained in excellent condition. Inspectable in New York.

NO. 6201-Y — FOR SALE — 60′ o.a. Auxiliary ocean-going schooner, finest materials, built by Nevins. Planking, deck and trim of teak. Unusually good racing record.

NO. 6245-Y — FOR SALE — 42′ o.a. Diesel powered motor sailer. Very attractively arranged and in excellent condition. Fully equipped. Priced to sell.

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We can also offer for sale a number of interesting Houseboats and Cruisers in a wide range of sizes and types. If you contemplate purchasing during the winter season or for use next summer, we welcome your inquiries.

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No. 3564 — Warner Marconi cutter, 37′ 1″ x 27′ 4″ x 10′ 1″ x 6′ 0″. Built 1939. Gray 4-30 motor. Accommodates five. Lead keel, hollow spar, teak trim. Attractive boat. Reasonable price.

No. 2821 — Warner designed Marconi sloop, 25′ 9″ x 22′ 8″ x 9′ 1″ x 4′ 8″. Built 1936. Kermath motor. Accommodates two to four. Full headroom. New working sails, Genoa and Spinnaker 1941. Fine condition, attractive price.

No. 3849 — Marconi sloop, 28′ x 22′ 6″ x 9′ x 4′ 3″. Furnans design, built 1934. Kermath motor. One double berth forward, two berths main cabin. Headroom 5′ 11″. A fine small cruising auxiliary, well equipped and kept. Low price.

No. 3825 — Marconi cutter, 49′ x 34′ 6″ x 12′ x 6′ 3″. Designed by Alden. Built 1937. Double mahogany planked, teak deck. One double stateroom, four berths main cabin, one berth for crew. Gray 4-40 motor. Located Great Lakes.

No. 3738 — 46′ A.C.F. cruiser, built 1939. Two Chrysler Royals. Accommodates five and crew of one. Very completely equipped. Has had little use. Price for prompt sale $7500.

No. 3546 — Sparkman & Stephens Islander, 30′ x 23′ x 8′ 4″ x 4′ 9″. Gray motor. Accommodates three below, one in cockpit. Well equipped and kept. A number of these boats available. Full details on request.

No. 3862 — 30′ Baltzer cruiser, built 1939. Kermath 6-75 motor. Accommodates four. Galley located aft. Has had moderate use and is in A-1 condition throughout. Priced to sell.

No. 3867 — Marconi cutter, 32′ 1″ x 26′ 6″ x 9′ 7″ x 4′ 10″. Designed by Alden, built 1932. Kermath 4-25 motor. Accommodates four. Lead keel, hollow spar, stainless rigging, roller reefing on jib and main. A good buy.

No. 2759 — 47′ ketch rig motor sailer. Sparkman & Stephens design, built 1936. Chrysler 90 h.p. motor. Accommodates five and crew one. Reasonably priced.

No. 3785 — 1941 Owens Sedan cruiser, 30′ 6″ x 6′ 5″ x 2′ 4″. Accommodates four. Chrysler 6-74 motor. Attractive buy. Located New York area.

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No. Y-9002 — Twin-screw cruiser, designed and built by Hubert Johnson. Ideal boat for day use. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

No. Y-7981 — Auxiliary sloop, 24′ x 18′ 6″ x 7′ 6″ x 4′ 3″, with two large berths in main cabin. Price $975. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

Shoal Draft

No. Y-8506 — An unusual opportunity to buy a modern shoal draft yawl, built in 1938 from our designs. Four berths in main cabin, double stateroom, lavatory, galley and forecastle forward. Teak decks, Everdur fastenings, hollow spars. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

No. Y-2028 — FOR FLORIDA CHARTER — 98′ 6″ twin-screw Diesel houseboat, designed and built by Mathis. Five staterooms, three baths. SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

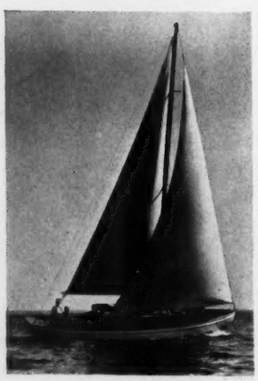
No. Y-8499 — FOR SALE — Auxiliary yawl, 38′ 6″ x 27′ 10″ x 10′ 5″ x 5′ 6″, with sleeping accommodations for five. For further data consult SPARKMAN & STEPHENS, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York.

YACHT SALES & SERVICE, INC.

Naval Architects, Yacht Brokers and Marine Insurance

1528 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

No. 1654 — FOR SALE — 41′ motor sailer designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. Built in 1938. Very comfortable accommodations for six. Completely equipped and powered with a Palmer 30 h.p. motor. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



No. 1793 — FOR SALE — 35′ 6″ x 28′ x 9′ 6″ x 5′ 9″, auxiliary keel cutter, designed by Fred Geiger and built in 1939. Excellent condition and with splendid sail equipment. *For further particulars, communicate with* YACHT SALES & SERVICE, Inc., 1528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1237 — 1938 38′ Matthews Sedan, twin screw.
No. 1243 — 1938 38′ Matthews Sedan, Diesel twin screw.
No. 2010 — 1938 42′ Geiger designed cruiser, new motors.
No. 1226 — 1940 44′ Sedan cruiser by Chris Nelson, twin screw.
No. 1182 — 1939 55′ Geiger designed cruiser, twin screw.
No. 886 — 1936 52′ Dawn cruiser, twin Diesel engines.
No. 882 — 1939 53′ Elco cruiser, twin Diesel engines.

Early and late season accommodations are easier to secure on short notice.

BLACK HAWK (Illustrated)
63′ x 48′ Aux. Schooner

Also

MAYFLOWER
95′ x 19′ Power Yacht
GALLANT
65′ x 48′ Aux. Schooner
SARACEN
50′ x 32′ Aux. Yawl

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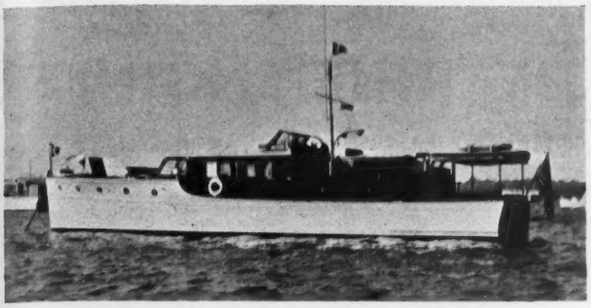


FOR FLORIDA CHARTER

SMART AND BEAUTIFUL describes this TWIN-SCREW DIESEL cruiser. She is 54′ of double planked mahogany and cedar, built strongly by Peterson, of Nyack, and powered with two Superior 150 h.p. diesels which give her a cruising speed of 12 knots and a top speed of 15 knots. She is flying bridge control and has a commodious enclosed deckhouse. Her cockpit is large, too. She has the convenience of a ship-to-shore telephone and the protection of a Lux fire extinguishing system.

Below there are two most attractively furnished double staterooms, two toilets and one shower. Crews' quarters for two are forward.

The charter price is extraordinarily low so that she truly represents swank at a very moderate cost. She was chartered through the holiday season by some high-class people who were EVEN MORE enthusiastic about her when the charter ended. They wanted to buy her but she is not for sale. Let H. Marshall Oliver sign you up for a really enjoyable vacation.

FOR FLORIDA SALE AND CHARTER

Here is an almost new TWIN-SCREW DIESEL Mathis House Yacht, 61′ long, combining luxury and comfort with economy.

She was carefully and strongly constructed with copper fastenings, has teak decks and a sound-proofed engine room. The Arcola hot water heating system is a convenient extra that the owner added. She cruises at a comfortable 10 knots driven by two Superior reduction gear 110 h.p. diesel engines, and since she also has a diesel generator there is no gasoline aboard. Her deckhouse lounge is large and attractive and she has a nice after deck.

Her accommodations are excellent: three luxurious double staterooms, two toilets, one shower and one bath, with crews' quarters for three forward. The spacious galley has a Shipmate gas stove and an electric refrigerator.

If you are looking for a house yacht not too large you really have something here, what with her being so recent and having the very much desired diesel power, and she is really better looking than the picture shows her to be. H. Marshall Oliver is here to take you aboard.

COMPLETE LISTING OF AVAILABLE HOUSEBOATS AND CRUISERS OF ALL SIZES

ELDREDGE-McINNIS, INC.

131 State Street, Boston, Mass.

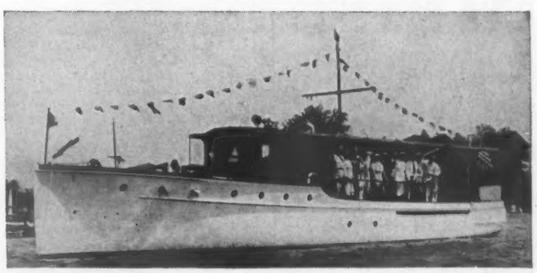
YACHT BROKERS Telephone HUBbard 2910 NAVAL ARCHITECTS

No. 4987—Keel cruising cutter, built 1938. One of the ablest and most popular models developed in New England. Only 30′ o.a. yet sleeps four comfortably with double stateroom.

No. 1337—Smart and able 43′ o.a. schooner sleeps six. Extensively reconditioned both in regards to hull and equipment since being built. Now has double head rig. Attractively priced.

No. 5107—FOR SALE—Late model Matthews 38′ deckhouse cruiser. Twin Screw. Sleeps 4. In owner's party with separate crew's quarters. Bendix controls. Pressure water system. Shower bath. Fish chairs and well. Boat used very moderately.

TWIN-SCREW YACHT



"HO-TOI" 72 Foot "HO-TOI"

This fine able twin-screw yacht is ready for a trip to Florida or wherever the purchaser desires to cruise. She has two single and one double stateroom, a large beautifully appointed dining salon, two baths and two toilets. The accommodations are unusual on this fine boat and her spacious decks afford ample room for large parties for short day cruising. She is double planked and built to the most exacting specifications in every way. This is a splendid boat that may be maintained for far less than the average yacht her size. We offer her completely overhauled and refinished and at a very low price for immediate sale.

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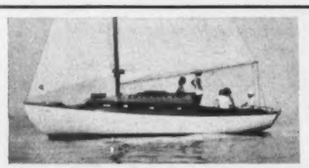

FOR SALE 1940 "Challenger" k. & c. auxiliary sloop. Marconi. 29′ o.a.; draft 3′ (with board 6′). 1½ tons outside. Full headroom. No centerboard trunk showing. Fine sailer. Large refrigerator, galley, toilet. Sleeps 4. Stateroom forward. Fully found. 1-man control. Gray 4-cyl. Hollow spars. Charts. Electric lighting. Deck awning. Ship's clock. Radio. Best care. "Pram" dinghy. Side ladder. Owner getting smaller boat. Inspectable Huntington, Long Island. *Address:* R. D. MILLS, 50 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. C.

STAR
"Andiamo V"
●

Built by Hubbard's South Coast Company in 1939 for winning skipper. Won Long Island Sound Championship—1939, Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Club Championships and Charles Francis Adams Trophy—1940 and 1941. Completely fitted with modern equipment and gadgets and maintained in finest racing condition by Purdy. A better bet than a new boat for winning performance. Delivered free—reasonable trailing distance N. Y. Box No. 200, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

MARINA FOR SALE

One of the most complete and best equipped shipyards in U. S. Complete in every detail. Popular dealerships doing good business. HAVE GOVERNMENT SHIPBUILDING CONTRACTS, MORE AVAILABLE. $20,000 Cash. Principals only. Address Box No. 201, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE

102′ yawl "ATHENE" $15000.00 or any of her equipment; a 1940 Model G.M.D.-65 6-Cyl. Gray Diesel with auxiliary generator; 1940 Model 71 RA Gray Diesel Generator; 100 Watt radio-telephone and wireless and receiving outfit; Bendix controls, photo-electric pilot, electric winches and windlass, electric bilge pump, 1940 17′ Chris-Craft, electric toilets, Quick-Meal gas stove and outfit, furniture, Spode China, sails, rigging, anchors, chain, hull, 40 ton lead keel; everything A-1; inventory available. *Inquire of* A. A. WASHTON, 48 Main Street, New London, Connecticut.

FOR SALE

29′ Hubert Johnson Deluxe Sea Skiff. Twin Chrysler Crowns, Bendix controls, excellent condition. Used less than 150 hours. Reasonably priced.

Alvah B. Goldsmith, Southold, L. I., N. Y.

WANTED

A.C.F. 54 or similar boat. Must be in good condition. ROBERT E. FUNKHOUSER, 5315 Colorado Avenue, Washington, D. C.

GENOA WANTED

Will buy second-hand genoa jib, 32′ on luff, 23′ on foot. Or will buy one larger if it can easily be cut down. Price must be low. Box No. 202, care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE

Sterling Petrel Marine Engine, direct drive, 185 h.p. at 1500 r.p.m's, 6-cylinder, with vacuum controls. In excellent condition, used very little and always in fresh water. Reasonable price.

MINNETONKA BOAT WORKS, INC.
Wayzata, Minnesota

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EGYPTIAN SAILCLOTH used mainsails and jibs for STAR, ATLANTIC and larger class boats. Also jibs, jib topsails and quadrilaterals from yachts ENTERPRISE and RANGER. Satisfaction or money refunded.

R. TOBIN & SON
349 West 12th Street New York City
Tel. CHelsea 3-6453

IF *Your Boat* IS *For Charter* OR *For Sale*

and she is not listed with the various yacht brokers, we urge that you send her description and particulars to several of them immediately. One of them may have a client looking for a boat just like yours.

If your boat is already listed and you have not yet been able to make suitable arrangements for her sale or charter, you can arrange for your own advertisement in YACHTING through your yacht broker. There are no better prospects for her than among the many thousands of other readers of YACHTING — a fact best exemplified by records which show that YACHTING regularly carries more advertising by far from yacht brokers than any other boating publication.

If, however, you prefer to deal direct and advertise your boat yourself, YACHTING prints its Classified Advertising Rates and the units of space available below. Simply select the unit you wish to use, send us a photograph of any size, a glossy print if possible but not a negative (this will be returned on request), and supply us with the words for the text. *Please enclose check* and indicate whether you wish inquiries sent to your yacht broker, to you direct, or to a YACHTING Box Number for forwarding to you soon as received (no extra charge for this service).

GENERAL CLASSIFIED RATES

Advertisements admitted to YACHTING *at these rates include notices of* USED *boats for sale, for charter or wanted,* USED *engines or other* USED *equipment for sale or wanted, help or positions wanted, etc.*

Small Units

1 column x 1″	— no illustration (minimum space)	*$ 6.50
1 column x 1½″	— no illustration	9.50
1 column x 2″	— no illustration	12.50

** Special rate for "Position Wanted" notices $5.00, this space only*

Illustrated Units

1 column x 1½″	— including cost of cut	$12.25
1 column x 2″	— including cost of cut	15.00
1 column x 2½″	— including cost of cut	18.00
1 column x 3″	— including cost of cut	21.00
1 column x 3½″	— including cost of cut	24.00
1 column x 4″	— including cost of cut	27.00
2 columns x 1½″	— including cost of cut	21.00
1 column x 2″	— including cost of cut	27.00

Larger Illustrated Units

⅛ Page	— 2 ″ x 5½″ — including cost of cut	$ 30.00
⅛ Page	— 4⅛″ x 2⅝″ — including cost of cut	30.00
¼ Page	— 4⅛″ x 5½″ — including cost of cut	50.00
¼ Page	— 8⅝″ x 2⅝″ — including cost of cut	50.00
½ Page	— 4⅛″ x 11⅛″ — including cost of cut	90.00
½ Page	— 8⅝″ x 5½″ — including cost of cut	90.00
Page	— 8⅝″ x 11⅛″ — including cost of cut	165.00

Classified Advertising Is Payable Upon Insertion. Please Forward Remittance with Your Advertisement. Forms Close the Seventh of the Month Preceding Publication.

Yachting
205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

YACHTSMEN'S SWAP CHEST

The National Clearing House for Yachtsmen Who Wish to Swap, Trade, Barter or Exchange Idle Equipment or Gear for More Urgently Needed Items

IF YOU CANNOT BUY—GIVE THESE COLUMNS A TRY

Rates and Terms: "Swap Chest" ads are published at the low rate of 8¢ per word, with a minimum charge of $1.50. Check or money order in correct amount must accompany orders or ads will be returned. Ads must reach the "Swap Chest" by the 7th of the month for inclusion in the coming issue. Ads received after the 7th may not appear until the second following issue. All ads are set in uniform style and are assigned blind Box Numbers from which replies are forwarded by YACHTING.

To Place an Ad: Type or write the text of your ad clearly just as you want it to appear except for the Box Number which will be supplied free by the "Swap Chest." Count the words using the sample below as a guide for figures, abbreviations, etc., and multiply by 8¢ per word. The result, if over $1.50, is the cost of your ad. If less than $1.50, you may add more words or pay the $1.50 minimum charge. Send your ad, with check or money order (not stamps), together with your name and address, to the "Swap Chest," care YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York. You need not write a letter. **Word Count:** When complicated by figures, abbreviations, etc., words are counted as shown in the following sample ad. Each part that is considered a word is underlined separately:

Will	swap	a	beautifully	carved	sea-chest,	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3′ 9″ x 1′ 10″ x 1′ 3″,	made	on	a	clipper	ship	
8	9	10	11	12 13	14	15
during	an	1852	voyage	around	the	Horn and
16	17	18	19	20	21	22 23
worth	$75	to	$100	for a	2 hp.	outboard motor
24	25	26	27	28 29	30	31 32
not	over	2	years	old.		
33	34	35	36	37		

To Answer an Ad: Write to the ad's "Swap Chest" Box Number, care of YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York. Your letter will be forwarded to the advertiser who will get in touch with you direct. No telephone replies will be accepted, nor will advertisers' names be divulged under any circumstances. Do not send packages to the "Swap Chest" or to Box Numbers — they will be returned unopened.

Exclusively a service for yachtsmen, the "Swap Chest" will not knowingly accept advertising from business firms, dealers, manufacturers or other commercial vendors. Although there is no other limit to the variety of items that may be offered or sought through the "Swap Chest," boats larger than dinghies may not be advertised in this department. (YACHTING's regular display, brokerage or classified rates may be had on request.)

YACHTING reserves the right to refuse any advertisement for any reason whatsoever.

YACHTING assumes no responsibility for any transactions arising out of the "Swap Chest." All advertising is accepted with the understanding that it is placed in good faith and that everything advertised is as represented. YACHTING will be glad to know of any misrepresentation and warns users of the "Swap Chest" that the use of the United States mails for the purposes of fraud is a serious offense. Any knowledge of such action that comes to YACHTING's attention will be promptly turned over to the proper authorities.

Here are some suggestions of the type of Marine Equipment always in great demand:

CLOCKS ▪ FITTINGS
LIFE PRESERVERS
RADIOS ▪ DINGHIES
ENGINES ▪ SAILS
ANCHORS ▪ CHAIN
OUTBOARD MOTORS
SEXTANTS ▪ PUMPS
SEARCHLIGHTS
PLUMBING ▪ WINCHES
STOVES ▪ BLOCKS

Here is how some swap ads may be worded:

I want two 1 qt. approved fire extinguishers in working order. Will swap my 20 lb. C.Q.R. plow anchor. Box .....

Have four 2¾″ bronze spar cleats. Will swap for two 3½″ ones which I need badly. Box .....

Need 50 ft. of ¼″ linen rope. Have two arm course protractor to swap, or what do you need? Box .....

Have two pairs 6′ 6″ ash oars. Will swap one pair for a skiff so I can use the other pair, or what have you to offer? Box .....

Sold my Star and her extra mainsail is of no use on my cruiser. Want portable direction finder. Who will swap? Box .....

Badly need a sextant and will swap a taffrail log in good shape (my boat has a Kenyon). Also have extra dipsey lead line. What will you swap for it? Box .....

WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER?

COMING NEXT MONTH —

and each month thereafter — a startlingly new and original service for yachtsmen. Unique in the boating field! Geared to help every yachtsman through these times of possible material shortages for private boating. YACHTING takes great pleasure in offering you the new

"YACHTSMEN'S SWAP CHEST"

Here's how it works. Most yachtsmen and boat owners have accumulated through years of pursuing their favorite sport considerable marine equipment, accessories, gadgets. Whether it happens to be a fog bell, an anchor, a bronze halliard winch, or a rack for highball glasses — if it is not in active service on your boat today, it might be useful to a brother boat owner.

Through YACHTING's new monthly feature, we cordially invite you to list with us items which have outlived their former usefulness to you; in brief, items you would gratefully swap or trade to some yachtsman somewhere — if you could find him — for a gadget of more immediate purpose.

YACHTING's only function in this new service will be to provide in its "Swap Chest" a "bulletin board" of national prominence enabling you to list *your* used equipment and to window-shop for possible replacements. Trading is an American tradition as ancient as whaling days, as modern as the times which provoke the "Yachtsmen's Swap Chest." We guarantee you will not fail to find this new department interesting, useful and informative. Come one, come all! The more listings we can print, the more chance of finding what you want, especially in these priorities-governed times.

Rates have been scaled down to rock-bottom levels. Only 8¢ a word in America's leading boating publication! It is easy to order your "Swap Chest" advertisement in YACHTING's newest department. Do it now! You'll find complete instructions on this page. Use the coupon. Be a successful "swapper"! IT'S FUN!

USE THIS EASY COUPON FOR YOUR FIRST "SWAP CHEST" AD
MAIL IT TO "YACHTING", 205 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

YACHTING, 205 East 42nd Street, New York:

Please publish my "SWAP CHEST" ad as follows:

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

Enclosed find $_____ in full payment

*Print Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

RATE: 8¢ per word, $1.50 minimum. No charge for Box Number and forwarding.

☆ LEST WE FORGET! ☆

MENDHAM
84′ x 18′—2″ x 10′—2″

★

DESIGNED BY
JNO. G. ALDEN
BOSTON, MASS.

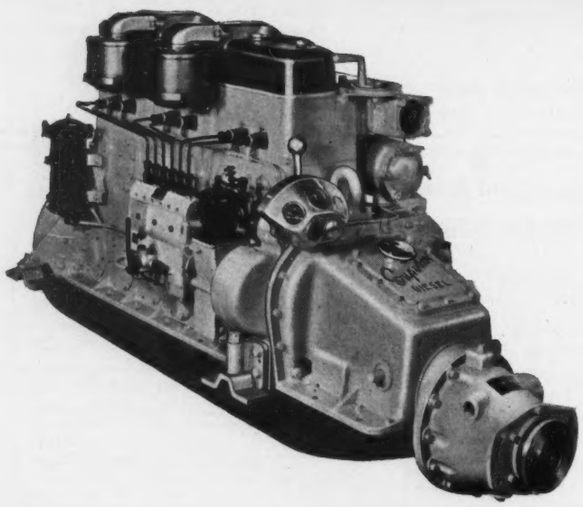
★

BUILT BY
HOGDON BROTHERS
EAST BOOTHBAY, MAINE

★

OWNED BY
LEONARD WHEELER
BOSTON, MASS.

Superior DIESEL POWER



WHILE our yachtsmen are signing up "for the duration" on steel ships, let's not forget that war can never blast billowing canvas and singing ropes off any body of water permanently . . . *There'll ALWAYS be the Windjammers!*

And when it's over, the covers will come off—the scrapers and painters will go to work, the riggers will go aloft and soon those familiar white specks will appear on the horizon . . . here . . . there . . . everywhere where there's clean water and a breeze o' wind.

At that point SUPERIOR Diesels will swing into action other than on front line service as at present.

Happy landings to you Gentlemen of the Wind!

THE NATIONAL SUPPLY COMPANY . . . SUPERIOR ENGINE DIVISION

SALES-OFFICES: Springfield, Ohio; Philadelphia, Penna.; New York, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Houston, Texas; St. Louis, Mo.; Fort Worth, Texas; Tulsa, Okla.; Boston, Mass. FACTORIES: Springfield, Ohio; Philadelphia, Penna.

Stanley Toogood, A.R.P.S.

American yachts in the harbor of Nassau drying sails after a dusty run acoss the Gulf Stream

VOL. LXXI
NO. II

YACHTING

FEBRUARY
1942

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YACHT CLUB NEWS AND COMMENT

Crane Heads N.A.Y.R.U.

▶ The North American Yacht Racing Union met in New York on January 16th and elected Clinton H. Crane president. Mr. Crane succeeds the late Philip J. Roosevelt, who lost his life as a result of a sailing accident last October. Other elections at the meeting included Thomas K. Wade, of Toronto, and Theodore M. Dunlap, of Chicago, vice presidents; Arthur Besse, of southern Massachusetts, treasurer; George E. Roosevelt, of New York, secretary; and Robert W. Wayland, W. L. Stewart, Jr., Stuart Haldorn, J. Lewis Stackpole, and A. F. Wakefield, members of the executive committee.

The Southern Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association proposed that a special appeals committee be set up by the Union as a final authority on all matters involving racing rules. Appeals have formerly been handled by the executive committee. This proposal was acted upon favorably.

Stanford Again Heads Cruising Club

▶ At the annual meeting of the Cruising Club of America, held in New York in mid-January, Alfred B. Stanford was reëlected commodore. He will fly his flag from the well-known cutter *Vision*. William E. Lundgren continues as vice commodore, and W. P. Stephens as historian. Former Commodore John B. Lord was elected secretary-treasurer. Martin S. Kattenhorn, Hobart Ford, W. Porter Buck, and William H. Taylor, make up the Board of Governors, class of 1943.

Port Washington Y.C.

▶ At the annual meeting of the Port Washington Yacht Club, of Port Washington, Long Island, the following new officers were elected for the coming season: Commodore, William B. Laub; vice commodore, Fred W. Voges; rear commodore, William A. Cotter; treasurer, R. L. Bruneau; secretary, Tom Varley.

Westchester U.S.P.S. Lectures

▶ The Westchester Power Squadron, whose enterprising commander, Harold Baker, put over, last fall, the best attended series of boating lectures ever conducted in the metropolitan area, is still going strong. The Squadron's series of lively and informative lectures on various aspects of sailing and racing which drew audiences of several hundreds is being continued this winter with the locale shifting from New Rochelle to White Plains. The group will meet at the East View Avenue High School at 7:45 p.m., on Tuesday evenings, beginning January 27th and going on through March 31st. Each session will include a sailing lecture as well as one of the regular lectures of the U.S. Power Squadron's Elementary Piloting Course. All men and women interested in boating are welcome. There is no charge.

The subjects and lecturers in the sailing lecture series will be as follows: Nautical Terminology, J. W. Benfield; Boats and Their Care, Winthrop P. Moore; Elements of Naval Architecture, Philip L. Rhodes; Marlinespike Seamanship, Westchester P. S. members; Sails and Their Care, Ernest Ratsey; Weather Forecasting, Richard Splain; Tuning and Rigging, C. Stanley Ogilvy; Racing Rules and Tactics, Gordon Raymond; Blue Water Sailing, Herbert L. Stone; Introduction to Navigation, George N. Wallace.

CALENDAR

Sail

February 13 or 14 — Governor's Cup Race, Nassau Y.C., Nassau, Bahamas.
February 13–15 — Midwinter Regatta, Comet Class Y.R.A., Don Q Trophy, Club Nautico de San Juan and San Juan Blue Comet Fleet, San Juan, P.R.
February 22 — Regatta, Palm Beach Y.C.
March 1 — Regatta, Tampa Yacht and Country Club, Tampa, Fla.
March 6–8 — Regatta, Clearwater Y.C., Fla.
March 7 — St. Petersburg–Habana Race, St. Petersburg, Habana and Miramar Y.C., St. Petersburg, Fla.
March 13 — Habana–Key West Race, Habana and Key West Y.C., Habana, Cuba.
March 24–30 — International Star Class Spring Championship Series and Johnny Walker Cup Series, Nassau, Bahamas.
March 29 — Regatta, Miami Y.C.
April 10 — Regatta, Daytona Beach Y.C., Fla.
May 3 — Opening Day Parade on San Francisco Bay, Pacific Interclub Y.A.
May 9–10 — First Championship Races, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay, Tiburon-Vallejo and return, Corinthian Y.C.
May 24 — Second Championship Races, W. R. Hearst and San Francisco Examiner Trophies, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay.
June 21 — Third Championship Races, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay, Richmond Y.C.
July 18 — Inter-State Race for Auxiliaries. Erie, Pennsylvania to Mentor Harbor, Ohio. Erie Y.C. and Mentor Harbor Y.C.
July 24–26 — Invitation Regatta, Edgartown Y.C.
July 25–26 — Falcon Cup Race and Annual Regatta. Mentor Harbor Y.C.
August 1–2 — Northern Lakes Open Comet Series, Algonquin Y.C., Irondequoit, New York.
August 6–8 — Twenty-first Annual Regatta, Miles River Y.C., St. Michaels, Md.
August 8–9 — Northern Lakes State Championship, Comets. Lake Owasco, New York.
August 9–10 — Annual Regatta and Lightships Race, Nantucket Y.C. (Tentative).
August 10–14 — Annual Regatta, Inter-Lake Yachting Association, Put-in-Bay, Ohio.
August 13–15 — Annual Regatta, Central New York Y.R.A., Syracuse Y.C.
August 23 — Fourth Championship Races, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay, Berkeley Y.C.
September 11–13 — National Championship Regatta, Comet Class, Seaside Park Y.C., Seaside Park, New Jersey.
September 13–20 — Fifth Championship Races, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay, St. Francis Y.C.

Chesapeake Bay

May 2–3 — Penguin Regatta, Old Dominion B.C., Alexandria, Va.
May 17 — Race for Cruising and Star Classes, Naval Academy Y.S. Annapolis, Md.
May 24 — Shakedown Race, Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
May 31 — Swan Point Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
June 6–7 — Small Boat Regatta, Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
June 13–14 — Rhode River Rendezvous and Race Back, Gibson Island Y.S.
June 13–14 — Regatta, Baltimore Y.C.
June 20–21 — Delta Race, Potapskut S.A., Stony Creek, Md.
June 20 — Regatta, Naval Academy Y.S., Annapolis, Md.
June 27–28 — Regatta, Fairhaven S.C., Fairhaven, Md.
June 27–28 — Regatta, Potapskut S.A., Stony Creek, Md.
July 3 — Virginia Cruising Club Race, Hampton Y.C., Hampton, Va.
July 4–5 — Regatta, Hampton Y.C., Hampton, Va.
July 4–5 — Regatta, Rock Hall Y.C., Rock Hall, Md.
July 10 — Gibson Island-Annapolis Race. Gibson Island Y.S.
July 10–12 — Regatta, Annapolis Y.C., Annapolis, Md.
July 18–19 — Regatta, and J. Rulon Miller Memorial Series for Stars, Gibson Island Y.S.
July 24–26 — Regatta, Chester River Y. and C.C., Chestertown, Md.
July 26 — Poplar Island Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
July 31–August 2 — Regatta, Cambridge Y.C., Cambridge, Md.
August 6–8 — Regatta, Miles River Y.C., St. Michaels, Md.
August 9 — Race Back from Miles River, Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
August 14 — Race from Gibson Island to Oxford, Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A.
August 14–15 — Regatta, Chesapeake Bay Y.C., Easton, Md.
August 14–15 — Regatta, Tred Avon Y.C., Oxford, Md.
August 22 — Regatta, Sparrows Point Y.C., Sparrows Point, Md.
August 29 — Regatta, Naval Academy Y.S., Annapolis, Md.
August 29–30 — Regatta, Indian Landing Y.C., Indian Landing, Md.
August 29–30 — Regatta, Rappahannock River Y.C., Irvington, Va.
September 5 — Cedar Point Race, Gibson Island Y.S.
September 5 — Regatta, Norfolk-Portsmouth Y.R.A., Norfolk, Va.
September 5–7 — Regatta, West River S.C., Galesville, Md.
September 12–13 — Regatta, Urbanna Y.C., Urbanna, Va.
September 12–13 — Regatta, Elk River Y.C., Old Fields Point, Md.
September 13 — Regatta, Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.
September 19–20 — Regatta, Potomac River S.A., Washington, D. C.
October 4 — Start of Fall Series for Cruising and Racing Classes, Annapolis Y.C., Annapolis, Md.

Power

February 15 — New Smyrna Beach, Fla.
February 20–21 — Palm Beach Y.C., Fla.
February 28–March 1 — Miami, Fla.
March 7–8 — Lakeland, Fla.
March 14–15 — Bradenton, Fla.
March 20–21 — St. Petersburg, Fla.
March 28–29 — Cocoa-Rockledge, Fla.
April 4–5 — Jacksonville, Fla.
August 6–8 — Twenty-first Annual Regatta, Miles River Y.C., St. Michaels, Md.

Harlem Y.C. Elections

▶ The Harlem Yacht Club, of City Island, New York, has elected John Poth commodore for the coming year. Other officers include William E. Raives, vice commodore; Robert E. Shaw, rear commodore; E. H. Studley, treasurer; and John M. Brophy and Thomas A. Guy, secretaries.

Finch Heads Inter-Lake Association

▶ At the recent annual meeting of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, leading organization in the Detroit and Lake Erie area, Howard French, of the Crescent and Bayview Yacht Clubs, Detroit, was elected commodore for the coming year. He will have the assistance of other Detroit men among the newly-elected officers who include Harry Kendall, secretary-treasurer; Stanley Puddiford, regatta chairman; Todd W. Frederick, trophy committee chairman; and Tom Fisher, fleet captain.

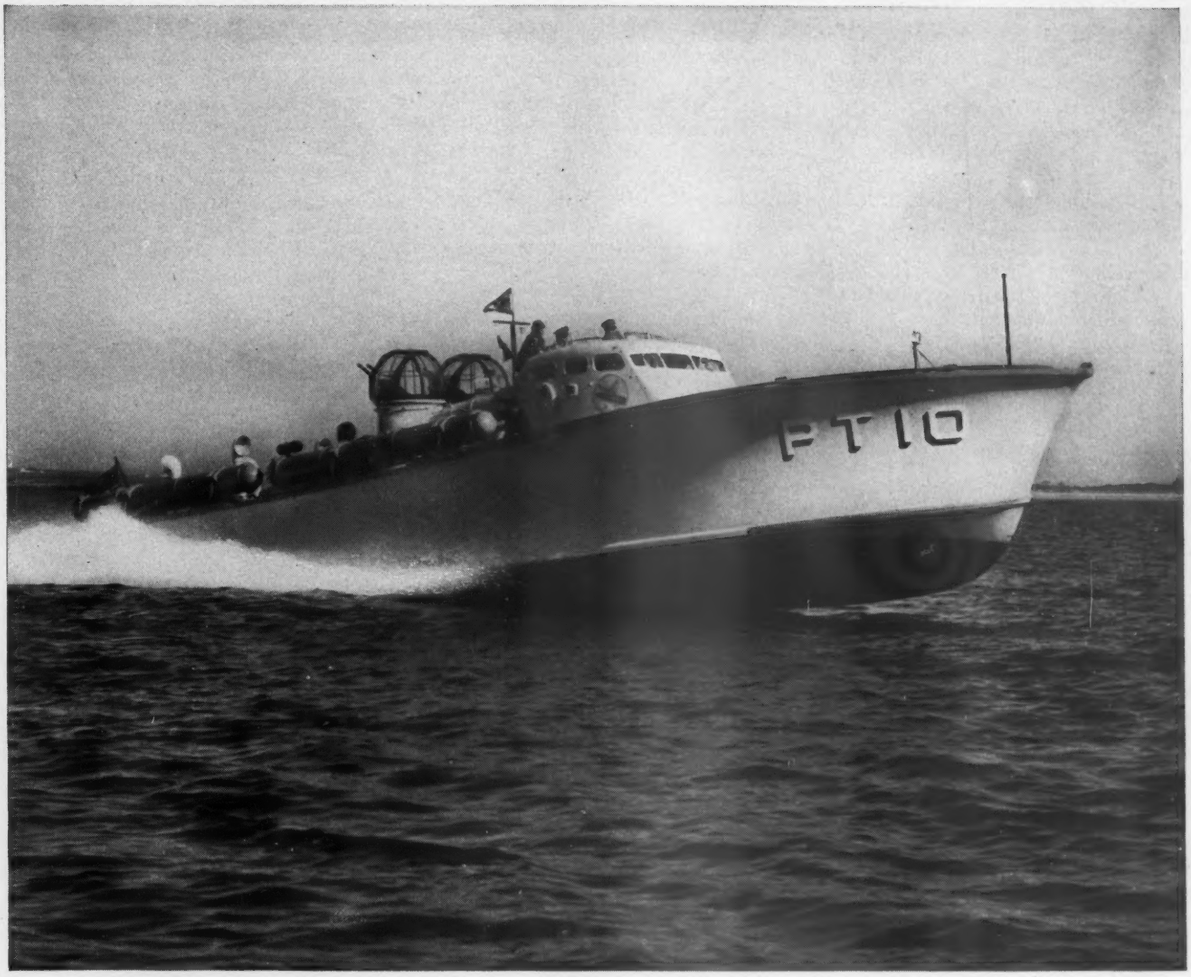
Leonard A. Stack, of the Lakeside and Vermilion Yacht Clubs, Cleveland, is the new vice commodore, and Milton Gallup, of the Cleveland Yachting Club, the new rear commodore.

Stevens, Haverford Join I.C.Y.R.A.

▶ At the annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association, held at the New York Yacht Club in late December, Stevens Institute of Technology and Haverford College were elected to membership. The sailors of these institutions have been doing their sailing at the City Island and Philadelphia Corinthian yacht clubs.

At the same meeting, changes in the association's rules were adopted setting up provisional and associate memberships for colleges unable to meet full I.C.Y.R.A. membership qualification.

Plans for next spring's college dinghy racing regattas were formulated and it is apparent that interest in this sport is on the increase despite the speed-up in academic schedules resulting from the wartime emergency. Lieutenant Commander M. M. de Wolf, small boat sailing maestro at the Naval Academy, reported that sailing activity continues unabated there. The same is true of the Coast Guard Academy, at New London.



Fighting Boats

FOR A FIGHTING NAVY

Elco-built Motor Torpedo Boats are seeing front-line action around the world! These sea-going "mosquitoes" must replace our production of Elco pleasure craft until the day America's Victory is won. When that time comes we shall build for you once more, the finest pleasure craft afloat.

For Half A Century, America's Leading Builders of Fine Cruisers and Motor Yachts

Elco

NAVAL DIVISION
OF THE ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

IN THE WIND

▶ Bill Dyer tried out his latest design, a 12-foot molded plywood dinghy with 90 square feet of sail, against the BO Class in the Port Washington regatta last month. . . . Bill has shown real imagination and a great deal of *savoir faire* in his boatbuilding enterprise. . . . His wife and daughter share his interest in boats, something that a guy in the business may well be thankful for. . . .

▶ At long last, Manila came to the end of its rope — but give the Japs enough manila and they'll hang themselves. . . .

▶ About the only reason one seems able to advance for the Nipponese attack on us is that they decided to make hara-kiri the national sport. . . .

▶ Hirohito informed his ancestors of the state of affairs and it's lucky for him they weren't able to talk back. . . .

▶ Ted Kilkenny, back from Hong Kong, told me he was amazed at the fight the Dutch were putting up in the East Indies. . . . He has many friends out there. . . .

▶ The late Happy New Year-Merrie Christmas season was celebrated with as much exuberance as if there were no war to speak of or, in fact, anything wrong. . . . Which is typical of the American People. . . . For, under the cloak of their gayety, there was stern purpose in every heart — the determination to fight for our liberties and win. . . . But, such is the American character, that resolve doesn't mean that we have to attune our mood continuously to the gravity of the occasion. . . . We can still play as well as fight — and incidentally nobody's out-*fit* us yet, by Godfrey! . . . The necessity of recreation for us in this emergency is greater than ever it was in times of peace. . . . Hence, more than ever, yachting next season should be an ideal sport for those who love it and those who will learn to love it with the acquisition of a boat. . . . As was pointed out in a YACHTING editorial last month, there will be plenty of unrestricted waters in which to sail. . . . Let's look forward with faith in victory and to some happy days afloat next summer. . . .

▶ When Francis Scott Key wrote about "the bombs bursting in air" he wasn't referring to the kind that menace us today. . . . But it's the same Old Glory that's "still there" and "in triumph shall wave." . . .

I'm so carried away by patriotic fervor at this point that I almost remember *all* the words. . . .

▶ It begins to look as if the rubber check would soon be the only kind of rubber in circulation. . . .

▶ The December Cruising Club dinner at the New York Yacht Club was a knockout, with a fine attendance and lots of fast-moving entertainment and enthusiasm. . . . But I'm always fearful that someone may fall into one of those show cases, when the party's over there, and ruin a priceless model. . . .

▶ An English lady wrote me the other day that there was *some* compensation for the fact the Japs had come into the war against us. "At least we won't have to treat them with the politeness that was obligatory when they were our allies in the last war," she said. . . .

▶ At one point before the fall of Hong Kong it was reported that the Nipponese had taken half the city — but whether Kong or Hong wasn't specified. . . .

▶ No situation, however grave, ever fazes the fashion designers who seem to be able to derive inspiration for frivolities from world cataclysms. . . . We predict there'll be a *bomber lid* for milady before long and probably a *war hoop skirt* and that *battleship gray* will be the rage in colors for the new spring ensembles. . . .

No doubt about it, women are courageous to the point of cheerfully making the supreme sacrifice — provided they're dressed for it. . . .

Paradoxically, the gals nowadays are wearing fewer clothes — but lots more of them. . . .

▶ Observed at 90 Church Street, New York. . . . Yachtsman Vadim Makaroff making out his application for a commission. . . . And, at the same busy naval headquarters, one of the busiest people is a former yachting companion of mine — Lieut. Comdr. Daniel Drake-Smith who began his career in the last war as a gunner's mate at Newport. . . .

▶ Somebody informed me the other day that the oldest commissioned vessel in our Navy was the frigate *Consternation* which she had seen for years at the Newport Naval Training Station. . . .

▶ As in World War I, a lot of nice young folk think this is an appropriate time to eat, drink and be married. . . .

▶ An indication of the immensity of our production for the war effort and its world-wide distribution is the fact that three special motor boats recently were shipped from Algonac, Michigan, to the Thai Maritime Navigation Co., Ltd., in Bangkok, Thailand. . . . The craft are powered for a specified speed of 36 miles per hour. . . .

And possibly Siamese Twin screws?

▶ I attended the impressive commissioning ceremonies aboard a new destroyer the other day and the officer who was my host got the skipper's permission to take me up on the bridge where I never saw so many push-buttons in my life. . . . It made me feel as I imagine a lad must have felt in the old days when he went to sea and was confronted for the first time with the maze of rigging aboard a bark or ship. . . . The inquisitive son of the destroyer's captain, however, had the temerity to push a number of those buttons and at every push I feared the worst might happen. . . . As he was under the chaperonage of the First Lieutenant, of course nothing did. . . . But I was that nervous!

Incidentally, they're designing those boats now with an eye to beauty as well as efficiency — something that hasn't often been done in our Navy before. . . . They're making 'em not only as dangerous but as graceful as some women I could name. . . .

▶ It's interesting to note that, though practically at the scene of the crime, Los Angeles yachtsmen weren't deterred from going ahead with plans for their annual midwinter regatta, scheduled to start the nineteenth of this month and to continue through the twenty-second. . . . They got permission from the Coast Guard to go through with the program and, as Bill Taylor suggested, aren't afraid of a Jap submarine emerging in the midst of the racing fleet. . . . Of course it seems to me, in view of Japanese sportsmanship, that the targets presented by a few small sailing craft would be irresistible to the Jap navy provided one of their undersea boats were in the vicinity at the time. . . . It's expected that *Star Wagon*, Herman F. Whiton's Six-Metre, will represent Long Island Sound in this regatta. . . .

▶ "Keep 'em Flying!" — and I mean your kites. . . .

▶ According to a generally reliable New York morning paper, a strange new type of vessel recently was leased to the Navy Department for the duration. . . . She's *Sea Cloud*, described as "a powered four-masted brigantine clipper." . . .

▶ FLASH! — Lieut. Comdr. Walter Winchell, U.S.N.R., at present is attached to the Stork Club. . . .

▶ Boatbuilders, manufacturers and ship chandlers present at the meeting of the Marine Trades Association last month ruefully heard Stanley G. Oppenheim, of the Office of Production Management, explain "ole Davil Priorities" as the system may be expected to affect pleasure boating next summer. . . . Certain materials are going to be available only to commercial and fishing vessels, it appears. . . . However, many provident boat owners are well enough stocked with necessities to be able to fit out their craft this spring and a number of yards will be prepared to supply materials already on hand to owners who require them. . . . The outlook for next summer, therefore, is far from dismal — and let's hope to God that by the following season we'll have the war won and there won't be a shortage of anything but disagreeable people. . . .

Vic Anderson, of City Island, entered the discussion at the meeting and was one of those in the audience to inquire how the Government differentiated between work and play craft, declaring he had several clients in mind who live on islands in the Sound and depend on their boats for reaching the mainland when they commute to business. . . . The question also was raised as to the status of a shipyard launch servicing yachts and that of a running boat maintained by a yacht club. . . . Mr. Oppenheim said it depended on usage. . . .

TELLTALE

"Meet the Men who make Gulf Good"

Bill's Been Building Boats Since He Was Twelve!

GET A BUNCH of yachtsmen together and chances are pretty good that the name of William Edgar John will come up sooner or later.

Bill John built his first boat at twelve . . . his first power boat at sixteen . . . and his first racing boat at twenty-two! Since then his fame has grown with his never-ceasing activities afloat. He's come down the Hudson five times, skippering a "225" hydroplane in the treacherous Albany-New York race. His advice and help have given many a young racing enthusiast a flying start. At his yard at Milton Point, Rye, N. Y., he has built and repaired some of the finest yachts on Long Island Sound.

He's a graduate Naval Architect and a consulting engineer specializing in marine engine installations. Yes, we're mighty proud to list Bill John as one of the men who make Gulf good!

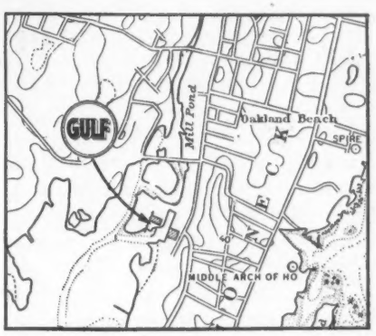
BILL JOHN—ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE GULF GOOD

Here's what William Edgar John & Associates' Gulf Service Port Offers Yachtsmen

Dock can handle yachts up to 160′ in length, at high tide. Any repair job can be handled by staff of experienced hands. Marine railway hauls yachts up to 100′ in length. Complete stock of parts, marine hardware, and supplies.

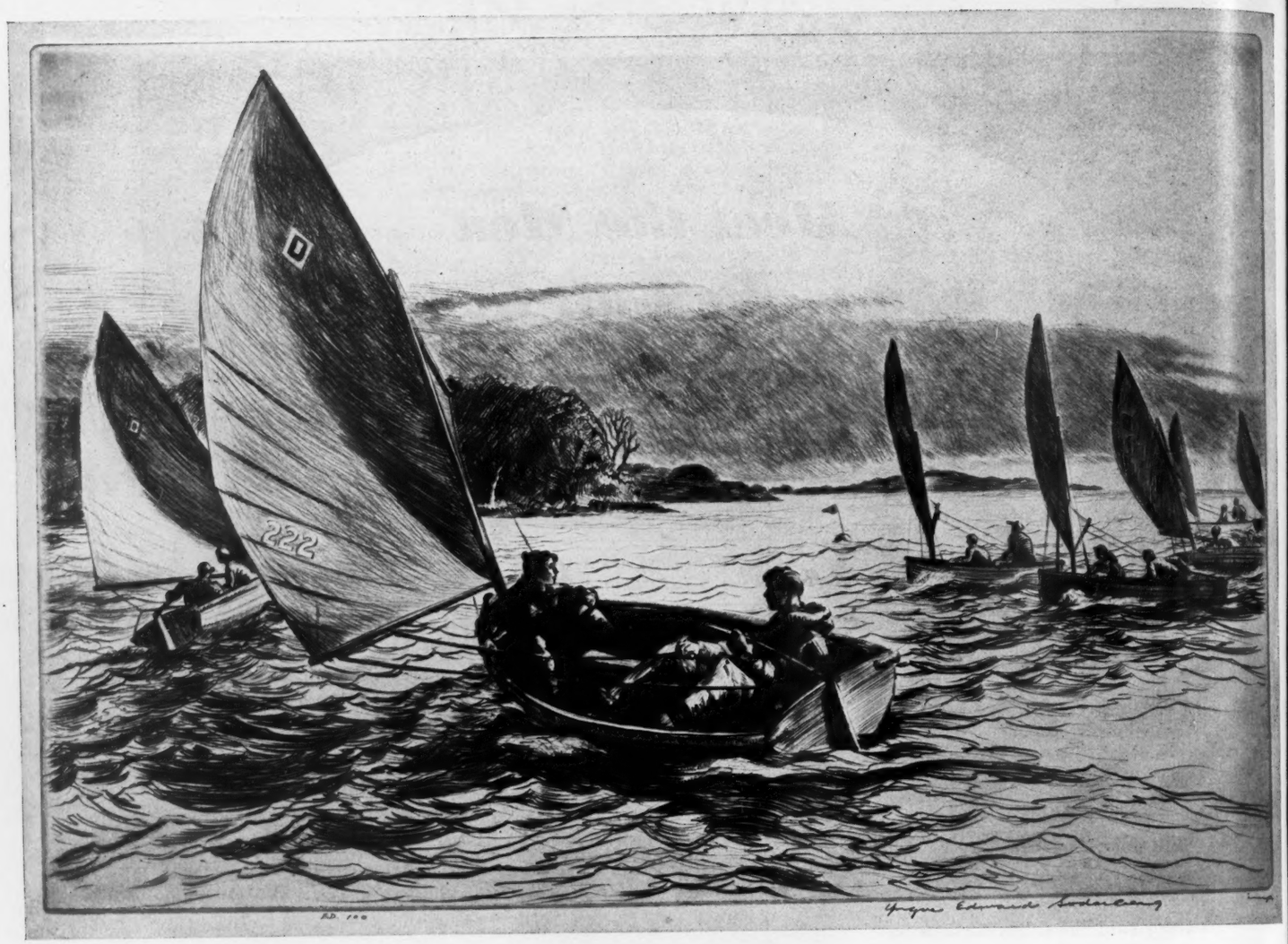
There's Always a Gulf Service Port 'Round the Bend

Before you leave on a trip, whether for a day or a month, look up (in Gulf Harbors booklets) the Gulf Service Ports along your route. You'll find them located at regular, convenient intervals! There you'll be able to get the *right* fuel and lubricants for your boat—real seagoing products such as Gulf Marine White Gasoline and Gulfpride Oil. You'll discover many thoughtful services at Gulf Service Ports. For the men who run them are *real* boatmen . . . the kind of people yachtsmen like to do business with!



William Edgar John & Associates is located at Milton Point, Rye, N.Y., on the Boston Post Road.

Call at Gulf Service Ports GULF



THE FROSTBITE SEASON IS HERE!

From an etching by Y. E. Soderberg

YACHTING

Volume LXXI FEBRUARY + 1942 Number II

"Pinta" carried her eight feet of draft close in under Great Isaac Light

BAHAMA CRUISE—UNRESTRICTED

By STEVE TRUMBULL

LAST summer, Skipper Gilmour, who toils over on the copy desk to keep *Pinta* in bottom paint and varnish, walked over to my desk and tossed down a piece of Associated Press copy. It read: "Nassau, Bahamas — The owners of small sail boats and ocean going yachts who considered the intricate inlets and bays of the Bahamas a paradise for fishermen will find their activities strictly controlled by new defense regulations in effect Friday."

There was more, but I didn't read on. Instead, we went out and had a drink in celebration of a victory. We'd just won a race with those expected "new defense regulations." We had just returned from a vacation cruise in the Bahamas — and now we had learned that ours probably was the last completely unfettered, go-where-you-please cruise which any American yacht will enjoy in those unbelievably clear waters until the present war is ended.

In the *Pinta* style cruise, now *verboten*, you entered officially at Nassau, after a couple of highly unofficial stops en route and over which no one expressed great concern when confessions were made at New Providence. You left when the pages in the *Nautical Almanac* showed that ole debil duty was about to call you again back in Miami. So maybe we should gloat a bit about this last to-hell-with-schedule cruise that we had managed to squeeze in.

We were a little jittery about planning the cruise for the month of June. The Nassau Development Board calls its field of exploitation "The Islands of June" and, as now-veteran Miamians (by adoption), we are dubious of the slogans of civic publicity boards. We suspect a catch in them. As it turned out, give us more of "The Islands of June" in June. It's the perfect month for cruising there and ours was the perfect cruise, a regular sissy-boat cruise. The "gentle to moderate east to southeast breezes" of the daily weather report were just that, sometimes so gentle that there were passages which will not be mentioned in racing company.

Before the Miami departure, a quick introduction to the ship and her company. *Pinta*, in case you are not among the old-timers who recall her birth and history, is the 58-foot Alden schooner which took part in the last New York to Spain race in 1928. A haul-out just before cruise time showed that her many and miraculous escapes from sudden death — including an episode between a steamer and a dock from which she emerged with the alias of "Old Rubberbelly" — have left her perfectly sound and able.

Her pine planking has completely discouraged those teredo worms which made sieves of lesser woods in these waters, which may be a thought for those contemplating that "perfect ship" for long tropical cruises. Some half dozen of the more enterprising worms had shifted their activities to the more toothsome oak keel, but the haul-out caught them with little more than their heads buried, and a blow torch ended them.

As to *Pinta's* company, there was Austin Gilmour, whose

faith in *Pinta* has never dimmed since he rode out a three-day hurricane in her off Hatteras shortly after the purchase, and with a short-handed, green crew. There was Harold Balcom, a highly capable young Tampa sailor, and his sixteen-year-old pal from the same port, Mark ("Piddler") Clark, who actually is as good as most sailors of that age believe they are. There was Jim Free, a husky Washington newspaperman who makes no pretense of being a seaman but who is a far better hand in a ship than some of the loudest with that claim. There was the girl who said she would cook three meals a day and keep out from underfoot, and who faithfully kept that promise. And there was this writer who, after some years of play with dead reckoning and a winter with a sextant, a dining room table and both H.O. 211 and H.O. 214, boldly signed on as navigator.

The crossing of the Gulf Stream is one phase of the cruise which is glossed over lightly when we tell friends of the elapsed times on the various legs of the cruise. The breeze was light, and out of the east. While Great Isaac Light is some 60 miles E by N of Miami, the Stream's set decrees a course of due east.

Fowey Rocks Light, just south of the Miami ship channel, was abeam at 7:30 p.m. and bearings on the damn thing filled the first page in the log book. The glow of Miami was still visible at 2:00 a.m. when a rain squall blotted it out. The squall, not sufficiently heavy even to consider shortening sail, lasted less than an hour. The dawn was clear, the breeze even lighter, and still on the nose. The moon had set early so the self-proclaimed navigator was forced to curb his impatience until around 10:00 a.m. when a line of position would be a longitude, the desirable thing after a night of short and slow hitches in the Stream. The assumed confidence of the navigator was as phony as the assumed position but, behold! the punching of H.O. 211 ended with a line along Long. 79°:30′. Praise be to Warwick Tompkins and the valuable "Offshore Navigator" that finally brought the light after a more voluminous tome had failed.

That brought the reasonable assumption that we were well north of our course; otherwise, we should have seen at least the land haze of Bimini. That supposition was confirmed when the more familiar noon latitude sight worked out 25°:57′. More indisputable confirmation came some four hours later when the striped tower of Great Isaac showed up exactly — well, almost exactly — where it should have been.

Is there anything quite as cocky as the dining room table navigator who tries it at sea for the first time without a more experienced head near by, and discovers it works? Later we were to shift allegiance to the even simpler H.O. 214, discovering that too few shipmates have read Tompkins' words about kibitzing when the navigator is at work.

The breeze became even lighter and it was by the light of an early moon that we dropped the hook in the lee of Isaac within a stone's throw of shore, with a freshly-caught supper of fat mackerel caught on a feather lure as we entered the shallower waters.

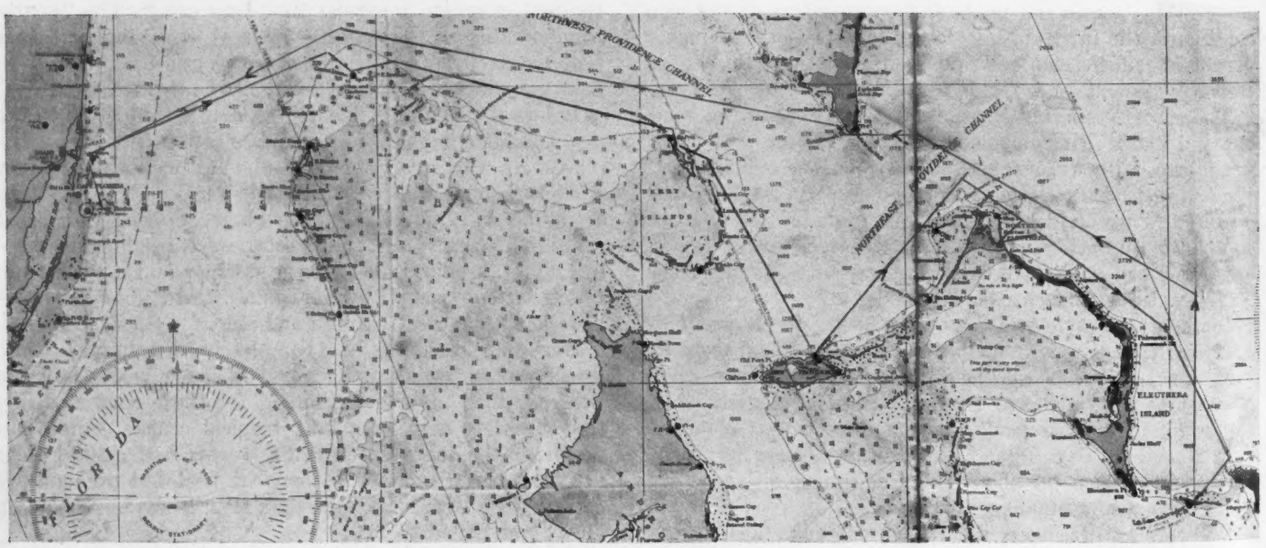
Balcom and Clark were visiting the lighthouse keeper bright and early the following morning, something upon which the new regulations frown, coming, as it did, before any official entry. The same breach of current etiquette was repeated 24 hours later when *Pinta* poked her bowsprit into the delightful anchorage at Great Stirrup Cay, another 65 nautical miles along the crystal-clear path to Nassau. There was a small, half-moon beach of the whitest sand for swimming and a friendly negro islander who cast covetous glances at *Pinta's* heavy supply of Florida Persian limes and volunteered to swap some freshly caught conchs for a bag of them. The offer was promptly accepted and *Pinta's* crew dined on the first of an almost endless series of that most delicious of all chowders. But a meat grinder will be in the galley on the next trip. Those critters are as tough as sole leather.

Dawn off Nassau found *Pinta* in a flat calm and, for the first and only time during any open water phase of the trip, the motor went into action. It was Piddler's first trip through those waters and, as he gazed in amazement through some 100 feet of now mirror-like water and saw huge whiprays and starfish, vividly clear on the bottom, he shouted in picturesque cracker dialect:

"Hot damn! I betcha if a fella fell off here he'd fetch up on that bottom with an awful thump. What'd stop you? What's holding us up, anyhow?"

And it did look decidedly uncanny. Had *Pinta* departed from her dignified matronly ways and gone power boating through thin air?

We had intended to make Nassau the briefest of stops, just long enough for the formalities of entry, some ice and other necessities such as $24-a-case Scotch, then off to the outer islands. We found, however, as authorities boarded us in answer to the yellow flag, that the next day was King George's birthday — with dispensers of the aforementioned necessities patriotically closed. As potential allies, we decided to match that patriotism by aiding in the celebration.



Track chart of our summer cruise from Miami to Little San Salvador and return

Bound ashore for a swim on Great Stirrup Cay before we had entered at Nassau, a highly illegal proceeding. Right, the famous Hole in the Wall at the southern tip of Great Abaco. Below, "Pinta's" dinghy is lifted over the rocks on the western shore of Abaco

was just landing a barracuda, when it happened. *Pinta* struck — and hard. She stopped cold. Then, fortunately, she slid off what apparently was an isolated (and, fortunately, a smooth) boulder some little distance outside the reef proper. It was a chastened and none too calm crew that jibed, reversed a compass course, and got *Pinta* to hell out of there.

Probably, *Pinta's* bilge never was watched as closely as it was in the hours that followed, but she made no water. Midnight found us off the south bar entrance. It is not lighted, so we beat back and forth with luffing sails until dawn and then, having identified the rocky formation charted as "the cow and bull," we headed in to another delightful anchorage. Immediately there was an over-the-side inspection of the keel and a surge of relief to find no more damage than a small wedge of deadwood knocked away where wood joins iron.

Our anchorage was more than two miles from the town

(Continued on page 66)

Formalities were little more than they had been back in 1934 when we entered this same harbor in *Water Witch* after that first, rip-snorting Miami-to-Nassau race. There was a polite frown over our confession of touching at Great Isaac and swimming from the beach at the Stirrup, but no further notice was taken of this breach.

Nassau, left behind after the birthday fiesta and with some headaches not entirely due to the bright sun, marked the end of the ultra-light going. *Pinta* carried a bone in her teeth as we headed for Northern Eleuthera and, more specifically, Harbor Island, some 70 nautical miles away as *Pinta's* eight feet plus of draft decreed. Some 38 of those miles had been left behind when *Pinta* showed she had not lost her love of flirting with disaster and gave her company cause to ponder on that best of all cruising adages: "Never be too damn sure!"

We were near, and within plain sight of, Great Egg Light. The charts show, and the sailing directions warn of, a strong current set. We knew Egg Reef was close but we also knew that every mile outside of it was another mile of beating when we cleared and headed for the south entrance to Harbor Island, and we were tired of this on-the-nose stuff. The skipper and Balcom had been through this same section of Northeast Providence Channel before. They were sure Egg Reef could be seen long before it became a menace.

The point was being debated. The skipper was on his way up the foremast to reassure a jittery navigator, and Balcom

Rosenfeld

YACHTING

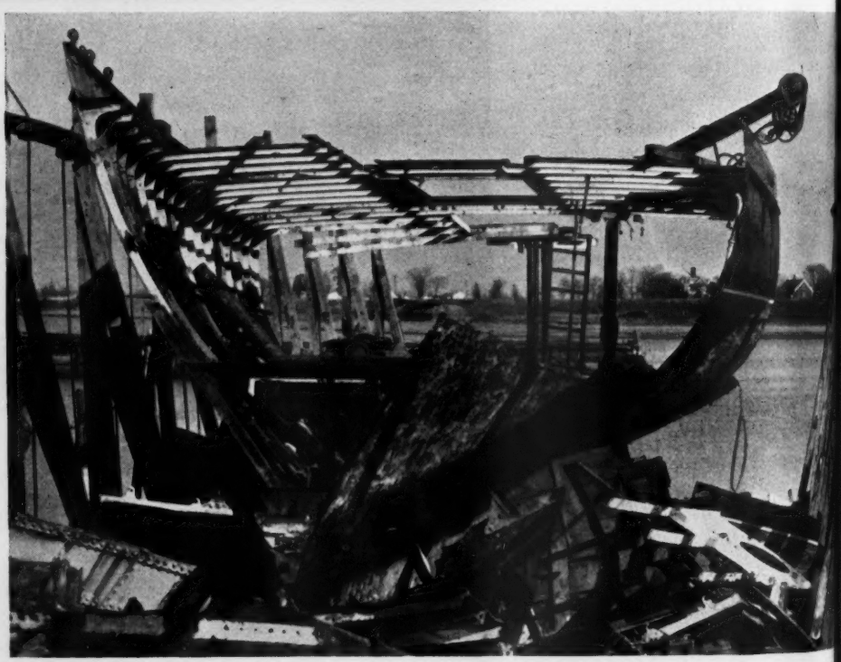
The famous schooner "Constellation" which Commodore Herbert M. Sears of the Eastern Yacht Club has given to the Navy to be scrapped for the metal in her staunch hull.

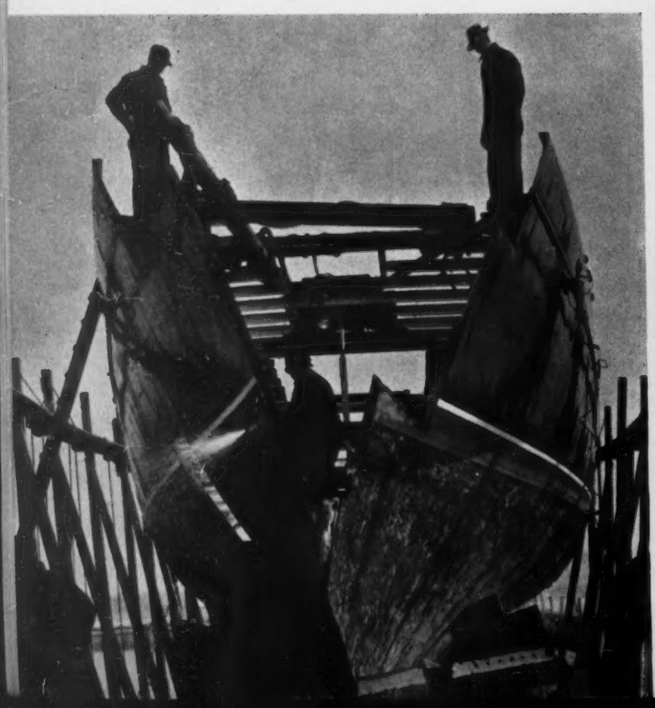
Designed by Edward Burgess, "Constellation" was built of iron in 1889. Below may be seen the yacht's billet head and various stages of her disintegration under the wreckers' torches. She was a beautiful vessel and yachtsmen mourn her passing, but are glad that her bones are to be put to good use in the present emergency.

Photos by Leslie Jones

"CONSTELLATION"

1889–1941





Time and Tide, when working together, may be used to put a boat on the beach purposely

YACHTSMAN, MIND YOUR T & T!

By BRADFORD BURNHAM

THAT time and tide wait for no yachtsman is an observation so obvious that its importance should not have to be pointed out to the veriest tyro, much less to the old-timer. Yet many of us are inclined to plan our cruising schedule without giving a thought to the influence these potent factors play in happiness afloat. The sail boat man who considers the *tide* when he sets out on a salt water cruise is apt to have to reckon mightily with the *time* element or change his course. Head tides and calm have ruined the patience of many a skipper and crew when they might just as well have planned to use both tide and time to advantage. The power boat skipper may laugh at complete failure of the wind but he can't laugh at the drain on his pocketbook inflicted by a head tide.

That tidal currents are of all but supreme importance to one who ventures out to sea was vividly impressed on me at the tender age of six. Having valiantly waded out from the beach and climbed aboard a skiff which some larger boys had anchored with a stone to the painter, I was having the time of my life till, suddenly, the beach seemed farther away. Inexorably, the rising tide had lifted the boat till the too short anchor line had lifted the stone off the bottom and an offshore breeze was doing the rest. My panic-stricken cry brought my hero to the rescue in the shape of a stalwart lad of fourteen aboard a somewhat less stalwart skiff which, however, served as a splendid towboat to take me back to home and mother. For months thereafter I dreamed of drifting seaward to a watery grave and to this day I have a wholesome respect for the power of the tide. Moral: Always anchor with enough line out for tide allowance.

Many years later, when cruising in an open boat from my boyhood home of Norwich, Connecticut, to Norfolk, Virginia, in the good old days when the Delaware and Raritan Canal was alive with mule-drawn barges and cursing bridge tenders, the power of an incoming tide to disconcert and even endanger life was strikingly borne home to me. On that cruise, we three boys slept on board — literally — the boards being tongued and grooved and laid athwartships at bedtime, their ends resting on the longitudinal seats (lockers under) with which our *Querida I* was provided. Blankets were then thrown over the boards and we were snug on a healthily hard bed and reasonably dry under one of the old type melon-shaped spray hoods.

One night, when at anchor in the Delaware River, off Burlington, one of our trio decided on a moonlight swim, the others having retired on the aforesaid boards. He peeled off pajamas and dove in while we who remained on boards courted sleep. Suddenly, our air was rent with the angry cries of the swimmer to: "Cut it out; stop running the boat away from me!" Sacrificing comfort reluctantly, we arose and peered over the stern of *Querida* to behold the mate some hundred feet astern, swimming strongly toward us and getting no nearer. Sleepily, we hurled a ring buoy toward him and watched it depart for Trenton as he missed it. Some of our precious bed boards followed, but without better results. Then we realized that the flood tide was racing up river so strongly that our shipmate could not reach the anchored craft against it. Unaware of his real danger, we pointed to the adjacent shore and later beheld him furtively hiding behind a tree. He subsequently gained the shelter of our makeshift cabin by entering the stream several hundred feet below us. He seemed strangely unimpressed by the lesson of the tide which he had taught himself and his shipmates and spoke no word to the latter till next morning. Moral: Never go over the side in strange waters till you know the strength of the current.

It is the falling tide, however, which more often leads the young, and sometimes the old-timer, to discomfort and upsets tempers and time schedules. When Admiral Hippocampus Loomis and the writer went over the then primitive and only partially inside waterway to Florida, it was the custom

for all southbound craft to go aground several times a day after getting south of Georgetown, South Carolina. The trick was to select soft spots and a rising tide so that the tide would bring relief if the propeller and poles were of no avail. Convoys would usually help one another and it behooved no man to laugh at his less fortunate grounded neighbor lest he become an unhappy example of the adage that "he laughs best who laughs last."

However, there was one time when a difference of opinion as to whether the best procedure was to plough through ahead across the lump or try to back off the way we had gone on nearly wrecked not only the engine but our beautiful friendship. I was for backing off and utilized the engine to test my theory, while Alf held the other opinion and tried, *simultaneously* with my attempt backwards, to tow her off forwards with the dinghy. When he discovered that he had not only me but the engine against him, he silently and direfully relinquished his attempt. As I was getting nowhere by my method, I finally shut off the engine and, like rival photographers at a regatta, we got at opposite ends of the boat and said no word till long after the friendly rising tide lifted her off the shoal. Moral: If you must go aground, do it on a rising tide and know where the deep water is easiest to reach.

There are times when the *falling* tide can render a real service. Take the case of the *Emma B* (the *B* was for "Bilge," no doubt, though possibly for a two-syllable word of condemnation not generally used in polite society). She was manned by a crew of farmers who had chartered her for their first joy ride on the briny, Buzzards Bay and neighboring waters being selected as their proving ground. A group of us Western Long Island Sounders were in the habit of vacationing aboard our respective yawls, sloops and schooners in that vicinity each summer, basing our operations on beautiful Hadley Harbor, near Woods Hole, and cruising together as one big, happy and more or less exclusive family on short trips to the Vineyard, to historic Nantucket, to Marion and the Upper Bay ports; to that gem of a harbor, Quisset; or just anywhere that the spirit, the wind and the tidal currents moved us. Note: with such indefinite objectives, one can select a place that carries a fair wind and a time for starting that carries a fair tide, thus minding the second "T" in the title of this rambling yarn.

Well, one summer the agricultural personnel of the *Emma B* decided to accompany us, uninvited, on our quests hither and yon in the hope, no doubt, that they might gain free instruction in some of the fine points of cruising. (They should have mastered the rough points first.) Each evening, no matter what port we were in, the *Emma* showed up half an hour or so after the rest of us were in. And each night, almost without exception, she would barge down into one of our member yachts because of a dragging anchor or too little swinging room. We came to know the *Emma* as the "Pearl Necklace," because she was so wont to drape herself around one of us. We considered ways and means. The plan to install an electrically timed amplifier that would blare forth at regular intervals the words: "Let out more scope, you nitwits!" was rejected as too expensive. Having a crew member on watch each night, to give warning in the same way, was rejected by the crew member in question.

The matter became a problem of major importance We were cruising for rest and pleasure, not for eternal vigilance and strain. At Cuttyhunk, our strategy board convened one night as, shortly after our arrival, the "Pearl Necklace" was sighted entering the harbor. Conditions for the perpetration of a promising plan were favorable. The tide was up, just beginning to drop. As you who have been in Cuttyhunk Harbor know, that harbor is large and roomy at high water but decidedly restricted at low. The master of our *bête noire* approached our little fleet with engine wide open and prepared to drop his hook (which he usually did with only slight loss of headway) in our midst. We all stood at attention as the selected spokesman of our crowd yelled, with apparently sincere coöperation: "No; don't anchor there, you're over a rock!" (He was — about 15 feet over it.) "You'll find better holding ground over there, . . . and better land for sowing corn and potatoes, you farmers," he added, *sotto voce*. Obediently, the "Pearl Necklace" made over to the suggested spot where, once, she had swinging room. We retired to our cabins and a discussion of the respective merits of various brands of paint (or was it rope?) and then to the refreshing sleep that is one of cruising's greatest joys — as one grows older!

An unusually high tide placed this 45′ motor cruiser in a most undignified and precarious position alongside the bulkhead

But, at about two bells of the mid-watch, the sleep of all was rudely broken by unbecoming epithets hurled in our direction from the vicinity of the "Pearl Necklace." Peering cautiously from our respective companionways, alert to the dangers of a possible vindictive rifle shot, we gazed at the "Pearl" in the moonlight. She was well on her beam ends, a quarter-mile from the nearest water. With the first flush of dawn, while the "Pearl" was still some distance from her natural element, we silently raised our hooks and slipped out of the harbor. We had a long run in mind for the day and an early start seemed desirable. We never saw the *Emma*, alias "Pearl Necklace," again. Moral: Know how much water will be under your keel at dead low, no matter when you anchor. And keep in mind that, while we have freedom of the seas, it's not considered quite the thing to join a cocktail party of strangers, even in a public hotel tap room, unless invited.

The importance of using the tidal currents in racing is, of course, known to every one who has raced in tidal waters.

(Continued on page 82)

A spring tide, coinciding with a tremendous wind, left these yachts high and dry on the neighboring beach

NAVAL SMALL CRAFT IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

How the Various Types Were Developed to Meet Exacting Requirements and How They Are Tested

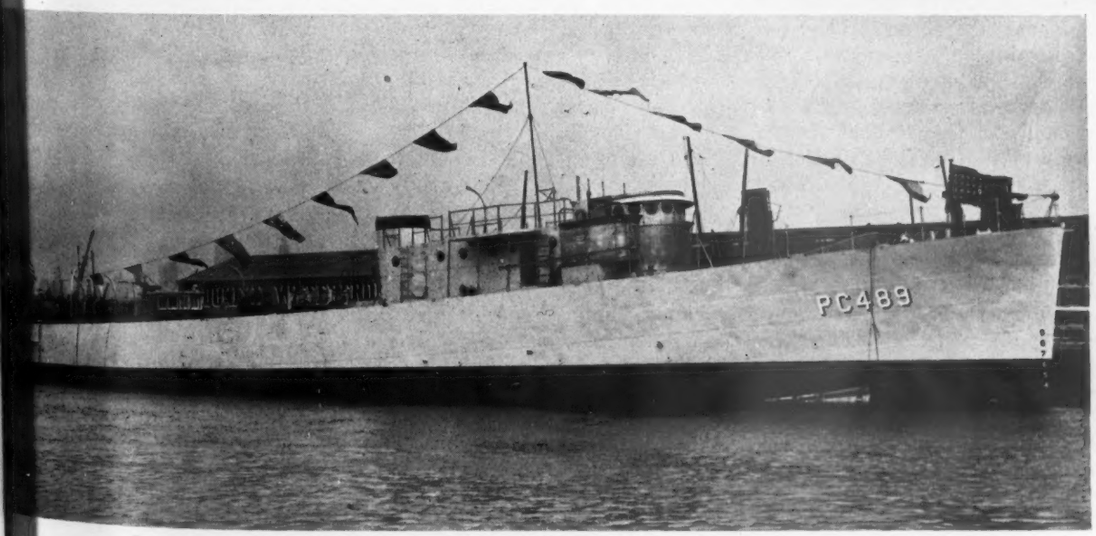
By J. H. KEATLEY, *Lieutenant, U.S.N.*

THE 170-footer pulsed along in the fog-shrouded darkness, a curtain of spray rising at each downward slap of the sharp bow, and small double geysers spurting from the hawse pipes. The helmsman murmured the course to his relief who had just come from below, reported himself relieved to the officer of the deck and stumbled past the lookout on the bridge wing as he started aft. Because it was rolling, he kept inboard, well clear of the lifelines marking the deck edge, past the launch hooked onto her slings, past the hum of the engine room blowers, past the gun, until he came to the stiff canvas tent of the after hatch cover. He fumbled with the white line lashings and edged under the stiff duck curtain. The brilliance of the lights below blinded him momentarily and he steadied himself on the chain handrail before going down the ladder to the mess compartment. There, snugly removed from the spray and chill, was the off section of the watch, the men finishing their last smokes before going forward to the bunk rooms.

The mess cook brought him a heaping, steaming plate and he fell to. Remarkably soon he had finished, and washed it down with another cup of Java. He calculated the time until his next watch. Finally he heaved himself up and moved forward again past the darkened pilot house. He dropped below through the forward hatch to the berthing space, where he gratefully eased himself into the welcome warmth of his bunk.

In the faint gray of the winter dawn, the deck watch singled up and threw over the stiff mooring lines. The engines backed, the stern of the wooden mine sweeper pulled clear of the pier, and the little vessel moved out into the channel. She passed a tug, straining to keep the loaded ammunition lighters moving against the flooding tide. As she cleared the channel, the deck force began to emerge from the combination galley-mess room, fastening their coats as the bite of the wind reached them. The machinists dropped down the engine room trunk and the boatswain's mate led his hands aft to stand by the heavy sweep gear. Taking a final deep drag from their cigarettes, the men bent over the tackle and prepared to stream the complicated gear for the day's operations.

At the air station, the small crew of a bomb target boat climbed aboard their monitor-like craft, unmoored and, with a roar from the powerful gas engines, headed out to the target course. The planes behind them were warming up



Immediately after this 170' subchaser has gone overboard the crane swings a section of a succeeding boat into position on the same ways at the Sullivan Dry Dock Company, New York. The section includes a portion of the flat plate keel, keelson and garboard strake, also a number of floor plates. The floor plates are flanged on their upper edges and have lightening holes cut in them. All joints in the structure are welded

Rudy Arnold Photos

A self-propelled lighter for the Navy hits the water in a side launching

Sun Staff Photo

and soon the boat crew would be laying bets on how close the water bombs would fall to the painted cross bars on the boat's steel armored deck.

The chief machinist's mate tapped out his pipe on the rail, stretched luxuriously in his cool dungarees, and cast a critical eye on the towline which was drawing his floating workshop along toward her anchorage in the tropical harbor. Soon, he reflected with satisfaction, he'd be rid of the helpless feeling that riding at the end of a line gave him. Tomorrow they'd be after him, the people who kept looking derisively back from the fantail of the towing ship, to see if he could do something about that damned compressor of theirs which was behaving badly.

The cables of the huge crane rolled slowly over the winch drums as the sleek hull of the PT came dripping clear of the water, rose slowly and then settled into her cradle alongside her gray sisters in the well deck of the tanker. She submitted patiently to being griped in against the chocks for the long journey to her base station.

The young subchaser captain closed his smarting eyes, forcing the lids tight together, and then eased them open. The tension on the bridge relaxed as the flashing sequence of the faint light they had picked up was definitely identified. The off section came topside and the sight of the base lights cheered every man in the small vessel. The three-day grind was over and a full night's sleep was assured; tomorrow there'd be a chance to get at that port engine — all before again taking up another lone vigil.

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These are brief glimpses of the operations aboard the new small ships previously described in these articles. Almost daily they are being joined by many more. Each vessel is the working answer to a particular strategic and tactical problem in coastal defense, one of the many naval needs so dramatically illustrated by recent blazing events. That these little ships keep their guns firing, blast the depths with their cans of submarine death, rattle their messages of defiance to diving planes, drive their torpedoes at mammoth foes, carry out their varied assignments, feeding and sleeping their small crews, is evidence of the foresight and study which conceived their basic deisgns and carried out their developments.

In laying out the Navy's small ship fleet, previous experience with small types in our own Navy was a starting point. The last war subchaser is the basis of the present 110-footer and what we see today is easily recognizable as the more efficient and elaborate offspring of a parent conceived over two decades ago. As has been mentioned earlier, present naval designers have taken advantage of the great developments in commercial engine design and hull improvement achieved by those men who continued to build ships of this size during the period when naval effort was concentrated on larger ships. An equally vital consideration — the source of supply when great numbers are needed — has been a guiding design principle so that private builders could work to specifications and standards familiar to them, and still incorporate the features essential for naval duty.

Small types previously unfamiliar in our Navy are the result of development in foreign naval design and of changes in our own naval strategy. The motor torpedo boat is our version of similar craft developed abroad. The floating workshop is the fulfilment of a need created by the establishment of many farflung outposts of defense. The steel-hulled 170′ subchaser is an enlargement of the 110-footer; her greater size and armament assure greater versatility of action.

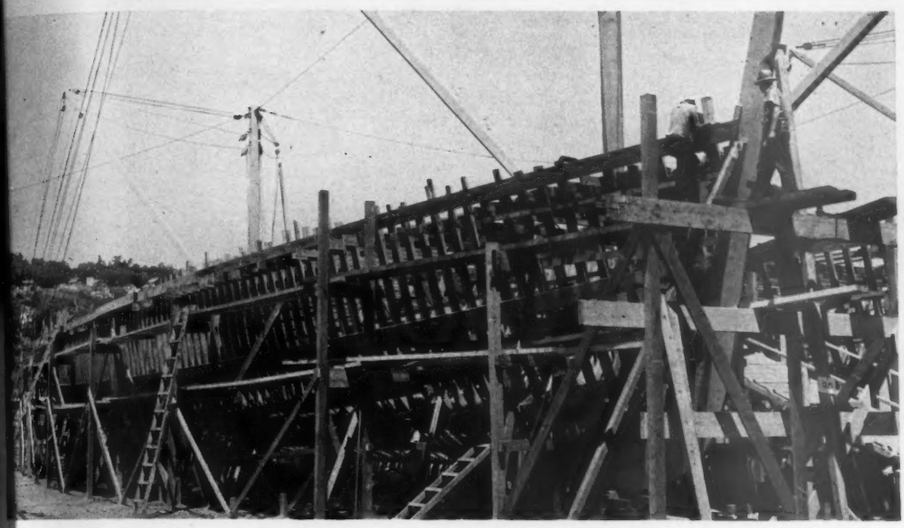
In spite of the many innovations in both naval and commercial small craft, the basic differences in the details of ships built for war and peace time service still exist, probably to a greater degree than ever before because of the increased viciousness of modern sea fighting. Racing craft and fishing vessels, it is realized, represent the ultimate in obtaining maximum speed and strength, on the one hand, and continuous dependable operation under the most severe weather conditions, on the other; naval designers have much to learn from these ships. Still, yachts, cruisers and fishing boats are all built for peace time operation. The firing of guns, torpedoes and depth charges as well as the expectation of receiving, in turn, salvos from such weapons, require features which are unique to naval craft. The ability to withstand shock, both from her own and from enemy weapons, must be worked into the details of each boat on the basis of considerations which do not obtain in ships whose only enemy is the sea.

The special military service of each boat immediately determines her general differences from private craft and the reasons for her ability to perform her difficult tasks are revealed by a close study of the details of her design and construction. Strength and speed on the least weight are emphasized to a high degree by the builders of ocean racers, and sturdiness sufficient to insure against years of buffeting as a fisherman is effectively achieved outside the Navy. The insistence of governmental agencies, and underwriters, insures that all reasonable safety features are incorporated in private building. Hence, the ability of private craft to withstand the effects of wind and sea is usually measured by the master's judgment, courage and skill; we must, therefore, look beyond hull form and scantling sizes to see wherein the differences demanded for naval use lie.

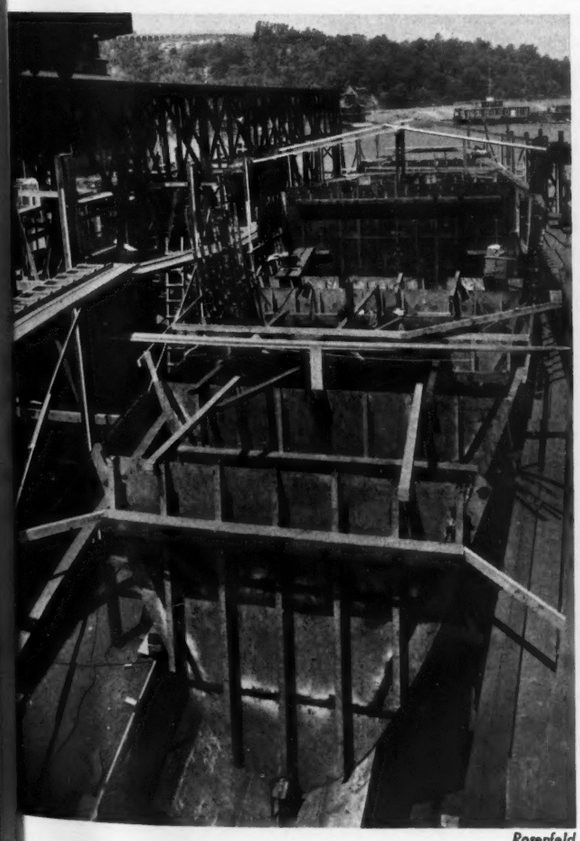
Armament is the principal item which immediately sets

naval design apart from other classes. The installation of guns at once introduces a multiplicity of problems which are not immediately apparent. To insure accurate gunfire, foundations must be provided to establish a permanent rigid platform from which the sights of each gun can be laid, and which can absorb without distortion the shock of each blast and further distribute the stresses to the strength members of the ship. All adjoining structure must be adequate to withstand indirect effects and provision must be made for securing equipment and portable objects so they will still be there after firing. Clear working areas must be arranged for the gun crews so that they may have ample room to load, train and fire the gun. Rigging which would obstruct the arc of fire must be made portable so it can be stowed clear in action. For the operation of torpedo tubes, depth charge racks and projectors, similar considerations prevail, with the added complication of arranging for the handling of the heavy explosive containers.

In stowing ammunition, the layout of magazines must provide safety against accidental detonation, and against deterioration, and the location must permit a rapid and convenient path of supply to each gun. The stowage of fuel and the arrangement of tanks, piping and vents must be made with consideration of danger from fire and the effects of the shock of gunfire and vibration on rigid piping and fittings. Electric cables must be so routed, and provided with the proper fittings where cables pierce bulkheads or cross framing, as to prevent chafing. Engines and motors must be mounted to protect them from shock as well as from operating vibration. Fire extinguishing systems are a necessity to prevent the spread of accidental and battle fires, with alarm systems an integral part to permit personnel to escape.



Wooden motor mine sweepers in frame at the Hiltebrant Dry Dock Company, Kingston, N. Y. Below, 165' steel subchaser under construction at the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., New York. Numerous bulkheads divide the hull into small compartments. Welding is extensively used



Rosenfeld

A 135' wooden mine sweeper on the cradle, ready for launching at the yard of Robert Jacob, Inc., City Island, New York

A group of 110' wooden subchasers built by the Peterson Boat Works, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. They are almost ready for launching

While the principle of watertight subdivision is practicable to a lesser extent with wooden vessels than with steel because of inherent differences in the two types of construction, it is incorporated as far as may be, regardless of the size of the boat, to provide a reserve of buoyancy and longer operation after damage.

Special devices, such as gyro compasses, sound detection gear and range finders, must be properly installed and kept in operation. The sensitivity of such equipment (which is the basis of its effectiveness) automatically introduces complexity in its installation and maintenance. Means of deadening the sound of engines, switches to prevent telltale flashes of light betraying the presence of the ship at night, are among the many additional features found only in fighting ships. Mine sweepers and other special types are even further complicated by the addition of extensive equipment to destroy mines sensitive to contact, magnetism and sound, and to perform other functions peculiar to their specific assignments. To minimize interruptions to operation, engines are protected by alarm systems indicating excessive temperatures or loss of lubrication.

In all these ships, the vital importance of keeping the crew physically up to its gruelling task is not overlooked. So that the men can come below when their watch is finished and have a dry, warm, lighted space in which to peel off their peacoats and shut out the sea and spray for their off duty time, comfortable quarters are a necessity. Comfortable bunks are arranged in berthing spaces, and messing facilities are designed to feed the crew at a single sitting wherever practicable. The galleys and cold storage arrangements are given their proper important place in the general arrangement to insure that there will always be plenty of palatable food and hot coffee. Seamen not used to small ships are surprised at the completeness of these arrangements on ships so small.

Because the ultimate destination of each ship is not always known in advance, provision must be made for operation in both hot and cold climates. Ventilation is designed to furnish adequate fresh air in operating and living spaces even when sea conditions make it imperative to batten down all hatches. For cold weather service, heating systems insure that, down below, the ship will always be livable.

Anchors and cables, steering gears, masts and booms, lifelines and stanchions, are all designed with the ship's service in mind and with a realization of the importance of each one in insuring safety to the crew and to the ship. The arrangements for access to and from the weather decks, as well as passage below, have been laid out with the realization that the topsides of small vessels provide precarious footing in heavy seas, and that the duties of these ships require all practicable means of quick escape from below in case of emergency.

The basic designs of these ships are usually conceived and developed at the Navy's Bureau of Ships. In some cases, to augment the overtaxed facilities of the Navy Department, the assistance of private naval architects is enlisted to prepare designs, working in conjunction with the Department. With new types, models are investigated at the Navy Model Basin at Carderock, Maryland, to verify speed and power calculations, determine hull resistance, and to check the designer's choice of arrangements of propellers, shafts, struts, and rudders.

Bids for the construction of the vessels are invited on the basis of a set of contract plans, indicating the general arrangement and principal features of the hulls and machinery, and a set of detailed specifications. Where they apply, the Navy's General Specifications, those of the American Bureau of Shipping, and other commercial rules are specified.

In all but the smallest of the Coastal Defense boats, considerable detailed design work is required to insure that construction will be properly carried out, and a large number of detailed working plans must be prepared. In the larger types, plans run up to several hundred for each ship. Where boats have been built previously, either by Navy facilities or by private builders, working plans are usually available and are suitable for use when they have been corrected to embody the latest developments.

To avoid duplication of effort and to insure uniformity, plans for new types are usually developed by the earliest builder or his design agent, and furnished to later builders of the class. Each builder, however, may in most cases prepare his own working plans. In all cases, the Navy requires a complete set of plans showing the vessels as actually built, for use of the operating personnel, in maintenance, and of bases in effecting repairs.

To insure compliance with the detail specifications of each ship, the Navy requires that all plans be approved by its representatives. Since the staff of the Bureau of Ships has long been worked overtime, its functions and responsi-

(Continued on page 67)

THE OHIO POUND NET BOATS

A Type of Work Boat Closely Related to the New Haven Sharpie

By HOWARD I. CHAPELLE

YACHTSMEN who have required the cheapest sailing cruiser possible have been using the New Haven sharpie as the basic model of hull and, often, rig. While this model of sharpie has many advantages, it also has certain distinct limitations. Perhaps the most marked of the latter is a lack of ability to carry heavy loads. There are other types of chine boats that have many of the good qualities of the Connecticut sharpie and that do have carrying capacity in addition; the Ohio pound net boat is an excellent example.

Before describing this type, it is important that the special features of flat bottom sailing boat design be understood. Otherwise, rash conclusions as to the possibilities of flat bottom hulls for yachting purposes generally might be drawn. If speed, both on the wind and reaching, is desired, the sharpie (or flat bottomed skiff model) must be narrow of beam in proportion to length; must be sharp forward and clean in the run. Light weight and light displacement are also necessary. Because she has these features, the New Haven sharpie is perhaps one of the best examples of the true sharpie model. On the other hand, these good features are obtained only at the expense of capacity, or ability to carry weight, and stiffness in strong winds. There are circumstances, both in yachting and commercial boating, under which speed is of less importance than capacity and stiffness. It is only in such cases that wide beamed flat bottomed hulls pay.

Recent mention of the Ohio pound net boat in YACHTING ("Mackinaw Boats and Collingwood Skiffs," by Paul James Barry, November, 1940) reminded me that some plans of this apparently extinct type are at hand. Some time ago, an acquaintance loaned me rough pencil plans of three excellent examples of the type, taken off in 1886 or 1887. These plans had been made for building scale models for some government exhibition. It seems certain that two of the models are now in the Watercraft Collection, U. S. National Museum, Washington; at least, the two models there represent boats of the same dimensions. Unfortunately, the catalog description of one of the models is most misleading as the type is credited to North Carolina instead of to Ohio. So far as I can discover, no example of the pound net boat is now "alive"; however, the Fish Commission Annual Reports and Hall's well-known "Report On Shipbuilding" in the Tenth U. S. Census Report, give complete descriptions of the boats.

There is no record as to the early history of this type. Tradition has it that the type was first introduced into Ohio waters by Connecticut fishermen who had settled there. No date is given — not even by Hall, who mentions this story — but it must have been in the forties or fifties of the last century. Perhaps this tradition is better founded than most; at any rate, the Ohio sharpie shows many features that might be traced to her putative ancestor.

The hull of the pound net boat is really nothing more than an enlarged flat bottomed skiff. She has much more rocker, flare and sheer than the Connecticut boats. Her beam, in proportion to length, is greater. The Ohio boat seems to have always had a square stern, whereas this was obsolete in the Connecticut sharpies long before 1880. Another striking difference in the two boats was the rig. The Connecticut boats had a rather common leg-of-mutton, the Ohio craft had what appeared to be a gaff sail and a gaff topsail; actually, these two were one sail and therefore might be classed as a modified leg-of-mutton.

The most common size of pound net boat was about 36′ long. This was about the length of the standard New Haven sharpie. Unlike the Connecticut builders, however, the Ohioans were not wedded to a standard length, beam and depth. The differences in the two types can be traced, of course, to their employments. The Connecticut boats never had to carry the load necessary in a pound net boat.

Unlike the Connecticut sharpies, the Ohio boats were not built by a specialist or by professional carpenters. Fishermen built the pound net boats in their back yards during the winter; therefore many variations in proportions and model were the result. In most cases, these boats were far more heavily built than the Connecticut sharpies. The stem, chine logs, transom, frames, centerboard, centerboard trunk logs and head timbers, keel and filler, rudder, and sometimes the

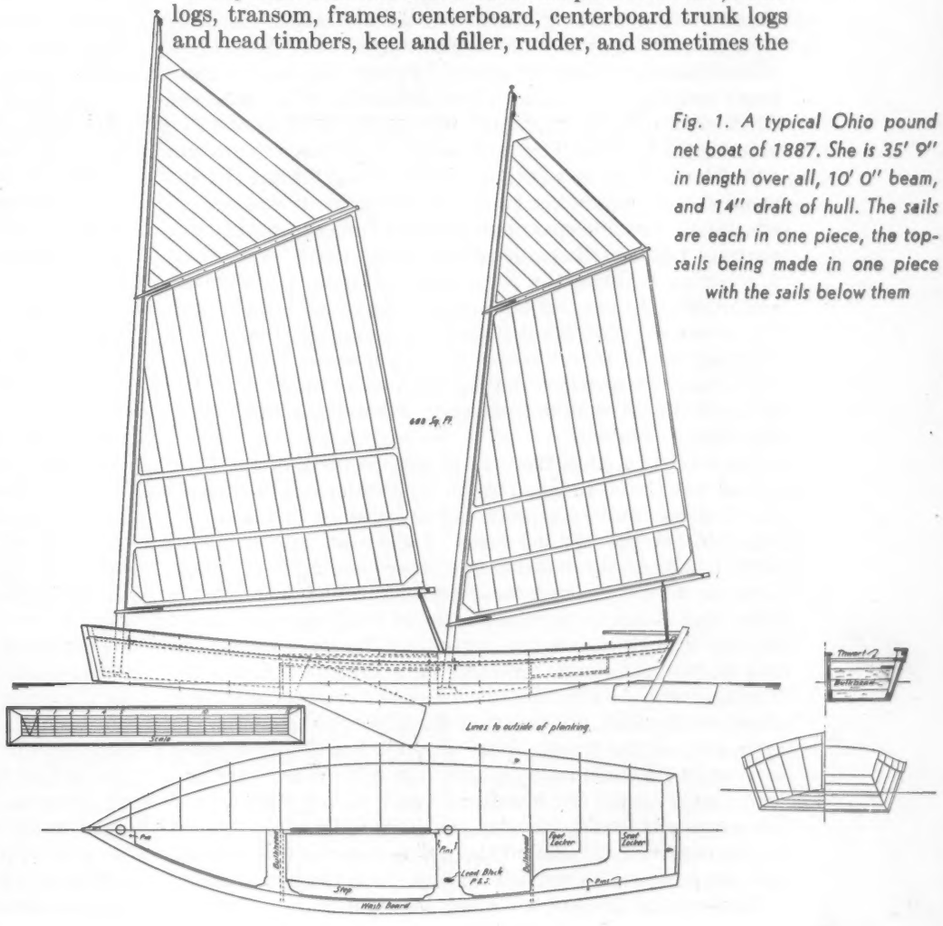


Fig. 1. A typical Ohio pound net boat of 1887. She is 35′ 9″ in length over all, 10′ 0″ beam, and 14″ draft of hull. The sails are each in one piece, the topsails being made in one piece with the sails below them

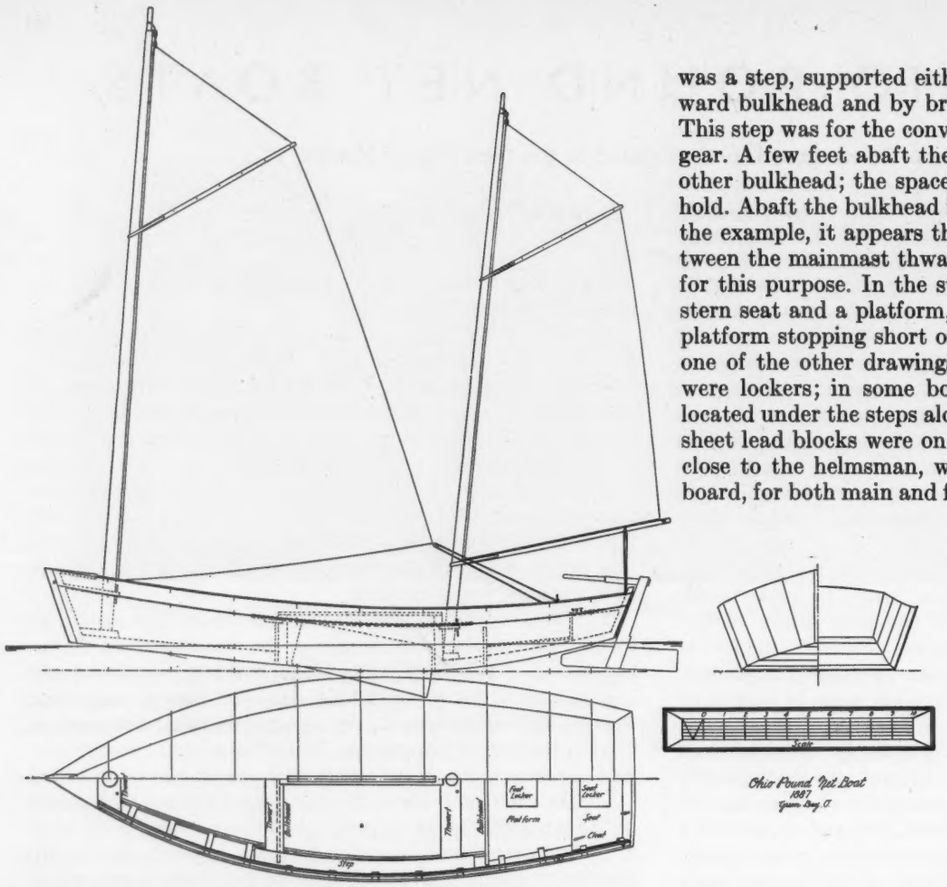


Fig. 2. This boat, a 28-footer of 9′ 6″ beam, hails from Green Bay, Ohio

sheerstrake or rubbing piece, were of white oak. All other timber, including masts and spars, was of white pine.

Hall said that it took two men 17 days to build one of these boats and that they cut up about 200 feet of white pine and 800 feet of oak. He estimated the cost of a 36′ boat to be about $225 in 1881. The boats were iron-fastened throughout. The rudder was outboard and strongly built. In the usual sharpie manner, a balanced rudder blade was always employed. The Ohioans cross-planked the bottoms of their sharpies but sometimes departed widely from Connecticut practice in building the sides of their boats. Usually, the pound net sharpies had a lapped strake which formed both rub guard and sheer plank. Other boats employed a wale for this purpose. In 1881, most of the Ohio sharpies did not have washboards or any deck but in later years washboards became popular. The stem was usually rabbeted, unlike that of the New Haven craft.

Figure 1 is a good example of the majority of the Ohio pound net boats, judging by all descriptions. The original drawing was quite complete and detailed so that a pretty accurate account can be given of the standard layout of these boats. At the extreme bow, there was a heavy breast knee, or thwart, which formed the foremast partners. In the after edge of this, there were two metal belaying pins or rods; the one to port was usually larger than the other and served as a chain or cable bitt. The other pin served for belaying the fore halliards. At the forward end of the centerboard trunk there was a plank bulkhead, under a heavy thwart; at the after end of the trunk, there was another heavy thwart, serving as the mainmast partners. On this thwart were two lead blocks for the fore sheet and two belaying pins. One of these pins was for the main halliards; the other could be used for the centerboard pennant though usually this was belayed on a pin passed athwartships through the trunk head timber.

Between the thwarts and along the sides of the hull there was a step, supported either by the thwarts or by the forward bulkhead and by brackets spiked to the hull frames. This step was for the convenience of the crew when hauling gear. A few feet abaft the mainmast thwart there was another bulkhead; the space between bulkheads was the fish hold. Abaft the bulkhead in some boats was a net room; in the example, it appears that part of the fish hold, that between the mainmast thwart and the after bulkhead, served for this purpose. In the stern there was either a U-shaped stern seat and a platform, as shown, or a straight seat and platform stopping short of the after bulkhead, as shown in one of the other drawings. Under both seat and platform were lockers; in some boats, supplementary lockers were located under the steps along the sides amidships. The main sheet lead blocks were on the transom. In the washboards, close to the helmsman, were belaying pins, port and starboard, for both main and fore sheets. Many of the boats had thole pins at the thwarts in addition, so that the crew could sweep the boat in calm weather.

The keel was built up in the same manner as in Connecticut, three timbers being used. The outer ones were the centerboard trunk logs but these were extended forward of and abaft the trunk, to the ends of the boat. Between these, clear of the trunk, was a filler; the whole was well spiked together. The frames were usually on edge, not flat as in the New Haven sharpies. This was done so that they might support the washboards; when these were not built, the frames were on the flat. The chine logs were heavy but the sheer clamp was often rather light in proportion.

The floor of the fish hold was sometimes laid with white pine battens, with open seams; if there was a separate net room, the battens were used there instead of in the fish hold.

The rudder stock was a heavy piece of oak, sometimes tapered from just below the tiller opening to the rudder blade; in other cases, the rudder post was merely doubled, with a filler between the two parts clear of the blade and tiller.

The rig is unusual. There is no record of its history but it was used in round bottom boats, similar in size and profile to the Ohio sharpies, at Erie, Pennsylvania. Hall, in reporting on these, said "this fashion came originally from New York." Another story is that the rig, or at least the topsail and mainsail in one, was first employed in the fifties or sixties by a fisherman on Long Island Sound, who was nicknamed "Topsail Jack."

The sails of the pound net sharpies were really gaff sails with a fixed topsail in one sail. Usually the lower portion, below the gaff, was single bighted but often the topsail was double bighted. By cutting the two sails in one, it was possible to use a single halliard, as in the leg-of-mutton, but, by retaining a false gaff, it was possible to get greater area without having to increase the hoist or lengthen the booms. In the pound net boat sails, as at Erie, the gaffs were split and secured by passing screw bolts through both halves and through the sail. The canvas was well reënforced in way of the gaff, at the head and elsewhere, to stand the stresses set up in the sail. Hoops were used on both masts, the sails being laced to the booms. In some small pound net boats, the sails were laced to the masts.

The boats were rigged with the utmost simplicity. There were no shrouds or stays. The fore and main halliards were

either single parts, or double-ended with ends spliced together. In the latter case, the halliard also served as a downhaul. The sheets were either double-ended or were double, jib sheet fashion. No topping lifts were used on the booms. All halliards and sheets could be led aft, if desired, to within reach of the helmsman.

Large pound net sharpies (some were as long as 42′) were equipped with a small chain and anchor; most boats used manila cable. There was usually a rope grommet, to which a painter was secured, worked in a hole through the stem. Some sketches show another hole and grommet in the transom, probably for a stern painter or mooring line.

Figure 2 represents a Green Bay pound net sharpie. Here the popular length was 28′, with a beam of about 9′ 6″. The masts were, therefore, long and heavy and the sail plan large. It will be noticed that the foresail is lug-footed but does not overlap the main. No washboards are shown but otherwise the layout is similar to that of the 36′ boat. As in the 36-footer, the mast steps are blocks spiked on top of the keel members and the thwarts are at the level of the lower edge of the sheerstrake. Because of their shorter length, the Green Bay boats had proportionately greater sheer and rocker than the 36-footers. The model of this boat in the Watercraft collection catalog is the one credited to the Carolina Sounds.

The smallest class of pound net sharpie is represented by Figure 3. At Dover Bay, where this one was built, there were even smaller boats. There the usual length was between 20′ and 26′, with the beam ranging from 7′ 9″ to 9′ 6″. The rig was the same as that shown in Figure 1. A small net room is shown. An unusually long step along the side is shown in this plan. I believe the other model of a pound net sharpie, in the Watercraft Collection, was made from the original drawing copied in this figure.

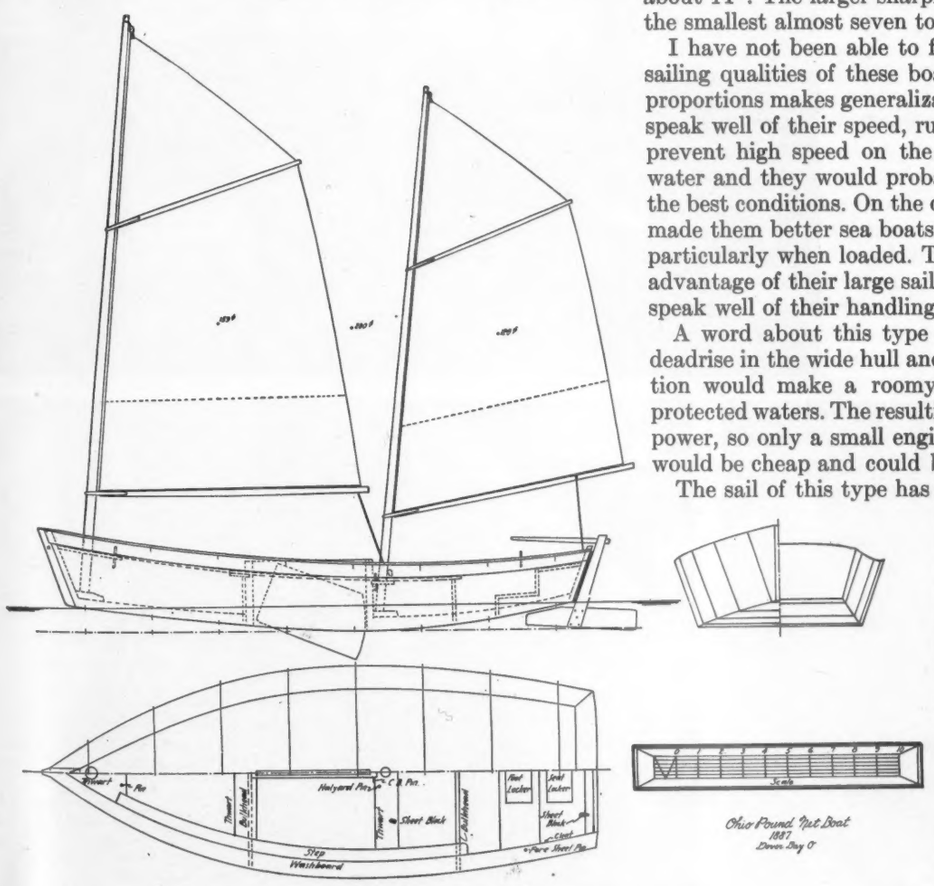


Fig. 3. The smallest class, 25′ 6″ in length. There were even smaller ones at Dover Bay, Ohio, where this boat was built

At Vermilion and at Huron, Ohio, the pound net boats were from 30′ to 38′ in length; the Vermilion sharpies were often quite wide and carried longer masts than those at Huron. At Amherst, the boats were from 25′ by 7′ by 2′ 6″ to 32′ by 10′ by 3′. A few 36′ boats were also used here. The sharpies at Willoughby appear to have been much narrower and deeper than elsewhere; a 34′ boat was usually about 8′ beam and nearly 3′ 6″ deep. The sharpies used at Cleveland were from 28′ to 42′ long and from 8′ to 11′ wide. The depth was from 2′ to 3′ 3″.

Because of their great beam and weight, it took a lot of sail to drive a pound net sharpie. The 36-footers carried from 650 to 700 square feet of sail; the Green Bay boats from 320 to 450; the Dover Bay craft from 200 to 300 square feet. It was not uncommon for a 38-footer to spread as much as 1220 square feet of canvas. Their great beam in proportion to their length gave these boats tremendous stiffness and great power to carry sail when loaded. The masts could, therefore, be long and heavy. None of the plans show the extremes described by Hall and others; boats 36′ long are reported to have had masts 48′ and 46′ long, fore and main. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that the Lake practice was to call the masts by the names used in the schooner rig. This is not exclusive with the Lakes as the masts of the bugeye are still so called on Chesapeake Bay.

The ability of the pound net sharpies to carry heavy loads was the chief reason for their model, not its sailing qualities. A 36′ boat, weighing about 3000 pounds — hull, spars, sails and rigging — had to be able to carry nearly eight tons of fish, nets, gear and crew on an 18″ draft. Light, she drew about 14″. The larger sharpies could carry twelve tons and the smallest almost seven tons.

I have not been able to find out a great deal about the sailing qualities of these boats; obviously, such a range of proportions makes generalization impossible. Most accounts speak well of their speed, running. Their great beam would prevent high speed on the wind and reaching in broken water and they would probably not point high even under the best conditions. On the other hand, their beam and flare made them better sea boats than the Connecticut sharpies, particularly when loaded. Then, no doubt, they could take advantage of their large sail spread and travel. All accounts speak well of their handling.

A word about this type for yachting purposes. A little deadrise in the wide hull and a small cuddy for accommodation would make a roomy cruiser for protected or semi-protected waters. The resulting hull would move easily under power, so only a small engine would be required. The boat would be cheap and could be built by "rough" carpenters.

The sail of this type has possibilities for use in sailing or auxiliary cruisers up to 40′ in length. The chief disadvantage of the modern jib-headed rig is inability to get area without having a lofty rig — an undesirable feature in a deep water cruiser. This is particularly true in the ketch rig. While the modern jib-headed mainsail is efficient on the wind, it often lacks area for running, so light sails become a necessity. On the other hand, the virtues of the single halliard are too well known to require discussion.

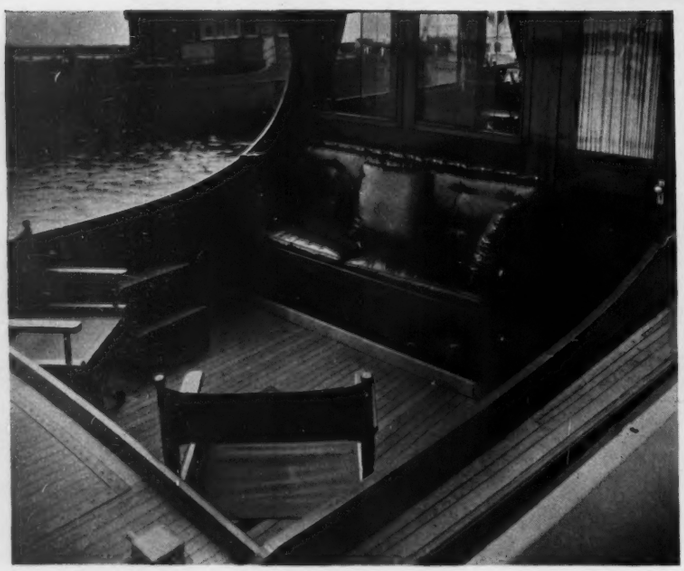
It would seem, therefore, that

(Continued on page 74)

"SERENADE"

This attractive cruiser, from the board of Frederick C. Geiger, of Yacht Sales & Service, Inc., is owned by Mrs. T. Mitchell Chance, of Philadelphia, and was built by Morton Johnson & Co., of Bay Head, N. J. "Serenade" is 45' 3" in length over all, 11' 10" beam, 3' 0" draft. She was designed for cruising in Chesapeake Bay and in Florida.

Above is the yacht herself and at the right is a view of the roomy deckhouse, used as lounge and dining room. Below may be seen the after cockpit and, right, the two Gray Diesel engines which push her along at a 13-knot pace. Her plans appeared in the September, 1941, issue of "Yachting."



Levick Photos

Levick

The "R" boats once made up a scrappy Sound racing class. Most of them have now migrated to the Great Lakes

LONG ISLAND SOUND RACING—WHAT NEXT?

By WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

WHAT'S happening to yacht racing on Long Island Sound? The question has been asked a good many times in the last two or three years and answered in a good many ways, by Jeremiahs, Pollyannas, and by persons of various shades of opinion between those two extremes. The Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound took the question seriously enough, a year ago, to appoint a committee to work out the answers, and its conclusions were interesting and helpful. But, after fifteen years of close observation of the sport in these waters, during which period a tremendous change has certainly come about, I'm sure I don't know whether it's been a change for the better or worse, or where it's all going to end.

In those expansive days of a dozen or so years ago, when everybody was rich and getting richer; when you had only to suggest a new suit of sails, a swimming pool for the yacht club, or a whole new class of big, expensive yachts and, presto, they appeared, the Sound regattas almost approached the average layman's conception of them as spectacles in which great fleets of huge yachts, maintained at fabulous expense by incredibly wealthy men, were raced by phenomenally wise, daring and skilful skippers and crews. Big schooners, former America's Cup yachts, "M's," "O's," "Fifties," "Forties," "Thirties," Twelve-, Ten- and Eight-Metre boats were the flesh and bone of the racing fleet. Six-Metres and "R's" were interesting toys. Interclubs and Victories were fun, but not important.

Stars were funny little boats that some queer fellows who might have been racing bigger craft sailed because they offered international and intersectional competition. Nothing smaller rated even a glance.

Well, Sound yachting's descent (to call it that) from this magnificence to its present basis wasn't as abrupt a tumble as the financial and business collapse that made it inevitable, but it has been steady and inexorable throughout the past decade. What with war and taxes, it certainly hasn't hit bottom yet.

So where are we now? Internationals, Victories, "S" boats, Interclubs and Atlantics were the "big" classes of last season and, with the Stars, they were the classes that got the headlines. Even such waterbugs as Snipes and Lightnings come under the head of important business. A few larger boats, mostly of the ocean racing type, turned out last season but only one, *Avanti*, sailed enough races to qualify in the Y.R.A. series. There are more boats racing than in the old days, probably, and certainly there are a lot more skippers in proportion to the tonnage of the fleet. But that tonnage, and the expanse of canvas unfurled to the dubious breezes of the Sound on a race day, are hardly shadows of their former selves.

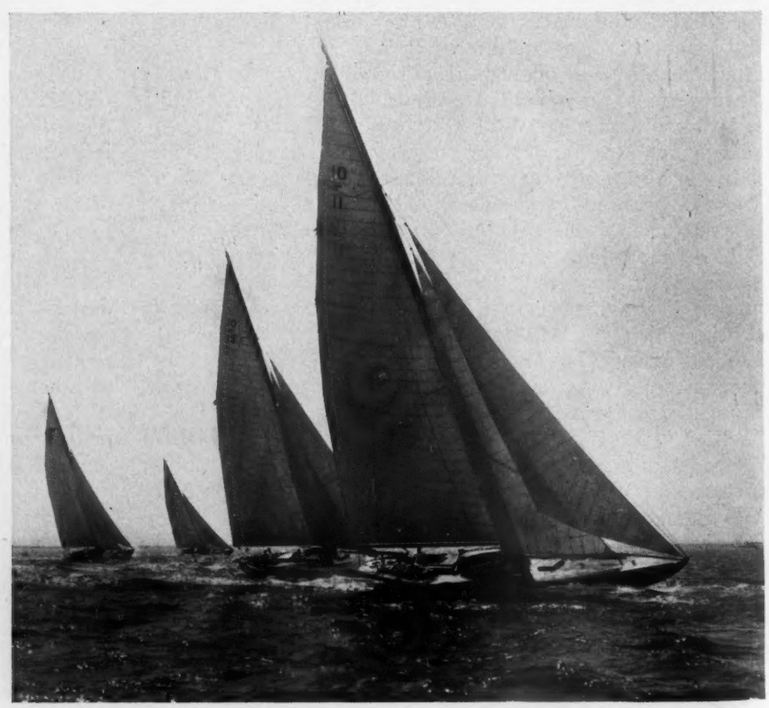
Aside from this shrinkage in the size of yachts racing, an outstanding development has been the rise of the fast cruising or "ocean racing" type of yacht and of the smaller auxiliary cruisers which race occasionally. Up to a year or two ago, these boats went a long way in balancing the shrinkage in tonnage of the class-racing types but, last year, with the few exceptions noted above, the larger handicap boats were laid up or, at least, they were inactive in a racing sense. National defense, shortage of crews with youngsters away in the service, taxes or the anticipation of them, and, in some cases, an illogical sentiment against "indulging ourselves in sport when millions are dying" account for that.

Another marked difference in the Sound fleets these days is the almost complete absence of open classes. Someone remarked last year that the Stars (theoretically one-design) were the only development class on the Sound. Twelve- and Six-Metres, "M's," "R's" and other class boats are gone,

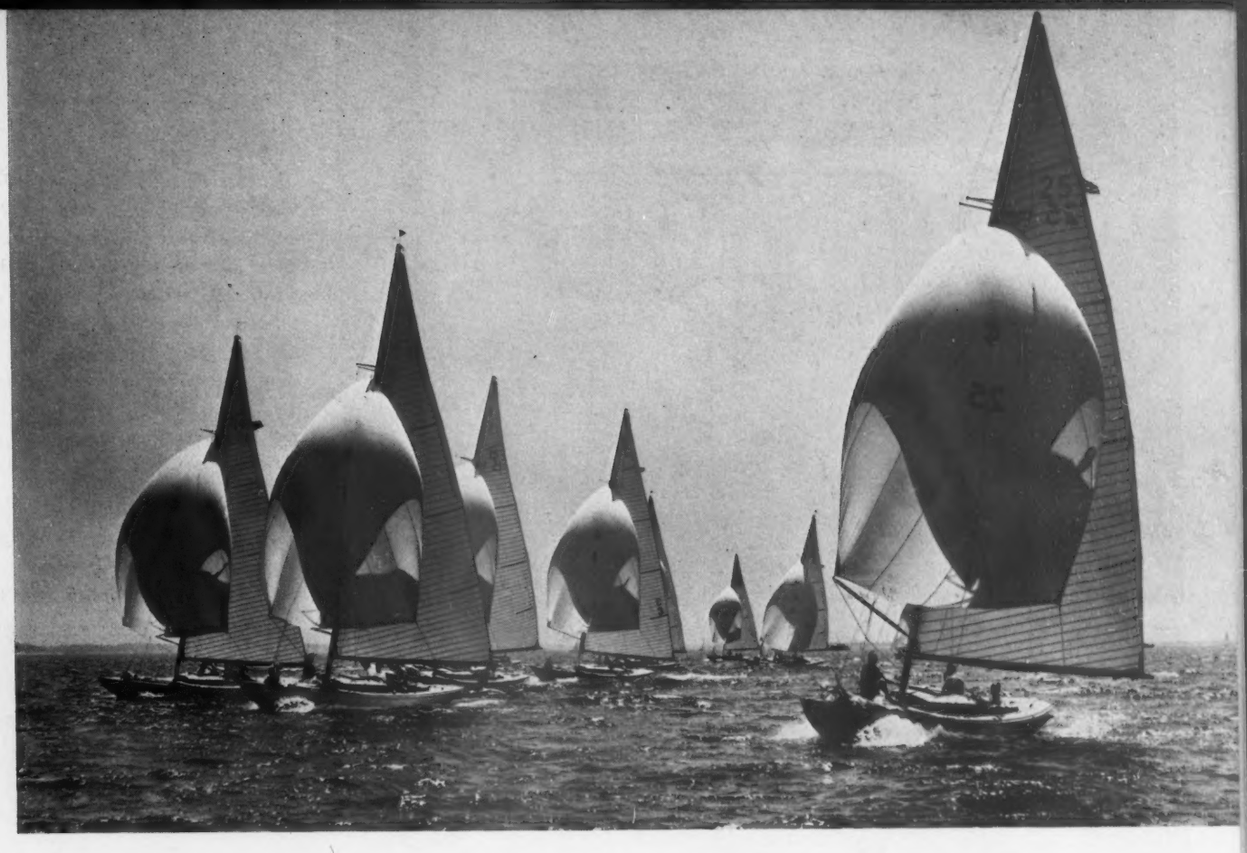
and there's no legitimate outlet, except in the "Cruising Rule" type, where naval architects, or owners of an experimental turn of mind, can exercise their tastes and talents. This naturally retards the development of yacht design. It has another unfortunate effect which has borne fruit in numerous squabbles over sails, gear and whatnot in one-design classes. A man whose primary interest is in improving the speed and efficiency of his boat is going to keep on trying to do that, even though he happens to be in a one-design class, and the other one-design owners naturally don't approve. The sport will never be in a completely healthy state on the Sound until there are again at least two or three classes, of different sizes, in which skippers with this inclination can try out their ideas and their gadgets without disrupting the one-design groups. A square-metre class, say, and a "suicide" class, would help tremendously.

Still another great change is to be found in the men who are sailing. Look through a Sound regatta summary and you won't find one name in ten that would have been in the corresponding list ten years ago. A few of the "old timers" (not necessarily old in years), you'll find up around the tops of the standings in some of the present Sound classes — men like Bob Bavier, Corny Shields and Frank Page. Others, like Harry Maxwell, Ab Brush, and Bill Swan, sail an occasional race in this, that and the other boat. For the rest, the years have taken their toll of the really old men, financial reverses have eliminated others from the yacht-owning ranks, and more than a few have dropped out because, primarily "big boat" men, they were not interested in racing the smaller boats of today even though the latter provide fully as keen competition in their way as the "Fighting Forties" and the "O" boats used to. A good many skippers who, a dozen years ago, would have been racing "M" boats, "Forties," or Twelve-Metres have turned to ocean and coastwise racing in yachts of the Cruising Rule type, large or small. Others have, for the time being anyhow, gone into the small one-design classes. The roster of the 110-Square-Foot Class, for instance, contains such names as Bob Bavier, Ralph Manny, Jack Shethar, Rowe Metcalf and Henry Sears.

The inability of Sound racing to support classes of big boats would be less upsetting if it were universal. But that there should be a ready market on the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast for boats of classes that are too "expensive" to maintain on the Sound seems odd. The Six-Metre Class is a case in point. It is flourishing in both those sections, yet on the Sound is a thoroughly dead pigeon and has been for a long time, except during seasons when there was international competition for the British-American, Seawanhaka, or



A start of the Ten-Metre Class a dozen years ago



Sound yachtsmen once regarded the "Sixes" (left) as small fry, interesting when engaged in international competition. Today most of them are on the Lakes or the West Coast. Right, nowadays the principal interest is centered in the Internationals, the largest and "hottest" one-design class competing regularly

Photos by Rosenfeld

Scandinavian Gold Cups. One thing that I think hurt the "Sixes" was that the class was more or less controlled by one club and owners from other clubs were allowed to feel — intentionally or not — that they were outsiders, especially when it came to selecting boats for international events.

Another and more important reason, however, may have been that among the Six-Metre enthusiasts were a few men with unlimited means and the will to have the fastest boats that could be turned out and equipped, regardless of expense. All very admirable, when it comes to winning races, but rather discouraging to the average man who might like to race in such a class but can't compete when the sky is the limit on sails, gear and boats. From what we gather, this and similar classes are raced on a less lavish and intense basis on the Lakes and on the West Coast where they provide good racing for a lot of people and even the old boats have a sporting chance to win a race every once in a while.

The Six-Metres are only an example of the way boats have been moving west from the Sound. Lately, we have been having a regular mass migration of big cruising boats, including some of the fastest and biggest of the ocean racers, and the movement has swept along with it a large proportion of boats of the Thirty-two Foot Class, which started out so auspiciously here only six years ago. The worst of it is that, as the bigger boats move west, nothing comparable has been built here to replace them and, obviously, nothing will be, now, until the war is over.

The need for open or reasonably restricted development classes, in which designers and owners would have a legitimate outlet for their experiments in making boats go faster, inevitably brings up the Star Class. Under conditions such as are likely to prevail in the immediate future, the Star Class should be one of the Sound's outstanding groups. It long has been, and was last season, but there are bad signs, such as the splitting off of Eastchester Bay from the Western Long Island Sound fleet a year or two ago, and the fact that, last season, yacht brokers reported a hundred Stars listed for sale and no takers.

The Stars were launched as a "poor man's racing class" and tolerances in variations of hull form, weights and other matters were established for the laudable purpose of allowing an amateur to build his own boat and not have her thrown out of the class for some minor error in construction. The inevitable development, as Star championships grew more important in the public eye, was that the "wise guys" started monkeying with these tolerances to get a little extra speed. Many expensive gadgets, which reached their climax in the modern flexible-sparred rigs, were

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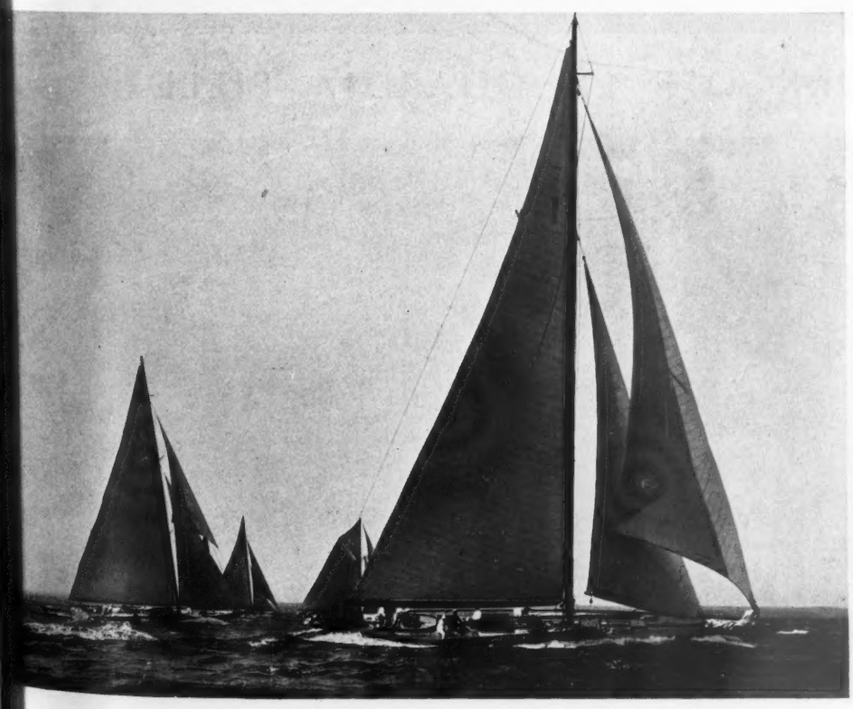
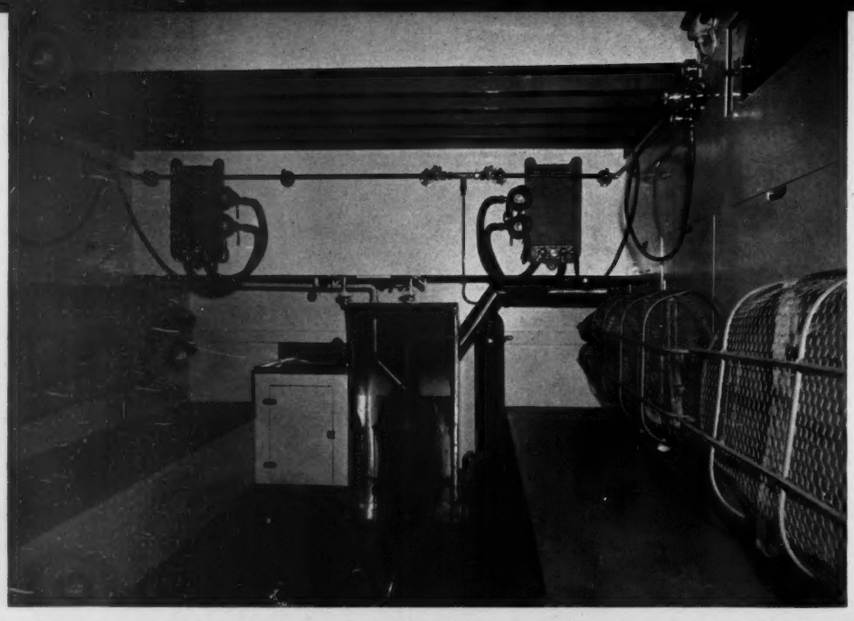


Not so many years ago Class M yachts and N.Y.Y.C. "Fifties" were racing regularly in Sound regattas

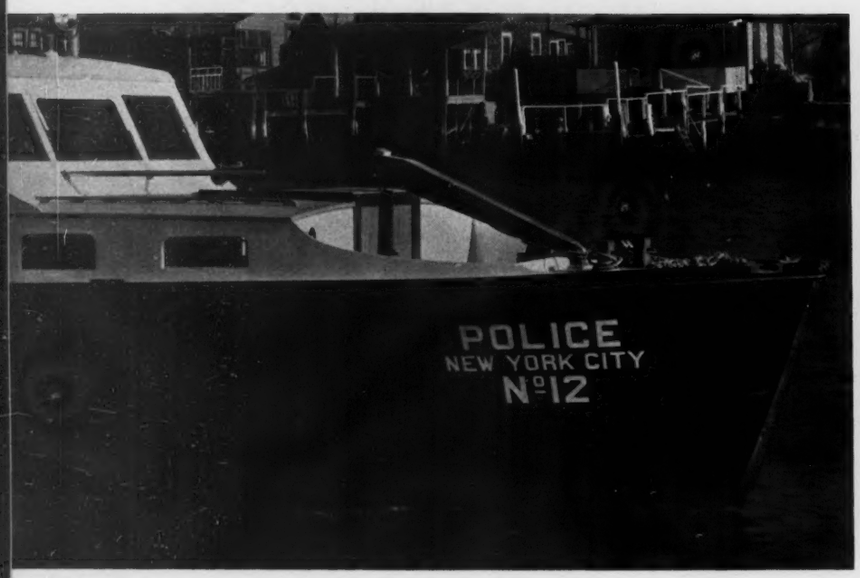


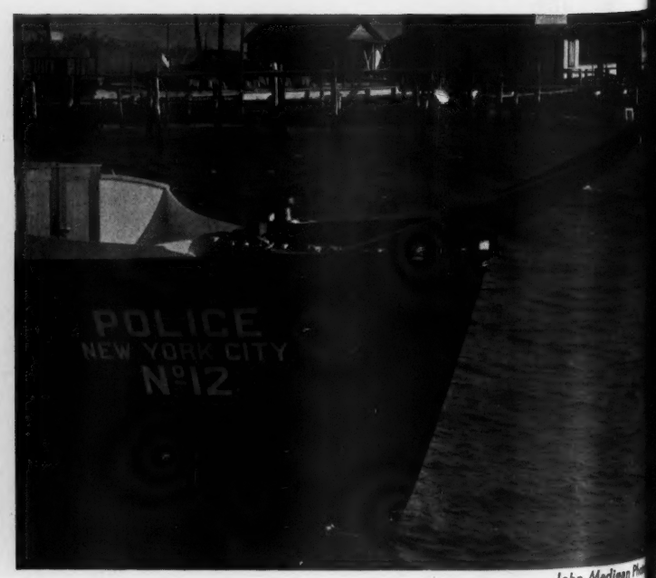
YACHTING

This peppy crash boat for the New York City Police Department was designed by Henry B. Nevins, Inc., City Island, N. Y., George F. Crouch, naval architect. She is 46' in length over all and 12' beam, built by Freeport Point Shipyard. Two Hall-Scott Invaders give a top speed of 32 m.p.h. A round bilge forward hardens into a chine as it goes aft. She has a good sized skeg and does not bank either way on turns. Two rudders are fitted and the boat will turn to either side when backing, as desired, no matter which of her two engines may be operating.

The crew lives ashore and the capacious hospital compartment (top), well heated and fitted with inhalators and other modern devices, will accommodate six or eight persons. The aluminum davit forward (bottom), weighing but 100 pounds and well braced athwartships, is an interesting feature.

BUILT FOR RESCUE WORK OFF LA GUARDIA FIELD





John Madigan Ph

ELECTRICITY AND THE AUXILIARY

Part I. A Careful Survey is Needed to Determine Battery and Generator Capacity

By E. P. ELLIS

IT'S a grand feeling to go below at dusk, flip a switch, and instantly find the cabin adequately illuminated. Gone are the odors and dangers of the oil lamp when electricity is properly installed. There are no chimneys to clean or wicks to trim, either! Electricity is the most reliable, safest and the best all 'round source of energy for lighting and power that science has yet devised, and there is no reason why its benefits should not be enjoyed afloat. True, it is almost impossible to match the elaborate facilities of your local power company but, with a little thought and not too great expenditure, the joys of a thoroughly reliable system can be yours. Naturally, thought must be given to the installation. It is the purpose of this article to serve as a stimulus for just such thought.

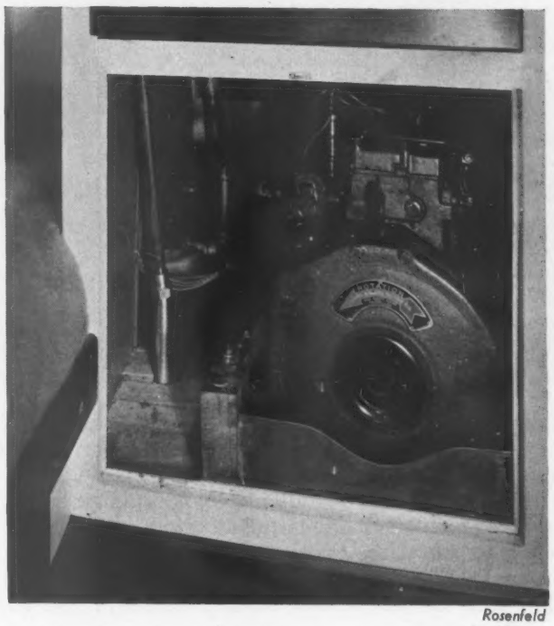
The first thing to consider is what duties you wish electricity to perform. Most commonly, it is used in the ignition and starting system of the main engine as well as for blowing a horn, lighting the running lamps and perhaps even lighting the cabin to some extent. Beyond these functions, we find it useful for a searchlight; for operating bilge, fresh water and flushing pumps; for the radio receiver and transmitter, anchor windlass, deck lights, and many other pieces of equipment. With such a wide variety of apparatus, each with its load requirement, it is essential that those deemed most useful be decided upon and the rest discarded.

It is entirely possible to have an all-electric boat and several such craft have actually been built and sailed. One went so far as to raise a small piano from beneath the deck by an electric hoist. This is all very well for an inventor or eccentric but the average sailor prefers to spend his time afloat on matters other than the maintenance of a player piano. The danger is that the over-equipped owner will find himself in the same position as the peanut vendor featured in a recent series of calculating machine ads: "Someone sold Pedro too much machine!"

Now, it's fine to plan a lot of nice electrical equipment which can consume power at a great rate, but it is another thing to furnish that power. Probably the simplest way to obtain limited amounts of electrical energy is to use dry batteries. There are several types of running lights on the market which use them. These have proved reliable and useful for small boats. In the past few years, their use aboard boats not widely sailed at night has grown greatly.

If you sail extensively at night, it is far more economical to dispense with dry cell replacement and, instead, to rely upon a storage battery. This is just what its name implies, and it is necessary to provide some means of recharging the battery after the stored energy has been exhausted. Some owners of sail boats with no engines aboard rely upon a battery's ability to last throughout a cruise and then take it ashore to a garage to have it recharged. This expedient spares the vessel any machinery yet assures the safe operation of a limited number of cabin and running lights. Again, this scheme is limited to fairly small craft and is hardly to be recommended if one plans to live aboard.

The next step is to provide some means of recharging the battery afloat when necessary. It may be done by a generator driven by the main engine, or by a small engine-generator set made for this purpose. Both systems have their advocates, and rightly so. The correct solution depends upon the individual circumstances. Going a step further, it is possible to eliminate the storage battery entirely and depend upon a generator for all power. This means that the generator must run whenever electricity is wanted. This plan is seldom desirable except aboard very large yachts.

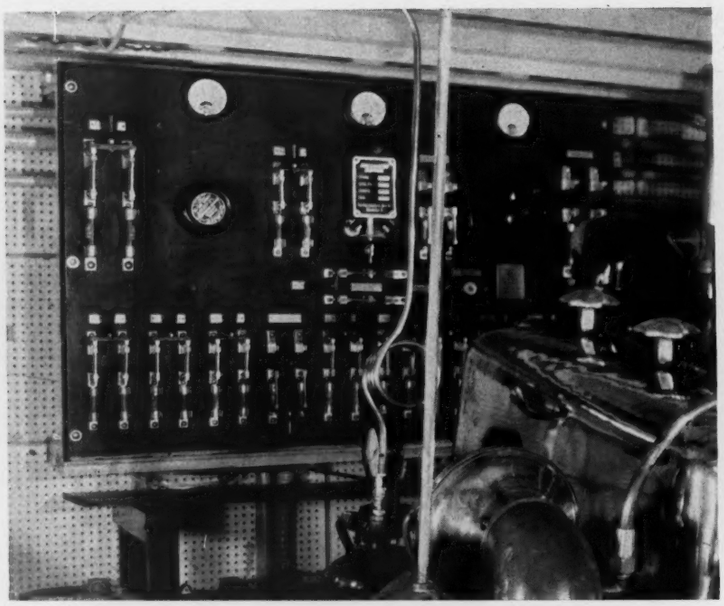


Rosenfeld

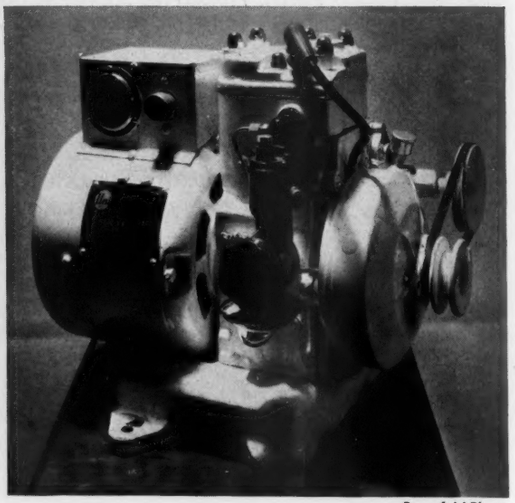
When the engine is tucked away snugly in such a corner as this, it is not so easy to arrange the electrical outfit

By far the majority of craft depend solely upon the main engine and its starting battery. The one battery serves to operate the engine, as well as to energize the running and cabin lamps, the horn, and an occasional bilge pump. It is obvious that, if all this energy is to be returned to the battery, the engine will have to be operated for some time to allow its generator to do the trick. For instance, the generator of a small 4-cylinder engine charging at 15 amperes (6-volt system), requires between five and six minutes of steady work to replace merely the energy used to crank the cold engine for about twenty seconds. This doesn't sound like much but, if the engine is used only to kick out to the bay where sail can be set, the battery just isn't breaking even. Then comes the further deficit caused by the lights and the other equipment. Clearly indicated is the use of a second generator. This can be the ubiquitous little engine-generator set referred to previously, or it may be a second generator, belt-driven by the main engine. Several makes of engines are now available with such an extra generator driven by a "V" belt from a pulley on the crankshaft extension. You may not be buying a new engine for a while yet, but there is no reason why you can't add a generator.

We've come this far without even thinking of the voltage at which all of the equipment is to be operated. This is typical of the situation in which most boat owners find themselves. When the loads are to be supplied from the battery of the main engine, the voltage is necessarily that chosen by the engine manufacturer. From the automotive industry has come the widespread use of six volts. Adherence to this



The switchboard is important. Here is one well laid out and accessible: Below, in some cases a small generating set is needed to provide sufficient current for all requirements



Rosenfeld Photos

standard allows inexpensive starters, generators and ignition coils to be purchased at small cost and to be serviced with ease. There isn't much you can do with an existing engine's electrical system that doesn't run into large figures. However, if you are planning to install an engine in the future, it may pay to plan to use a potential higher than six volts. The additional cost is but a small percentage of the price of the engine and the advantages usually outweigh the extra expense involved.

For the sake of analogy, the current in amperes may be thought of as a stream of water of certain size flowing through a pipe. If additional power is required at the end of the pipe, there are two ways to get it. The pressure behind the stream (voltage) may be raised, or the pipe may be made larger so that more water (current) will flow through the original pipe at the original pressure. In the electrical sense, this means larger copper wires and heavier equipment. The transmission of large blocks of power at low voltages is prohibitively expensive.

Balancing the lowered cost of wires and switches as the voltage rises is the increased cost of the storage battery. If you are of an engineering turn of mind, the solution of this problem for the least expensive voltage will afford you many a winter evening's work. Though all generalizations are dangerous, it is the author's belief that 12 volts are ideal if two conditions exist. These are: (1) the use of the starting battery in conjunction with the entire electrical system; (2) the absence of any electrical hoist or windlass. (These use sizable motors; at least one prominent manufacturer refuses to build anchor windlasses for potentials below 32 volts.)

The advantages of the higher voltages are most clearly shown by comparison. Reference to Table A will show this. Here wire sizes are listed with the number of feet times current in amperes that each will handle. (The table was drawn up for a condition that 95 per cent of the applied voltage appears at the far end.) Take No. 14 wire, a commonly used gauge. It will transmit one ampere a distance of 60 feet from battery to light if a 6-volt battery is used. If a 12-volt is used, the distance may be doubled. At 32 volts, the ampere of current may be sent 316 feet, and so on. This table is useful in choosing required wire sizes and the maximum current that each wire may carry safely under normal circumstances.

It is necessary, of course, that the current which a lamp or other piece of equipment draws be known. A few typical values are given in Table B.

The application of the two tables is fairly easy. For instance, in a vessel with a 6-volt system, it is desired to install a 21-candle power deck floodlight. Table B shows that such a lamp draws 2.9 amperes and, if the distance from the battery to the lamp is 20 feet, we shall need a wire which will carry 20 feet $\times$ 2.9 amperes = 58 ampere feet. Size 14 wire just does this nicely; we see, too, that its maximum carrying capacity of 20 amperes is far in excess of the 2.9 amperes which the lamp will draw. If our system were 12 volts, the lamp would draw 1.5 amperes and a wire suitable for 30 ampere-feet would be required. Table A shows this to be size 18, or slightly smaller. Under most conditions, it is not practical to use a smaller wire than No. 18, however, so No. 18 is our choice.

If several lights are to be operated at the end of one pair of wires, it is not necessary that the wire be chosen so as to equal the total ampere-feet of the circuit unless the probability that all the lamps will be lighted together is high. It is not safe to exceed the total ampere carrying capacity of the wire, though. The effect of exceeding the ampere-feet values of Table A is a marked loss of voltage in the wire and dangerous heating of the insulation. It also means that lights operate dimly and that pump motors run slowly. As mentioned, the table was chosen for a 5 per cent loss of voltage, a condition normally not exceeded in good practice. Five per cent seems a small figure yet a lamp operates at but 90 per cent of its rated brilliancy when connected to such a circuit and motors develop but 90 per cent of their rated horse power. It is quite possible to use larger wire than the table indicates but the cost rises accordingly. Five per cent

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TABLE A. WIRE DATA

Wire Size	*Max. Safe Current*	*Circuit "Ampere-Feet"* 6 volts	12 volts	32 volts	110 volts
18	5	22	44	117	420
16	10	37	75	200	720
14	20	60	120	316	1140
12	25	95	190	504	1810
10	35	150	300	800	2875
8	50	240	480	1275	4570
6	70	380	760	2025	7280
4	90	603	1206	3225	11,550
2	125	960	1920	5120	18,400
0	200	1525	3050	8130	29,200
00	225	1925	3850	10,250	36,900

C. J. Hornbostel, Jr., (right) and Russel Frease with a fine catch of striped bass. The boat is an excellent type for use when angling for "stripers" just outside the line of the surf

FISHING FOR "STRIPERS"

Proper Boat and Engine Equipment Important in This Popular Sport

By LANSDELL ANDERSON

EACH season, increasing numbers of anglers, many of them yachtsmen, troll along the surf for striped bass. It is a grand sport. War conditions, in my opinion, will not affect it to any great extent this coming season. Inasmuch as a gallon of gasoline in the boats generally used lasts an hour or more, it seems unlikely that operational supply restrictions will curtail the sport. Equipment requirements, modest indeed, can still be obtained. Newcomers in this field, intending to try their luck next summer, however, may find their plans upset unless they look into the matter of equipment this winter.

Success in this sport boils down to three primary factors. The proper type of boat is highly essential. Some boats are consistent producers; others never come ashore with a good catch of bass. The type of lure — and its presentation — is equally important. Last, being in the right place at the right time counts even more in this game than in many other types of salt water fishing.

Before looking into the matter of the right boat, a word about general progress on the striped bass front. Years ago, a handful of boatmen had the sport all to themselves and, for nearly a decade, they enjoyed a virtual monopoly on all surf-trolling catches. At Montauk Point, Long Island, one enthusiastic sportsman designed a special boat in which he played tag with the breakers along a rocky stretch of surf where bass fed in the swirling seas just beyond the backwash of the undertow. While in the employ of two light-tackle addicts who chartered his boat whenever conditions seemed favorable, a veteran market fisherman at Sea Bright set a fast pace off the Jersey coast, catching many bass nearly every time he nosed along the undertow. Farther down the coast, slipping out of Shark River Inlet, at Belmar, the writer and a companion regularly hit the striper jackpot.

In those days, shortly after World War I, those three groups had little competition along the entire New Jersey and Long Island coasts. Few commercial fishermen took a crack at the fish in the surf. Some optimistic anglers, spurred on by the astounding catches hung up by the regulars, tried their luck a time or two. When they failed to connect with any fish, they invariably gave up. Only the regulars knew the tricks of the trade — and they did very little broadcasting! If the general picture was any brighter for the average angler along any other stretch of the coastline between Maine and the Carolinas, all good striped bass range, it never came to my attention.

Now, all that is changing and the striper-trolling game is booming. On one occasion last summer, for instance, I watched nine boats comb intensively a small patch of rocky, mussel-crusted bottom off Long Branch where a trio of veterans in one skiff had landed twelve big fish some hours earlier. At the same time, a tight little band of four boats circled a school of feeding bass about nine miles up the coast and, trolling along the beach between those two hot spots, were five other striper rigs.

Top boat after that particular session was the outboard-driven skiff shown in the accompanying photograph. She is owned by C. J. Hornbostel, Jr., who whipped five of those nine bass shown in the picture on a slender bait-casting rod, while Russel Frease, another keen striper troller, hung the heaviest, a 40-odd pounder. Usually, however, Frease fished from an inboard-powered boat, the *Black Duck*. And Frease and Hornbostel waged a ding-dong fight for the striper lead in that area right down to the end of the long season.

Next summer, judging from inquiries which I have received, plenty of new talent plans to take a whack at striper trolling. Wise hands already are scouting around for suitable boats and motors. When my opinion on this subject is

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Photos Courtesy Glenn L. Martin Co.

The "Mars," the Navy's latest patrol bomber, just before her launching at the plant of the Glenn L. Martin Company, Baltimore

SIXTY-FOUR TONS OF SHIP ON WINGS

By RUFUS G. SMITH

"LENGTH over all 117′ 3″; load water line, 78′; beam, 13′ 6″; displacement, 140,000 pounds. The lines of the hull were developed and improved with the aid of extensive towing tests in the tank at Stevens Institute."

What's all this? Is it part of the story of some defender of the America's Cup which will take shape some time in the future when mainsails and spinnakers will again be the implements of battle on the seas and when, once again, racing tactics will replace naval regulations in the spotlight? Add the figures of 5 feet for draft and 8000 horse power in the engines and the data might have something to do with a slim, long-ended super-express cruiser of the future.

It might, but unfortunately the ship described by the above data is not a yacht. She is the *Mars*, the largest flying boat ever built. The designers and builders, the Glenn L. Martin Company, call her the "170;" the Navy, for whom the craft was built, calls her the XPB2M-1. To us, however, the *Mars* is a ship; not only was the keel laid with appropriate ceremony and the craft christened and launched on Middle River, an estuary of Chesapeake Bay, but, also, there is a wardroom for the officers, separate mess for officers and crew, in true Navy tradition, and there are even two decks within the ship.

Many of the specific details of layout, construction, instruments and armament are, of course, not available for publication. If they were, the analogy between this flying boat and surface vessels could probably be extended further. The lines of the hull — in fact, much of the design, construction and appearance — are quite unlike those of any yacht or other surface vessel. But yachtsmen and all those familiar with the sea and sea conditions, whether or not they know anything at all about flying, have a much better than average understanding of the problems involved in designing and building a gigantic hull to take off from and nestle back onto water.

Possibly, the figures 140,000 pounds or about 62½ tons do not mean much to you. That's the displacement of the *Mars*. But consider the following: A 30′ water line cruising sloop weighs about 20,000 pounds and it would take about seven of them to make one of the *Mars*. *Niña*, the famous 50′ water line ocean racing schooner, has a displacement of 83,000 pounds, only a little over half that of this biggest flying boat in the world. Of course, the lead or iron in the keels of sailing vessels accounts for much of their weight. In the cruiser field, we find that the well-known Matthews "38" weighs about 18,000 pounds and that it would take almost five of the big Matthews "50's" to equal the weight of the *Mars*. To find one single yacht which would about equal the weight of the big flying boat, we have to move up the scale to about 65′ water line length in sailing or auxiliary craft and 80′ to 85′ water line in power-driven yachts.

Imagine the complications involved in putting wings on a 90′ schooner, pulling her over the water, not necessarily smooth, at speeds up to 100 miles per hour, and then flying her through the air at twice that speed. Or think for a moment what it would mean to have to land a 100′ Diesel yacht on a bay speckled with whitecaps, or on the uncertain swells of the ocean where the angle of the water surface to the horizontal varies constantly as an interminable procession of seas rolls by.

Martin engineers approached the problem of designing and building the *Mars* in much the same way that a naval architect goes about designing a fine yacht. They had the figures and performance data on previous large Martin

flying boats to work from — Pan-American's China Clipper, the Navy's big PBM flying patrol boats and many others. In their preliminary work on a new yacht, naval architects, of course, lean heavily upon their data on previous craft of similar type and size.

After decisions had been reached as to approximate size, weight, cruising range, speed, etc., of their ship, the Martin engineers went to work on the lines of the hull as a waterborne vessel. A preliminary design was worked out and, early in the process, a hull model was built to 1/30 scale. This little wingless boat, not quite four feet long, was taken to the towing tank at Stevens Institute, in Hoboken, the same tank which has played such an important part in perfecting the lines of famous racing yachts of recent years, such as the cup defender *Ranger*, the ocean racer *Baruna* and dozens of others. At Stevens, the little model was towed over and over again, changes and developments taking place constantly. Then, as a further check on the work, a 1/12th scale model of the hull, almost ten feet long, was built and further towing tests were conducted at the tank of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Up to this point, the sole object of the testing was to develop a hull with the best possible lines as far as resistance and performance on the water were concerned.

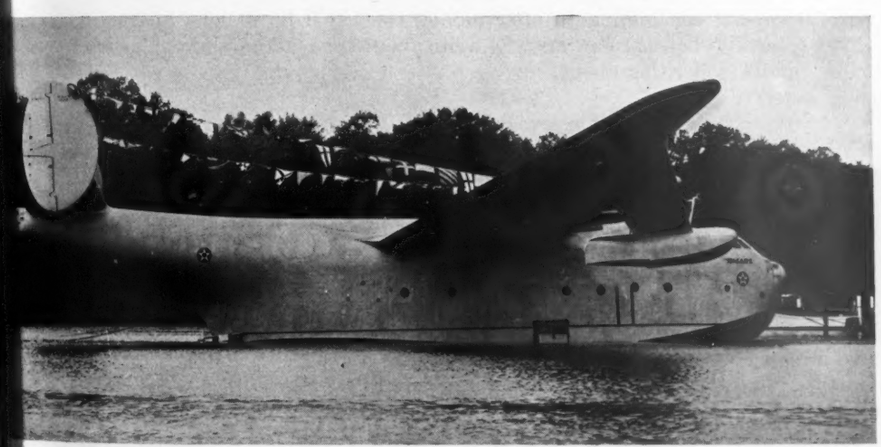
When engineers in charge of this phase of the work had completed it to their satisfaction, they went back to the plant to see how well their lines conformed to the many other factors and requirements laid down by specialists in other phases of the design and construction. Then they built an entirely new pair of models which combined the hull lines already developed with the necessary factors of dynamic stability. These models, too, were towed both at Stevens and at the N. A. C. A. tank. Wings were finally attached to the 1/12th scale model and it actually took off into the air from the surface of the N. A. C. A. tank.

Moving pictures were made of a great many of the tank tests as a permanent record of performance. For, although the technique of tank testing has gone ahead rapidly during recent years, there are still some characteristics of performance which can be recorded only pictorially. The spray stirred up by the huge hull must be studied carefully, as it is of utmost importance that spray be kept at a minimum in the completed ship and that it never touch the propellers and tail assembly. That, incidentally, is the principal reason for the peculiar chine which hooks out and down. Variations of this are used on many flying boats.

The towing tank testing of yacht hulls is almost entirely for the purpose of increasing potential speed. In flying boats, the accuracy of such checks on theoretical calculations may mean the difference between success or failure in several hundred thousand dollars' worth of flying boat, or it may be a matter of life or death to the members of her testing or operating crew. The bulk and size may be tremendous but, nevertheless, small fractions of an inch count heavily when the four 2000 horse power Wright Duplex Cyclone engines begin to turn the 17-foot propellers and the big craft moves forward faster and faster until she finally gets up on her step and planes over the water. Finally, at somewhere around 100 miles per hour, the big hull lifts clear. Suppose that, at 70 or 80 miles, top speed for Gold Cup racing hydroplanes, the flow of water beneath the hull changed sharply; there's no telling what might happen.

After the hull model tests had been completed, there were extensive wind tunnel tests to determine the aerodynamic characteristics of the big ship. Finally, the time came for actual construction to begin and, there again, the procedure of laying down

(Continued on page 70)



Left, the huge flying boat has a length over all of 117' and a displacement of 140,000 pounds which is comparable to that of yachts 80' to 100' long. Below, extensive tests at the famous towing tank of Stevens Institute contributed to development of the lines of the hull, seen here just outside of the Martin shop

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

ALREADY the state of war has brought about cancellation of the midwinter Miami-Nassau Race and, although I am not a party to the councils of naval men and yachtsmen, I think we may as well face the fact that racing except on inland waters is out for all but boats of the smaller classes. It is my hope that in the sheltered, shoaler arms of the sea, men who have the boats, plus the means, plus the leisure, will be able to go their peaceful ways without annoying interference from Navy and Coast Guard vessels. In the very little places, dinghy racing should flourish as never before — and when I say racing I don't exclude cruising.

From where I sit now I can see a lighthouse that I cruised past in *Hotspur* not so many months ago. Then, as it wasn't on my course, I hardly gave it a second glance. Now my eyes seek it out continually. If I had a dinghy — and the time — and if the weather weren't so beastly cold, I could spend a day making the four-mile cruise to that enticing light. A day? Study of the chart shows me that on this side of the river there are three creeks, one of them with three-pronged branches, that I could work into, and that across the river there is an island that a dinghy could circumnavigate at any stage of the tide. So I might be gone a week if vittles held out.

From dinghy cruising to cruising at home on a large scale chart is only a short step, and the latter recreation has the advantage that it can be done in fair weather or foul. It has the further advantage that you may make good all your courses and that faulty allowance for leeway and current will never cause you to wander knee-deep in mud looking for the channel. A year ago, Bob Byerly wrote in YACHTING about navigating all over the world with sextant and mirror — the latter leaned against the outside wall of your house. It was a good device for stay-at-home adventurers but chart-cruising is better because of the lower initial cost and the absence of effort.

My favorite stowaway, Bobby Stapp, has popped into the news again. You may recall that he was about to be sentenced to a reformatory or something for wayward tendencies when kind Justice Herbert O'Brien took cognizance of his Ulysses complex and sent him instead to a maritime school. Well, either Herbert or Robert has a good press agent, for they're worth a couple of sticks of any newspaper's space. In his recent endeavors, Bobby has passed through the grade of ordinary seaman to that of A.B. and is well on his way toward the command he covets. It appears that "He is spending his spare time cramming for a light boatman's license — a ticket that calls for a minimum age of 19." Bobby isn't 19 yet but he feels that in an emergency like this the age limit should be waived. I agree with him and am willing to offer money that he'll be a light boatman before reporters who write about the sea know what they're writing about.

Mention a few lines back of being knee-deep in mud reminds me that I'm knee-deep in dynes and mhos. Being subject to censorship, I have to be careful of what I say on this controversial subject but think I can reveal this — that when the prof first mentioned oersteds I thought he said oysters. It's my Brooklyn background. And even when I got my vowel sounds straightened out I still preferred oysters to what I'm getting.

It's funny how the mind slips if you cast a couple of turns off the bollard. The other day in the course of my duties I talked with a man who has a yachting background (and, no doubt, back copies of YACHTING). He learned my name from a sign on my desk and asked, "Aren't you the one that writes 'Under the Lee of the Longboat'?" "No," said I, taking the strain with one turn around the bollard, "but he's a friend of mine. . . . Er, that is, I meant to say 'Yes, but he's no friend of mine.'" Altogether I was completely confused about my previous condition of servitude.

Perhaps this is no occasion for me to strike a blow at my old enemy the Weather Bureau — but wot I mean, is it sitting pretty now that war has sealed the forecaster's lips! I have never met the Lord High Predictor but I can imagine him over his breakfast coffee looking out the window at a driving northeaster and asking his Missus:

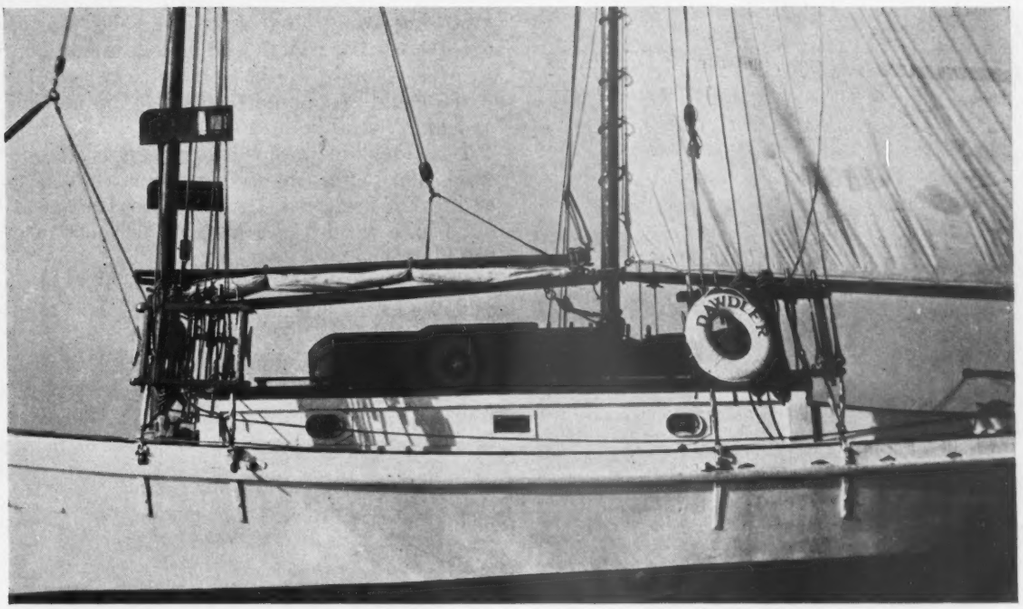
"Did I predict this, my dear?"

And she, patient woman, replies, "Last night you said gentle southerlies."

"Yes," returns the Merlin of the Millibars, "but did it go on the air?"

"No, the censor thought the information would be of value to the enemy."

(Continued on page 71)



"Dawdler's" new telescoping hatch is little more prominent when closed than the skylight which it replaces

A CURE FOR CABIN CRAMPS

You May Have Headroom, Light and Air, With a Telescoping Hatch

By HUGH BANNING

WHEN we stand over the stove or the sink aboard *Dawdler*, we don't fracture our skulls any more. Her old skylight, once such a headache, has been junked. In its place is a noble experiment — noble in view of the price of teak and the night hours spent by a confirmed wood butcher, building something which really *had* to work but which any sea crab of experience would view with alarm. Full headroom in a boat like *Dawdler* is rare enough but we had never wholly anticipated the attendant luxuries, such as good light — daylight without glare — and the coolest, most heavenly ventilation imaginable this side of artificial air conditioning.

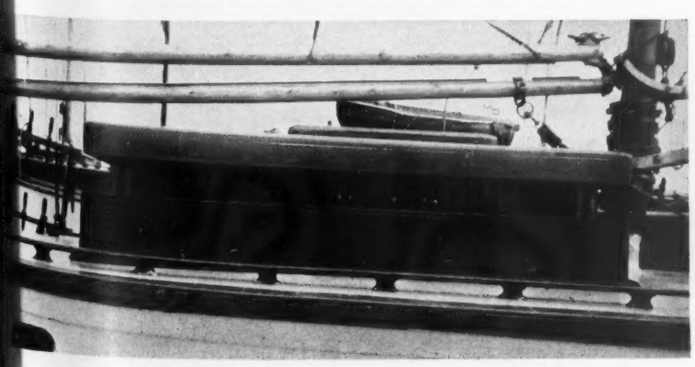
Briefly, the boon which is responsible for this comfortable state, is a telescoping hatch, the cover of which may be elevated or depressed mechanically by the mere twirling of a three-inch wheel in the cabin.

Save when closed, this cover, which is an inverted box, is suspended on the brass teeth of eight racks which mesh with pinions. The pinion shafts, with bearings at the rim of the coaming, inside, are distributed one to a side and connected by bevel gears. Bevel gears connect, also, one vertical power shaft which extends down to a gear box and crank wheel within the cabin. Twirling the little crank wheel forty times brings about one complete revolution of all four pinion shafts. As the pinions revolve, trying to climb down their racks, they force the racks up and raise the roof.

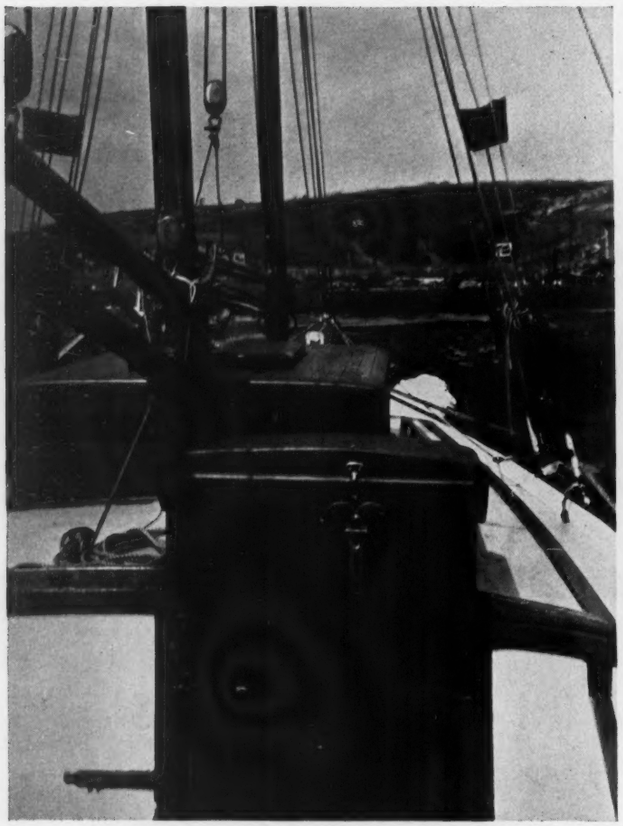
So up goes the inverted box, one inch to every ten twirls of the wheel. This structure is seventy-five pounds of rigid, caulked deck, with apron sides of mortised teak grating. Because the racks are fixed near the corners, two to a side, there is no play in any direction. Under all conditions, everything is secure, steady and silent. Furthermore, thanks to a worm gear in the power box, this heavy cover will remain wherever you happen to leave it within the limited range of six inches. The whole thing is pirate-proof, even when open, and truly weatherproof when snugged down. There is no fuss, no bother — just twirl a little wheel in the cabin.

The new structure is slightly larger than the former skylight, but no higher. But, if there is someone in the cabin to spin the wheel, a motion picture might show, between cover and coaming, a broadening crack, a gap of checkered shadows, wooden grillwork with light twinkling through here and there, a panel of grating moving upward slowly and evenly with the cover.

Of the shafts and gears behind the coaming, little or nothing is visible. There are only the brass racks near the corners to suggest the mechanism involved. Imagine that it has stopped now. The gap of grating has broadened to about six inches. The top of the hatch cover is sixteen inches, instead of ten inches, above the top of the trunk.



The hatch when open shows none of its operating mechanism except the racks at the corners



The new telescoping hatch as seen from the cockpit

Originally, it had been planned never to use this maximum expansion while under way. Two or three inches under favorable conditions would do. That turns out to be nonsense. With no apparent solidity to the grating, and little surface of deck presented to the eye, the whole thing seems to take an acceptable place with all other suspended hamper, such as spars and pinrails. So long as we have clearance for the fore boom, we can sail. We can take her to sea as she is and fear nothing until the spray begins to fly.

This spray, of course, may start driving, and soon suggest a need to batten down. But the chances are that a sudden drenching of the open grating may barely splatter the cook. Most of the water will simply dribble down the grating and wet nothing within the cabin. Chin high within the hatch, and running all around like a shelf, a caulked teak deck has been wedged between an inner coaming, once used for a skylight, and an outer coaming belonging to the new device. This provides a perfect gutter for any stray drops that may trickle in before the cook decides to snug her down.

If twenty seconds had been required for two fingers to raise the hatch cover to its maximum, now, actually, one finger will spin it down in ten — down inside its coaming, down against a cushioning strip of leather — for we may keep on twisting the wheel, if we like, locking everything.

Now let the green seas toss her. No skylight could begin to take the punishment that this hatch can take. Before it ever swallows the ocean, *Dawdler* will be attempting an inside loop and probably be smashed to flotsam. Even so, "by simply twirling the little wheel," the hatch cover can be released in as little time as it has taken to say so. This hatch cover would make a wonderful raft — shark-proof.

No attempt has been made here to give any details of construction. Any vessel to which the device would be adapted might call for any number of structural variations. If I happened to use about a hundred dollars' worth of teak, mortising everything that could be mortised, screwing everything that couldn't be bolted, taking hours and weeks to what should have been minutes, why admit it? A good joiner could make a good job of it "in no time" — so long as I didn't tell him how.

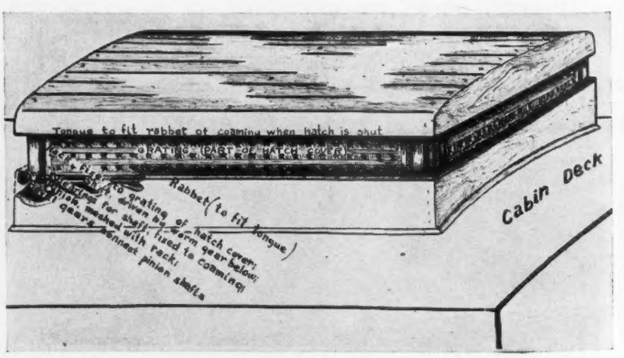
I used teak because weather bounces off, and lack of time would not permit me to care for a deck that would shrink and leak if neglected. I used it, too, because it likes linseed oil; I hate varnish as I hate all delusions of grandeur that can't be made to stick.

I put a scuttle through the cover only as an emergency exit. We have never, so far, had reason to use it, and doubt if we ever shall.

I used the rack and pinion principle instead of any hydraulic system of jacks because racks and pinions can be made to cover a multitude of shims! A good machinist, using a rigid frame of metal, could apply the plan suggested by the four brakes of some automobiles.

The grating of the open hatch and the gear box with its control wheel

Be that as it may, I can guarantee only the practicability of the rack and pinion. It works beautifully and remains out of sight, so that appearance in the cabin, as well as outside, is quite unmarred by gadgetry. Indeed, if it could be said that there is any charm at all about *Dawdler's* cabin, it is the soft and even light that comes in through the grating, coupled with the glow of finished teak over the whole inside of the structure. There is a sort of summer house atmosphere there, good for dreaming and reading — a restfulness unknown of old when the blazing sun glared down through the glass of the skylight.



The hatch and its operating gear

THE CAPTAIN

By

BORIS LAUER-LEONARDI

QUITE a number of years ago I was a member of the crew of a 110-foot Diesel yacht captained by a man whose knowledge of the sea was limited to an awareness that ocean water is cool and wet and that, for some unfathomable reason, ships made of iron float on it. Strange as it may seem, this statement corresponds to the facts. The explanation is that the skipper was a waiter whose experience with water did not extend beyond the threshold of his bathroom. Without preparation of any kind, he became captain of the ship and carried the hoax through for a number of months until an unforeseen and unpredictable twist of fate brought him into a situation which abruptly terminated his career.

In this farce I played a leading rôle. Because I came into the situation by a devious route, I shall have to sift some ashes before getting to live coal.

As a tender lad of eighteen I found myself in Los Angeles, with a little cash and plenty of time. The general idea was that I should find a job there and settle down, but the attractions of Southern California — so well advertised — distracted me and I decided to enjoy life. Tomorrow could take care of itself. But no matter how much you ignore Tomorrow, it comes in due time. When my Tomorrow came I found myself with a ten-dollar bill, a week's rent paid in advance, and no prospect of a job.

A frantic canvass of all employment agencies proving fruitless, I paid for my sins by becoming a Pearl Diver. (For the benefit of the sheltered reader I must explain that a Pearl Diver is a Dishwasher.)

The job was at a large roadside establishment. Sixty dollars a month and keep was the promise it held out to me. I worked from ten in the morning until one next morning — a mere matter of fifteen hours a day. The rest of the time I could do as I pleased except for little odd jobs such as lugging in wood for the fireplace and sorting garbage which was sold to a farm. I had no experience; consequently, I had no idea what was expected of me. After I took the job I held on to it, but only grim determination and a strong constitution enabled me to do so.

I sought escape from the realities of a job that I despised in a dream world, and the most pleasant of all my day dreams always had to do with sailing over an ocean that was breezy and cool. As I worked, automatically, I would picture myself as the captain of a large yacht. I was standing on the bridge, rescuing shipwrecked sailors, or arriving at some isolated island just in time to rescue a lovely female from cannibals.

But even with the consolations of this world of phantasy, I would have given up after the first month if it had not been for Max, the manager of the place. He was a pleasant, middle-aged man, always cheerful, and full of ambition and ideas. He saw at once that I was bluffing, but he made every effort to ease things and to help me along. When I began to talk of quitting he promptly discouraged the notion. His argument sticks in my memory. It went something like this:

"What do you want to quit for, Boris? Stick to it and if you work hard you might become a waiter some day. You never get anywhere by quitting. Look at me! I went through the mill and look at me now! Why, you won't believe it, but I can fold a napkin fifty-two different ways. You hang on and I'll give you a break one of these days. I've been watching you; I might give you a start as an outside waiter when the proper time comes."

So I stuck. Meanwhile, I had become interested in boats and the sea. I bought all available boating magazines and read them through from cover to cover (including the advertisements). I also started a little library of boating and navigation and soon I was filled with an indigestible mass of half understood theory and no practical knowledge whatsoever. But the people I was working with began to consider me an authority on nautical matters and this filled me with pride. Max was my most faithful listener; and to him I outlined my projected cruises, explaining how boats are sailed, handled and navigated. He never questioned the source of my knowledge. Apparently, he took a long seagoing career for granted.

After a time, Max became manager of a speakeasy club in Wilmington, and I was installed as a waiter. The establishment opened at 11:00 p.m. and closed around 6:00 a.m. The place was frequented by a fast and moneyed crowd and we served every known brand of liquor. Although I paid fifteen dollars a week for the privilege of working there, I netted over three hundred dollars a month.

This seems a roundabout way of telling a sea story, but it is essential to the story that I show how I was prepared for a career afloat.

Although the place was too much for me, Max insisted that I hang on. But one day I appeared for work and found a new manager in charge. Max had vanished. He had left a note for me which read as follows:

"Dear Boris — I heard about a Gold Mine in Lower California, had to act quick, stay put and you will hear from me soon. M."

I was sorry Max had left and his departure left me very much alone. However, working nights, reading about boats all morning and sleeping a few hours in the afternoon pretty well accounted for my time. One day a note from Max was waiting for me at the club. The contents filled me with excitement. The note ran:

"Dear B. This note will reach you through a friend of mine. My gold mine looks damn good and I think I will try and work it. I feel that I had to take care of you though, and I stumbled on something you'll like. The 110′ Diesel yacht *Cassandra* is now in Wilmington. Capt. J. Alexander Castleton is in charge, he needs a steward — go aboard immediately and I think he will hire you. You can serve and rassle up drinks, so it ought to be a cinch. Tell him you know me, hurry, M."

Here was a gift from heaven. I dropped everything and rushed out to the yacht club. Sure enough, there she was, only a few hundred yards off. To me, she was the loveliest yacht I had ever seen. Now, sobered by maturity, I can control my emotions sufficiently to give an appraisal of her. The *Cassandra* was a typical power yacht of her day, rather chubby in appearance and with too much superstructure. (Result of owner wishing to have more accommodations than the length of the yacht really warrants.)

The club steward arranged to ferry me over. As the tender approached the yacht, she seemed to be the largest vessel I had ever seen and I could hardly believe that I would soon step aboard. I explained my errand to a sailor who was leaning on the rail and was told to come aboard. "Follow me," he said. He didn't have to utter those magic words twice. I clung to his heels as he led the way to the bridge. The gleaming binnacle on the bridge, the mahogany wheel, the engine room telegraph, chart table, Pilot books — all these I took in at a glance and felt groggy. Romance had socked me right between the eyes. A corridor led aft from the bridge and on the starboard side was a door with a brass plate saying "Captain." The sailor knocked. I heard a deep voice say: "Come in."

"Captain Castleton, this is the boy for the steward's position," said the sailor, and eased me in.

I stood inside the open door, looking at the Skipper who was sitting at a desk, reading. Somehow, his figure had a familiar appearance. "Close the door," he said, without turning. The sailor closed the door and left. I stood motionless, waiting for the Skipper to turn around. At last he did and I wish I could handle language well enough to convey the emotions which the sight of his face produced in me, for it belonged to none other than Max. And he was laughing at me!

"But, Max, what is all this?" I stammered. "Why did you masquerade as a waiter when you are really a sea captain? Why didn't you use your real name? I can't understand it!"

"Of course, you don't understand it, Boris, but I'll explain everything. First of all, I wasn't masquerading as a waiter; I am now masquerading as a captain."

"You mean you are not a captain?"

"Look, Boris, I am a captain, but without previous experience or training . . . I have become one because it's a well paid job and has a fine social standing."

"Yes, Max, but how can you run the ship if you know nothing about it?"

Max smiled, smiled like a fond parent presenting a long awaited toy to his only child on Christmas morning. "That's what I got you for, Boris!"

Such emotions as I had just experienced were spiritless ghosts compared to the convulsions I now felt. "What do you mean — me?" I managed to gasp.

"Well, Boris, you know all about boats and navigation. All you got to do is put me wise and I'll run the boat. You tell me what to do — and I'll do it."

Some people are as cool as cucumbers under all circumstances. I envy them. I seem to get upset under all circumstances.

"But, Max," I said, "I don't really know how to run a boat like this. I've had no experience; I just have the theory."

"You know enough to suit me. This thing is no harder to run than an automobile. There is no gear shift, but the wheel is the same; turn it to the right — boat turns right; turn it to the left — boat turns left. Instead of gas you have what they call an engine room telegraph. Just set on it what you need for speed and the engineer gives it to you."

"Well, Max, there is such a thing as Navigation, Rules of the Road, Maritime Laws, thousand-and-one things one must know."

"Forget it, Boris. As long as I stay away from other ships nothing will happen, and you and me will work it all out together. Besides, you have nothing to worry about. Before the law, I am responsible. You are the steward . . . Besides, that pays one hundred dollars per, plus cumshaw."

The idea had an undefinable appeal for me, something like the appeal the apple had for my ancestor, Adam. To play assistant skipper on a seagoing yacht, with no direct responsibility on my part! Max's persuasiveness, combined with an incomplete understanding of the complexity of the task, were my undoing. After I had fought my conscience into a reclining position I wanted to know how Max had happened to stage this hoax.

The cook and I easily came to an agreement

"Nothing to it, nothing to it," said Max. "I happened to get word through my private grapevine that this cattle guy bought the yacht and needed a captain and crew. You always talked about boats and made everything sound so simple so I decided we could swing it. You know I have a lot of friends, so I arranged for the purchase of all the papers of the late Captain J. Alexander Castleton . . . and here I am. That's all there is to it."

"Well how about the mate? The rest of the crew? How did you get the boat to the club?"

"Well, I hired the crew through an agency — two sailors, cook, engineer, you, the steward, and me. I skipped a mate. Told Lambskin, who owns the boat, that we could save the wages. I really didn't want another officer . . . he might get wise. The yacht yard delivered the boat to the club, so that was easy."

"How about the owner? Doesn't he smell a rat? Doesn't he want references?"

"Mr. Zebulon C. Lambskin owns the boat and is an old and successful cattle chap from the East — Montana or Illinois or some smaller state. He knows less about boats than I do, and that is saying a mouthful. My references are A1 all the way back. Mrs. Lambskin is a young filly, a frenchy girl from some show in New York. She's an eyeful. They and some guests are coming aboard tomorrow and we'll sashay over to Catalina."

"I bet you get plenty of dough for this."

"I drag down five hundred a month salary plus my cut on stuff that comes aboard . . . there isn't a bottle delivered aboard but what I get my ten per cent. And to show you that I am taking care of you, Boris, I'm tossing all the cumshaw into a kitty and will divvy up with you, even-Steven."

I went ashore in a high state of elation. I had no scruples, I had no regrets; I was just plain happy, like any kid whose dream comes true. Only in later years did I shudder at the memory of my bliss. Had we been yachtsmen, on no matter how modest a scale, it would have been pardonable. A man who owns a 30-footer for a number of years has a store of knowledge and could, conceivably, effect the transition to so large a vessel. For us two it was fantastic. Just as if a bookkeeper were to undertake to pilot a Transatlantic clipper, or a jockey run the Twentieth Century Limited. All I can say is that we just didn't know any better.

On the way to my diggings I stopped just long enough to purchase a duffle bag (I was getting salty quick) and a box

for my books. I wasn't going aboard no ships with no suitcase — no, Sir! I also called the new manager at the night club to tell him that he would have to do the best he could without me. Within a short time I was back aboard the *Cassandra* and found her deserted except for Max. The crew had left for an evening ashore.

First of all, Max showed me the ship. Reading from the bow to the stern, she had a forepeak, crew's quarters, galley, engine room and passenger quarters. We wound up on the bridge to prepare for the next day's journey. It was worth the price of admission to see us. First, I laid off a magnetic course in degrees. (We ignored deviation.) Points we didn't know and felt them too complicated to learn. Then I, the steward, instructed the Captain somewhat as follows:

"Now, Max, set a time for departure and the engineer will have the engines going. Then tell one of the sailors 'O.K. Up on the anchor.' When the anchor is up he will signal to the bridge. Then you throw the telegraph to slow ahead and push her out. As the sailors will be busy with the anchor, you had better take the wheel yourself. You must remember that when you leave a harbor the red things are on the left and the black ones on the right. Of course, the red on the right when entering — you can easily remember that. By and by, one of the sailors will come up to the bridge. Then you give him the course, but be sure you are clear of all the buoys. It's simple; they're all marked on the chart. When you get to Catalina, pick your anchorage, and remember the depth of the water. Slow down and when she stops just yell to the sailor: 'O.K. Let her go!' Tell him first how many fathoms of chain you want out — there are six feet to the fathom. Don't forget to come to your anchorage against the wind. You might have to back her a little just as the anchor is ready to let go. Then telegraph the engineer to stop the motors. It might be smart not to give too many orders as the sailors are apt to do everything themselves. Just tell them when we are leaving and they'll shift around."

"Well I guess I'll be all right, Boris . . . If I need to know anything I'll ring for you and ask you to bring coffee to my quarters and we can then discuss things."

Max didn't appear to be worried in the least. I was happy as a lark and looked forward to our departure. Around ten o'clock the cook returned aboard and, shortly after, one of the sailors. Max and I broke up our conference and I turned in, but excitement kept me awake.

Next morning was perfect, just the kind of day that is used for a sample by the Southern California Tourist Folders. The *Cassandra* was spick and span, and so was the ship's company. We were waiting for the passengers. First a boatload of luggage arrived. The sailors helped me stow it in the staterooms. We marveled at the quantity of stuff the guests were taking for a week-end cruise. At a little before eleven Mr. and Mrs. Lambskin arrived. Max greeted them at the gangplank. I stuck around, not sure what to do.

Mr. Lambskin was about sixty years old, lanky and colorless. He looked like an unsuccessful real estate operator. Mrs. Lambskin made up for her husband's lack of personality. Auburn-haired, blue-eyed, and with a figure that would make a sailor chew up a brass rail. I suppose I stared at her. I had never seen such a creature before. She was one of those people who notice everything and her face had an intelligent and pleasant expression.

Since the owners hadn't seen me before, Max introduced me. Lambskin looked at me uncertainly and bowed. Then, after a little hesitation, he shook hands with me. Mrs. Lambskin looked at me and smiled. After scrutinizing me for an instant she turned to Max and said:

"You snitched him from a kindergarten, Captain. You don't suppose we had better take along a nurse for him?"

I was embarrassed. Max came to the rescue with a lie, which I am quite sure Mrs. Lambskin recognized as such.

"He is twenty-two, Mrs. Lambskin; he just looks younger. He is an experienced steward and will, I am sure, prove capable."

"Well, I'm sure he'll be all right." Then she turned to her husband. "We'll have to be careful of our language in front of the infant, Zeb." With that they disappeared below.

With all the dignity I could muster, I retreated to the pantry, muttering something about polishing the silver.

I remember only dimly the arrival of the guests. First a couple I didn't like. The man was breezy and over-friendly, his wife over-dressed and over-rouged . . . aged within a red whisker of forty. (Methuselahs to me, then.) Next, a couple I disliked less . . . younger, but dressed in poor taste and too much jewelry on the woman. Of the whole batch only Mrs. Lambskin seemed really to belong. The others gave the impression of being victims of circumstance and determined to enjoy it at all costs.

I was called upon to serve drinks. Mrs. Lambskin refrained from calling me "infant" in public and I was grateful. To help Max, who was now in the throes of Captaining, I made the drinks strong to get the passengers mulled. I figured that they would be less observant. Unfortunately, Mrs. Lambskin didn't drink.

With a beating heart, I became conscious of motion. We were under way! All glasses being filled at the time, I went forward. One of the sailors was there, mopping the deck, and the other was on the bridge, steering. Max stood next to him, a bit pale, but otherwise unruffled. We made our way through the anchorage and out of the harbor. Outside it was calm, as calm as can be expected of a reasonably large body of water. I sighed with relief and went to see about the passengers.

When we were well clear of the harbor, Max came aft. I was startled to see his face. It had a greenish tinge which permitted of only one diagnosis. My Captain was seasick!

"All you got to do is tell me what to do—and I'll do it"

Mr. Lambskin made small talk and offered Max a drink.

"No, thanks, I don't drink . . . but I might have a lemonade to be sociable." He turned to me. "A lemonade, Boris, plenty of lemons," and winked.

Obviously, Max needed a slug of something potent but he didn't want to drink in sight of the passengers. I realized that a desperate sickness calls for a drastic remedy. I mixed a lemonade in which chief ingredients were lemons and gin. I assumed that it was the excitement of departure that had upset the Captain. After all, there were only two possibilities. Either he would feel better after the drink or he would rush to the lee rail! His guardian angel was on the job all right — the drink relaxed him. In fact, it relaxed him a little too much for, with very little urging, he started telling about the "old days" when he cruised through the South Pacific in a brig looking for whales.

For the sake of rounding out the picture, it might be well to describe the rest of the ship's company. The engineer, Mac, was a Scotsman, rawboned, muscular and surly. He had been gassed in the war and, I believe, shell-shocked. He spoke little, was quick-tempered and sensitive. He received two hundred dollars a month. The cook, Duffy, was a Yankee from Gloucester. He was paid one hundred and fifty dollars and was hard working and capable. He never drew a sober breath as long as I knew him; neither did I ever see him drunk. The two sailors, Eric and Jan, were Scandinavians. Tall, strong, sober, quiet and efficient, they were the best in seagoing men which that race produces. Their pay was eighty-five dollars. These two were an unfailing source of information for me. I asked them whatever I needed to know and then relayed the information to Max. It was easy; as steward, I could afford to be ignorant about ships, and my confidence in their knowledge flattered them.

With the cook I soon had a working arrangement. I supplied him with a bottle of liquor a day in return for which I was absolved from any duties in the galley and received full coöperation in my department. Duffy worked, drank and slept — a sterling character.

Everything clicked nicely on the maiden voyage. Luncheon was a success. Thanks to my ministrations, everyone was in a festive mood. We came to anchor at our destination without mishap.

The rest of the day was hectic. Some people came aboard, then left and returned with others. The ship was overflowing with as queer a conglomeration of humanity as any carnival — would-be actors and stars; minor movie directors; Tarzans with hairy chests and sport shirts; giggling females unsure of what note to strike. I was busy serving refreshments until three in the morning when we finally poured the last guest overboard and cleared the deck. Mrs. Lambskin was a gracious if slightly bored hostess and had retired at midnight.

Incredible as it may seem, we led an uneventful and pleasant existence for the next six weeks. Nothing disastrous occurred. Either we were at anchor or we went to Catalina. Once we sailed up to Santa Barbara. Of course, we never undertook a cruise if the weather showed any signs of veering from the ideal.

Max was spending four to six hours a day studying in his stateroom, and was rapidly getting to the point where he considered himself fully qualified to operate the *Cassandra* under any circumstances. I was living through the happiest period of my life, not to mention the fact that I made a mint of money. This came about in the following manner: When we returned from our first cruise and I was serving the last meal aboard, Mrs. Lambskin took a ten-dollar bill from her purse and slipped it under her plate. The guests took the hint and did likewise. She did that every time, so that each cruise was worth anywhere from twenty to sixty dollars to me. Later, I always returned Mrs. Lambskin's bill to her.

I believe Slocum said that the danger was ashore and not at sea. Our first unpleasant incident occurred on a cruise to Ensenada, in Mexico. We spent three days down there. On the second day, a well dressed Mexican came out in a launch and asked to speak to the Captain. I took him to Max's stateroom where he stayed about half an hour. When the visitor had gone, Max rang for me. He was pensive and stared into space as if planning what to say to me.

"Well, Boris, it has happened . . . the first break against me, though I think I handled it pretty well."

I was worried. "What was it?" I asked.

"Well, you saw that Mexican who came to see me? Well, he is an old buddy of the late Captain J. Alexander Castleton."

"Good Lord! What did you do?"

"Well, I had to think fast. He came, introduced himself, and came to the point immediately. He knew I was a fraud. He would keep quiet if I coughed up half my wages as long as I went to sea."

"Blackmail, all right. What did you do? Agree?"

Here I must inject the statement that although I was worried I had boundless confidence in Max's ability to handle a situation of this sort efficiently. I was not disappointed.

"Agree! Hell! That's illegal, and I will *not* be victimized. Why, that would be encouraging lawlessness! I thought quick and acted quick. I got my gun out of my desk and made the gent write out a note for ten thousand dollars, payable on demand."

"Not really?"

"Yep! I told him I would sue for payment the moment he let a breath of scandal leak out. I pointed out to him that I was a gentleman and no easy mark for sharpshooters of his caliber."

"But Max, a note made out to you is no good. You're not Castleton!"

"Don't worry, Boris. I thought of that, too. The note is made out to you."

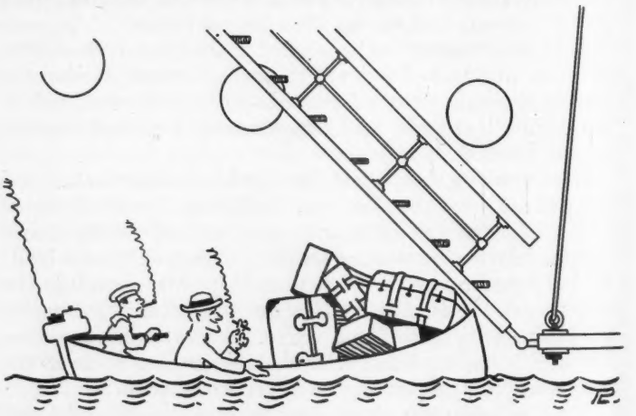
"To me?"

By way of reply, Max produced the document. My face gave away my thoughts.

"But don't worry, Boris," he said. "I'll not drag you in." With that, he tore the paper into small bits. "As long as he thinks I got something on him he'll keep quiet."

I was relieved. I had had visions of being dragged into a blackmail scandal. Since my name was on the note I couldn't have escaped unpleasantness if the matter saw light of day. But Max, considerate of me, had destroyed the note. He just hoped that the Mexican would remain intimidated.

For a while longer existence aboard was serene. Weeks passed and nothing was heard from the Mexican. Max and I congratulated ourselves about circumnavigating this dangerous situation so neatly. We were right about the blackmail. That threat did not strike, but fate had another sock in store for Max, and this was to be the knockout blow.



Pillsbury's luggage was packed, and he returned to the "Cassandra" in one of her tenders

The stage was set in the harbor of Santa Barbara. A more perfect day can hardly be imagined. Only a slap-happy poet on an empty stomach and with a bottle of champagne in his possession could do it justice. Under a blue sky, we lay in still, crystal water and contemplated the peaceful shoreline. We had no guests and Mr. and Mrs. Lambskin expected none. Mr. Lambskin was drowsing in a deck chair aft, and Mrs. Lambskin and I were leaning on the port rail, talking.

(Continued on page 76)

EDITORIAL

Yachting and the War

AS THE country gets organized on a war basis and the shape of things to come begins to take form, the answer to the question every yachtsman is asking is beginning to resolve itself. The question is, of course, how much boating will be permitted next summer, and will it be possible to fit out and sail.

Starting with the premise that naval and military considerations always take first place, as is expected and desired, it is possible now to state in general the viewpoint of the armed services in this connection. As most boating is carried on near Naval defense areas, rather than Army areas, the first named branch is the one that will do most of the regulating. The Navy and the Coast Guard have both gone on record as stating that they recognize the value of yachting, both from a recreational standpoint and as a training ground for those who may later enter the services. They see no reason for giving up the sport where it can be carried on without interfering with Naval activities, and such restrictions as will be imposed are for the purpose of safeguarding the yachts themselves and for preventing subversive activity in vital areas. At a meeting of the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association held around the first of the year, officers representing the Naval and Coast Guard Academies both urged the adoption of the Association's full racing schedule, and both service schools asked to have dates assigned to them for spring racing.

So much for the general attitude. In formulating regulations, it is natural that restrictions will vary with the needs of different localities. What may be required on the Northeast Coast (Atlantic) may not be what is necessary on the Gulf or on the West Coast. However, certain fundamentals will be demanded in all areas.

For instance, identification cards will be required for the owner, the crew and those on board every pleasure boat. These may be obtained from the Captain of the Port, U. S. Coast Guard, or the Coast Guard headquarters in localities where there is no Port Captain's office. In addition to these cards, boats moving on coastal waters will have to obtain a permit, or license, to operate in the areas which they may traverse. In certain (if not all) waters these permits will be good for a specified duration of time (such as the boating season) or until revoked. If one sails, for instance, on Long Island Sound and wants to cruise on Buzzards Bay, the permit may include operation on the Sound and to Buzzards Bay.

The Navy has designated certain defense areas, usually covering the waters around some port or the entrance to some bay. Yachts with permits may (or that is the intention now) move through these areas but must report to any guard vessel on station at the entrance of such areas, and obey any special instructions or rules that are laid down, such as keeping at least 100 feet off the dock or bulkhead line in commercial harbors, away from Navy Yards, etc. Sailing after dark in certain waters will be prohibited.

All these regulations "make sense" and are not unduly onerous. Everyone should be willing to comply. On inland waters, such as the Great Lakes, or on certain streams some distance from the sea, fewer restrictions will be in force and, undoubtedly, boating for recreation will not be seriously interfered with.

As for fitting out your boat, stricter priorities since the first of the year may, and will, make it difficult to obtain certain articles or to effect repairs which include the use of such articles. Certain brands of marine paint, such as those containing copper, may be difficult to obtain for pleasure boat use but substitutes are available and can be found when present stocks are exhausted.

It is all a matter of the greater need. At present, the great need is to produce enough to win the war. Nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of that. But, with this reservation, the government does not wish to place any undue restrictions on the use of boats for recreation — or for the upholding of morale.

YACHTING will, from month to month, devote space to informing its readers just what these regulations are and what changes or additions are made in and to them.

Broaden Your Horizon

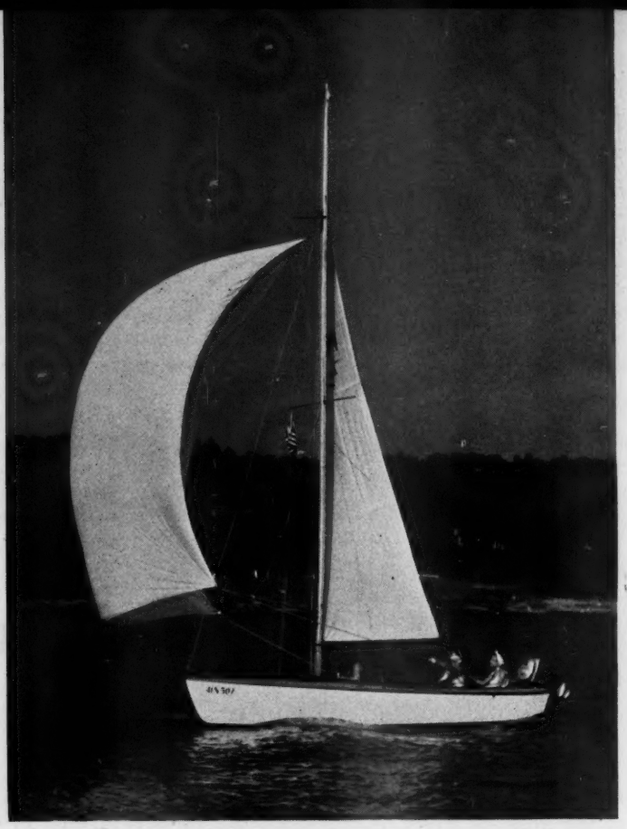
Elsewhere in this issue is a suggestion, and an invitation, for the salt water yachtsmen to turn their faces inland this summer. The idea has much to commend it and we recommend the procedure to those who have never sailed those waters. Many boat owners can get off for a cruise of a month or six weeks. Here are virgin waters waiting for them — waters with fewer restrictions, less fog, and the charm of strange and picturesque harbors and new conditions.

For the racing man, we can say that he can find fleets of crack racing boats — "Sixes," "Eights," "Q's," and "R's" to meet, as well as long distance races on Lakes Ontario, Huron and Michigan that will give him as good competition as he would find in home waters in normal times — and which he won't find in coastal waters this year. The way is easy if the will is there.

THE POOR MAN'S YACHT CLUB

How We Did It the Hard Way

By R. L. FLERLAGE



"Blue Peter," the latest addition to the club fleet, sports the only spinnaker to be seen on the Ohio River

PRIOR to the fall of 1937, organized competitive sailing in the Cincinnati area was of a desultory type, pursued rather erratically by a few enthusiasts. This isn't at all strange when the available facilities are considered. Our Ohio is certainly a peculiar stream, full of unexpected vagaries, somewhat like an old man. The rolling hills and valleys of the Ohio play hob with its winds while its current, so negligible for power craft, is like a giant brake when applied to a sail boat. For this reason, local sailing craft were limited to several jury rigged canoes plus one or two "regular" sail boats of questionable parentage. Attempts to spread interest in river sailing had failed miserably and the Sailing Committee of the Queen City Yacht Club disbanded because of lack of support. That was in the summer of 1937.

In the early fall of that same year, one enterprising soul brought to our waters one of a new class of nationally recognized one-design sail boats. She was interesting to us because she had been built by a professional, not hastily nailed together in some out of the way cellar by a jackleg carpenter. She had plenty of class, ran like a scared rabbit, and worked to windward faster than a deckhand can find the galley in a strange ship. In addition, she was much stiffer and drier than our accepted types. We were amazed! Interest grew by leaps and for several weeks we watched the performance of our first Comet.

With interest in sailing revived by the performance of the newcomer, plans were made to form a new club, principally to promote sailing and to sponsor regattas. All those interested were called to an organization meeting and the Cincinnati Sailing Club became a reality. Thirteen men and one woman signed as charter members, temporary officers were named and a committee formed to furnish us with a constitution. When this had been drawn up, we held an election, appointed committees, and prepared for our first regatta. A motley bunch of boats participated; there were two Suicides, several dinghies, an assortment of sloop- and ketch-rigged canoes, and the Comet. If I remember correctly, the Comet took us all in her stride and showed her heels on all points of sailing except running, and only the canoes were close in that. That clinched it. Boats, properly designed and built, proved that river sailing was more than possible and that it was real sport. Most important, this regatta gave us an insight into the possibilities of one-design racing. We were off in a cloud of speculation!

Two of our group pooled resources and brought in our second Comet. She proved more successful than the first and resulted in one owner selling out to the other and buying his own boat. We were slowly progressing but our second season brought disheartening reversals. Two of our old standbys were sold out of the fleet and one canoe disintegrated. We faced our third year with no new additions to the fleet and a dismal outlook when Carl Heena took over the helm as commodore. With characteristic energy, he devoted the entire summer to "selling" the Comet as *the* sail boat suitable for river sailing. That she was good we already knew but he seemed able to make her do more than just sail. Under his expert hand, *Sailslady*, our flagship, actually reared back and whistled up her own breezes. That these efforts were fruitful may be inferred from the fact that five Comets sailed in our fall series, despite the dropping of our first from competition.

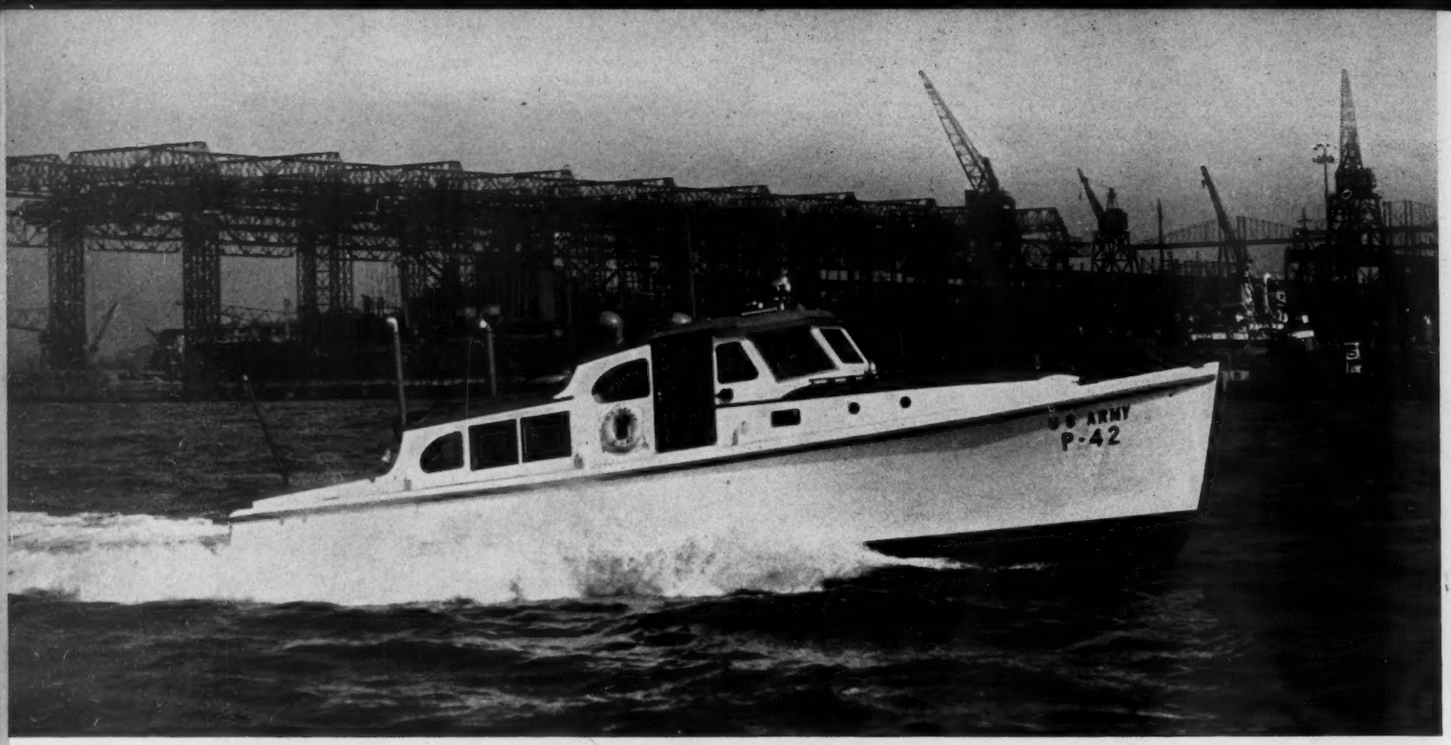
Next spring, the five had grown to ten. On checking the fleet roster, we were surprised to discover that six nationally known classes were represented in addition to several nondescript designs. A perfect summer of close racing proved certain classes unsuitable for our conditions and the roster changed quickly and often. Our first Lightning made her appearance and was followed closely by a second and a third. Unsatisfactory designs were weeded out and, by the end of 1940, we had a good, well matched fleet competing for trophies in the Lightning, Comet, and Suicide Classes.

During this period of establishment we had tried to finance our own harbor and club facilities but, no matter where we turned, we found the discouraging truth self evident — insufficient financial backing. At the time of organization, we had agreed to a dues rate of four dollars yearly. This was enough to cover running expenses, since we owned no real estate and each man paid individual dockage charges at commercial harbors. When the cry for private quarters was eventually raised, as it always is, a Harbor Committee was appointed to see just what could be done and the cost of underwriting the venture was estimated. Initial cost of equipment was, at best, a hazardous guess, while a conservative estimate of upkeep and the cost of hiring a competent harbor man came to around a thousand dollars a year. This was just too rich for our blood. Resigned to our fate, we jokingly referred to the fleet as "the poor man's yacht club." In a moment of shortsightedness, we reduced our dues further, anticipating no need for a growing treasury. Last year, however, the error of our ways was brought home only too forcefully.

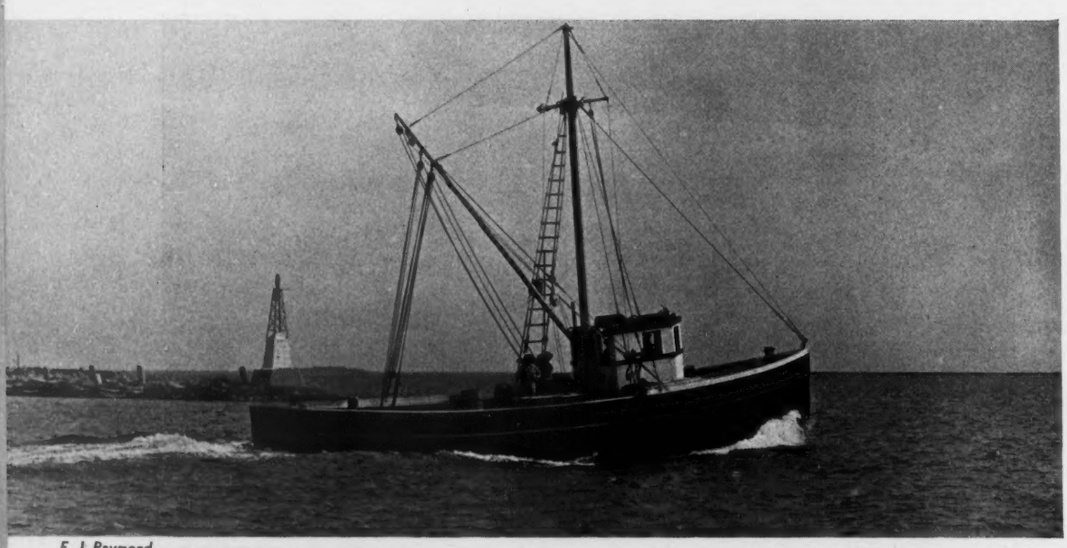
One of Cincinnati's larger yacht clubs had purchased a new harbor boat to replace its regular one, left high on the bank by an unusually low stage of the river. Not long after, the river unexpectedly rose and floated the boat, putting the club in the position of having two harbor boats though only one was needed. News is seldom slow in spreading on the river so it wasn't long before we knew what was up and had the old "quarters" question out for an airing. Our commodore, Bill Barnes, acted quickly. Knowing that a treasury existed in name only, he got in touch with Commodore Holden of the Queen City Yacht Club to determine the lowest price for the boat as well as the terms open. A committee headed by Past Commodore Young, a civil engineer, undertook a survey to estimate the cost of alterations and repairs. Barnes presented the story at a special meeting which finally agreed that we should buy the boat; *how*

(Continued on page 74)

Top, the club boat, spick and span in her new paint. Right, a corner of the lounge. Above, these two members seem to be painting themselves into a corner. Left, the club's first publicized function was launching this 19' 6" Suicide Class boat with due formalities



WHAT'S NEW IN BOATS

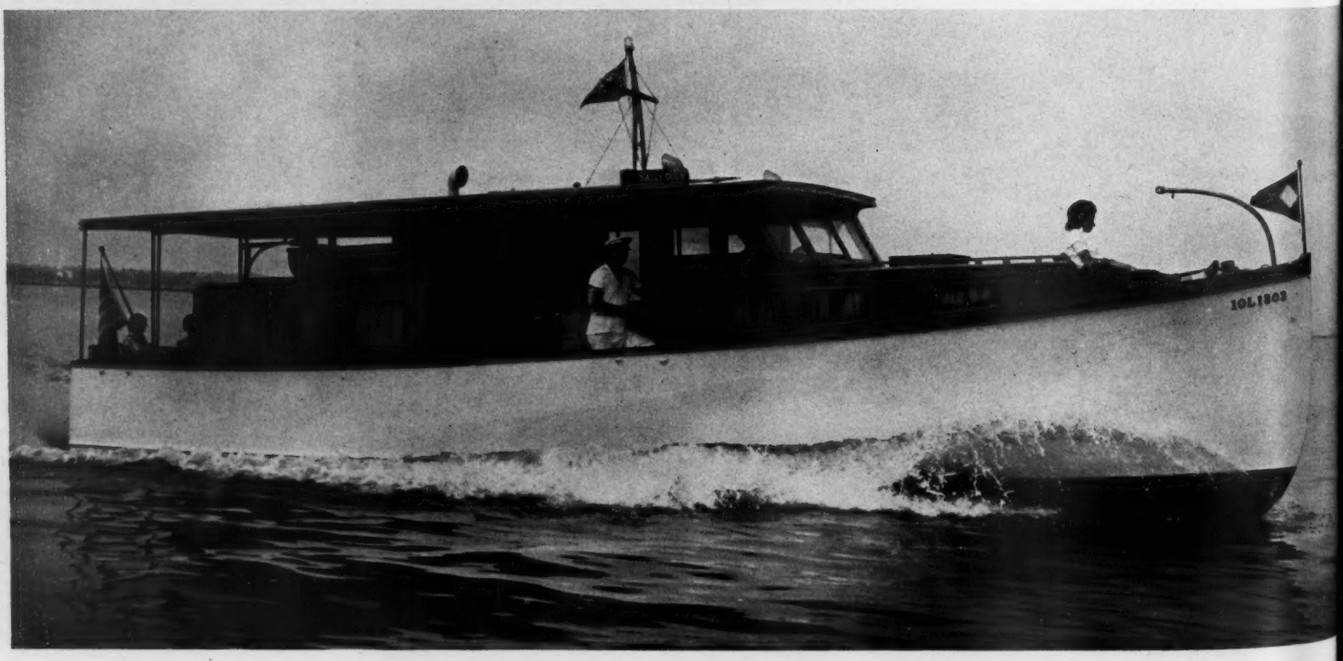


F. J. Raymond

One of the 42' rescue boats for the Army Air Corps built by the Horace E. Dodge Boat and Plane Co. Two Sterling Petrels drive her. A corner of the Dodge boat shop at Newport News, Va., is shown at the right, on opposite page.

"Carl J," of Stonington, Conn., an off-shore dragger enrolled in the Coast Guard Reserve, is a 55-footer of 15' beam and 6' draft designed by Winthrop L. Warner and Henry R. Palmer, Jr., of the Stonington Boat Works, the builders. A 100 hp. Caterpillar Diesel furnishes power.

Below, "Sally Duck," a 42-footer owned by F. K. Glynn, of Douglaston, L. I., the last yacht built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co. before the war. Twin 143 hp. Chryslers drive her 18 m.p.h.



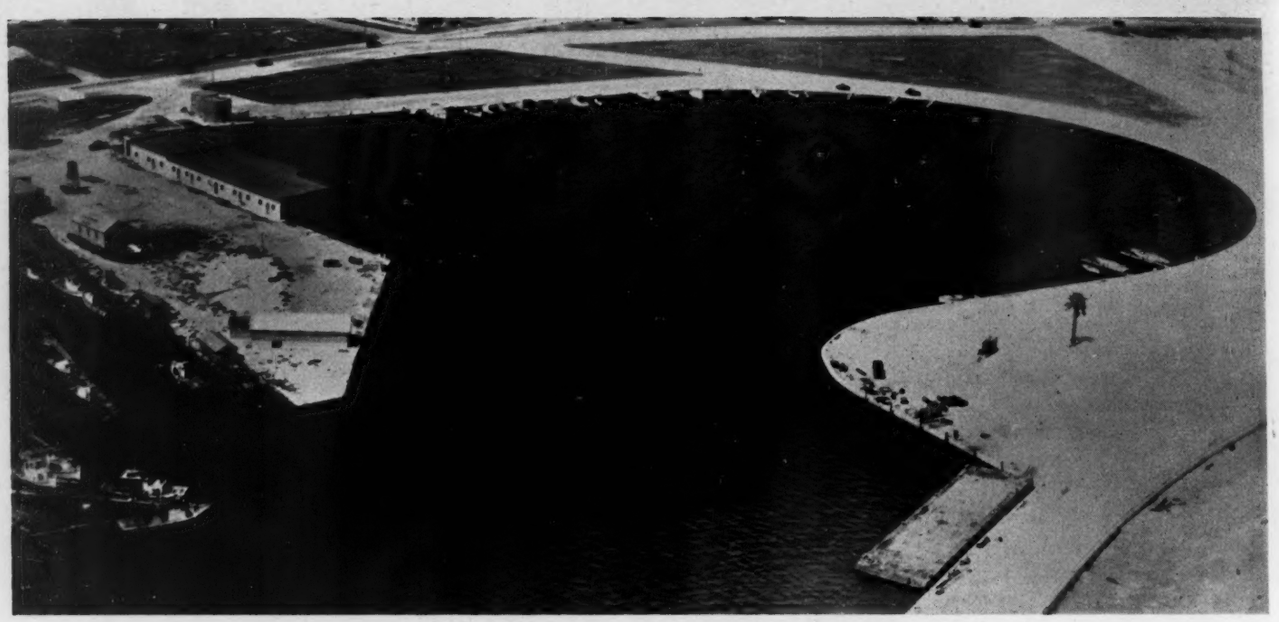
Rosenfeld

Mrs. Henry B. Nevins smashes the bottle of champagne on the bow of YMS1, watched by Mr. Nevins, the builder, and J. M. Irish, Captain, U.S.N., Supervisor of Shipbuilding, U. S. Navy, N. Y., as the mine sweeper starts down the ways.

Rosenfeld

Right, "Paratus," designed by John H. Wells, Inc., for David Gerli and built by Julius Petersen, of Nyack, N. Y. She is a 76-footer of 18' 9" beam, driven at a 45-mile pace by three Curtis Wright Conqueror motors developing a total of 2000 hp. She was planned for easy conversion to naval use as a patrol boat.

Below, Walter L. Faust's "Optimist III," a 46-footer by Dawn. Two Gray Super Eights, with 2.5:1 reduction gears, give her a speed of 16 miles per hour.



The new municipal boat basin at Rockport, Texas, is 850' by 600', with a controlling depth of 9'. Boats up to 125' in length may be accommodated and there are covered slips for 25 65-footers

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

WHY NOT CRUISE THE GREAT LAKES?

▶ Now that the war restrictions imposed in certain areas off the coasts, particularly the East Coast, will undoubtedly place some restrictions on general cruising next summer, it would seem that this is the chance many salt water yachtsmen have been waiting for to make that cruise on the Great Lakes they have always wanted to take.

It is probable that there will be few, if any, defense areas on the Great Lakes that will interfere with extended cruising on the waters bounded by Canada and the United States, such as Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron or Superior, and there one can cruise in strange waters and explore many delightful harbors for a month or six weeks, if he is lucky enough to get that much time.

For your blue water racer who won't have any chance for competition off the coast this summer, Commodore Charles Beck, of the Bay View Yacht Club, Detroit, comes through with an invitation to all ocean racing yachtsmen to sail in the club's Port Huron-Mackinac Race. This contest starts from Port Huron, at the foot of the lake of that name. After the finish, the visiting yachtsmen, it is suggested, may cruise the North Channel and Georgian Bay.

There's a lot in that suggestion. By way of the Erie Canal to Oswego and then a leisurely cruise through Lakes Ontario and Erie, it would take only about eight days to reach Port Huron. The rugged beauties of the North Channel, stretching from the Soo to Little Current, and of the Georgian Bay district, have been frequently described in the pages of YACHTING. Two or three weeks in those waters would give a man from the East Coast an experience he would remember forever. Then home, taking another eight or ten days. It's feasible, it's attractive and, everywhere in Canada or the United States, the boat owner will find an hospitable welcome.

Think it over, you men who chafe at the necessary war restrictions on the coast. This may be your answer. The Mackinac Race starts about mid-July. If you want to see how quickly you can get from Port Huron to Mackinac Island, just write to E. L. Kurtzwarth, Chairman, Race Committee, Bay View Yacht Club, Detroit, Michigan, and he will fix it so that you can join the racing fleet for the big fresh water contest that takes you north and west on Lake Huron.

H. L. S.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW

▶ Despite the war, the annual Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show, the only event of its kind scheduled to be held in the East this year, is set for March 2nd to 7th. It will be held in the Commercial Museum, one of the largest exhibition halls in the country. Plans for the Show, which is sponsored by the Boat Trades Association of Philadelphia, are practically complete.

Some exhibitors, familiar to visitors to past Shows, will be absent because of the war but there will be a considerable number of displays, all tending to show what the conflict will mean to the boating and outdoor enthusiast. Arrangements have been made with the Navy Department, the Army and the Air Corps, it is reported, for special educational exhibits.

The Boat Trades Association is headed by George A. Smith, Jr., president; William Kirkland, vice president; Paul R. Reichard, treasurer; and Franklin H. Bates, secretary.

ICE YACHTS RACE ON ORANGE LAKE

▶ The cold snap of early January furnished six inches of clear black ice and bitterly cold weather for the inauguration of the 1942 ice yachting season on Orange Lake, near Newburgh, New York. The regatta was held on January 10th and 11th when the contest for the Eastern Ice Yacht championship was decided. In the past, class races were run off first, followed by the championship contest — and too often lack of wind or a change in ice conditions forced the postponement of the main event of the regatta. This year it was wisely decided to hold the championship first, to assure its completion, and follow this most important contest with the class races.

Ray Ruge's *Charette II* for the second time successfully defended the Eastern Ice Boat Championship Pennant of America for the Hudson Highlands Iceboat Club, of Highland Falls, New York. Her team-mate in the race was Willi Schmitz' *Blitzen*, Class X champion of the Eastern Ice Yacht Association in 1939 and the largest bow-steerer in the East. *Blitzen* spreads 250 square feet of canvas. *Charette II* was designed and built by her owner.

The challenging club was the Monmouth Ice Yacht Club, of Red Bank, New Jersey. It was represented by the Class E champion *Whistling Wind II*, a Mead 20-footer owned by H. Walden Smith, and W. deF. Smith's *Hot Toddy II*, a Palmer-built Class C boat. *Hot Toddy II* is a sister ship of *Lingwes*, the original defender of this trophy for the Rumson Club, from whom *Charette II* won it in 1940.

The match was a three out of five series, only first places counting. *Charette II* took the

Dud Gales

Emerson Spear's Six-Metre "Goose," California's latest addition to the racing fleet, leading in the Christmas Regatta of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, where racing continues even in war time. She was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., and built by Nevins at City Island

James J. Sieger

"High Light," sailed by her owner, Chester Krusienski, of the Racine Yacht Club, a Class E boat which won 28 of 31 races entered, though she often competed against the larger boats in Class D. She is 18' l.w.l., 24' l.o.a., 7' 0" beam and 4' 4" draft. Philip L. Rhodes designed her

first, third and fourth races, *Whistling Wind II*, the second. Both *Hot Toddy II* and *Blitzen* suffered minor mishaps and neither of them threatened the leaders at any stage of the contest. The three races sailed on the first day, Saturday, were all closely contested. In the fourth race, *Charette II* led the fleet when the wind petered out entirely when she was only a half lap from the finish line and the yachts were compelled to wait until the following morning to complete the series.

On Sunday morning there was a light southwest breeze and *Charette II* seemed to be the only yacht able to move through the lightly drifted snow. She sailed a runaway race, lapping all the other boats twice, once more retiring the pennant to the locker of the Hudson Highlands Iceboat Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY INAUGURATES CIVILIAN PATROL

▶ At an overflow meeting of yachtsmen and members of the Sheepshead Bay Yacht Club, held at the clubhouse on Sheepshead Bay on January 12th, the first steps in organizing a civilian waterfront patrol were taken.

Called by the U. S. Coast Guard to outline wartime needs for special patrol service, the meeting was addressed by Lieutenant Coleman, U.S.N.R., and Lieutenant Mills, of the Coast Guard.

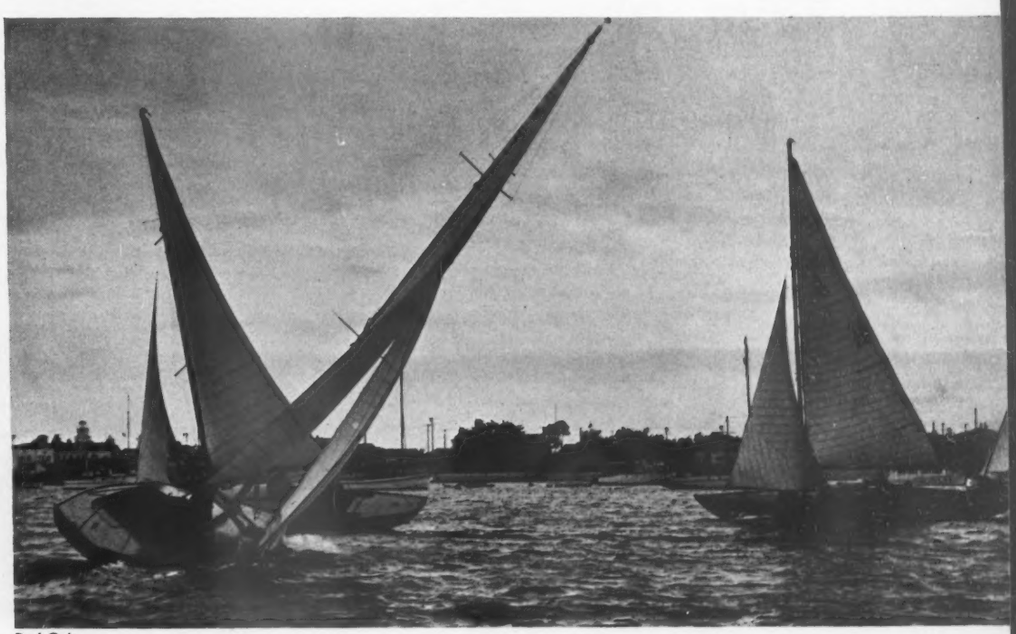
Tentative plans call for the immediate inauguration of the patrol, according to C. J. Keppelmann, Captain U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, to give additional protection against possible sabotage and other subversive activities.

YACHT CLUBS IN WAR TIME

▶ The New York Yacht Club has presented swords to five outstanding members of each V-7 class graduating from the course of instruction given aboard U.S.S. *Prairie State* and becoming Ensigns, U.S.N. On January 9th, another class entered the naval service and again five swords were presented. Commodore George E. Roosevelt, in handing over the swords to their recipients, pointed out that it was the first time since the United States had entered the war that this ceremony had taken place and, also, that it was the first time since he had become the head of the club. He said, in part:

"It is pertinent to ask: 'What is the function of any yacht club in time of war and, particularly, what is the function of the New York Yacht Club in this war?' The general question of the position of yacht clubs in war time has been studied, in previous wars in this country and in this war in other countries. In time of peace, the value of yacht clubs is obvious. They train people in the ways of the sea. In time of war, clubs still have a function in training juniors though the New York Yacht Club cannot perform this latter service.

"One thing I can assure you of is that, in so far as we are able, we will be of all possible assistance to the United States Navy and Coast Guard. I realize that, to a certain ex-



Dud Gales

A few of the Pacific Interclubs working to windward at the Midwinter Regatta

tent, we can be of the greatest help by being the least possible trouble. . . . On the other hand, our facilities are at all times at the disposal of the naval forces of the Government, our building is available for any gatherings for which they may find it useful and any ability we possess, individually or collectively, will be made available immediately and without qualification when asked for.

"I know I speak for every member of the New York Yacht Club and, I think, for every yachtsman in the nation, when I say that we pledge our lives, our labors, our loyalty and our honor in the service of our country."

STORM WARNING SIGNALS

▶ The Chief of Naval Operations has announced that transmission of all plain language radio weather broadcasts has been discontinued. However, warnings of hurricanes and storms with winds of gale force will be broadcast in plain language along the coastal area involved, utilizing low power radio only, not below 100 kc. or above 4000 kc.

All wind and weather forecasts for ocean, coastal and marine areas have been discontinued by the U. S. Weather Bureau except small craft, storm and hurricane warnings. These will contain information as to the wind velocities expected and the area affected. No information will be given regarding the direction of the wind or the movement of the storm or any specific data as to the make up of the weather map.

As before, one red pennant will constitute the small craft warning.

Two red pennants will be used for a storm warning, without direction.

Two square red flags with black centers will be used as a hurricane warning. This signal remains unchanged.

No storm warning lights will be displayed but the flags will not be lowered because of darkness.

All other flag signals and all lights regarding storms have been discontinued.

CHARLES D. MOWER, NAVAL ARCHITECT

▶ Few naval architects who devoted their talents to yacht designing were better known during the past three decades, or will be more missed than Charles D. Mower who passed away at Lynn, Massachusetts, on January 18th, at the age of sixty-six years.

Charlie Mower not only designed boats but sailed them as well and in racing circles he was considered an excellent skipper and a fine shipmate.

Although Mr. Mower was born at Lynn, in 1875, the same town in which he died, most of his life was spent in New York and Philadelphia. He got interested in boats at an early age and as a boy he built the centerboard sloop *Vitesse* in the back yard of his house at Lynn. She proved so successful that he entered the office of Arthur Binney the following year. Here he stayed from 1895 to 1898, when he came to New York and joined the staff of "Rudder," then edited by Tom Day, and became designing editor of that publication. At the same time, he took occasional commissions for designing yachts for clients. He stayed several years and while there designed the *Sea Bird* for Mr. Day, which crossed the Atlantic in 1911. In 1910, he moved to Philadelphia and later became associated with Thomas Bowes, forming the firm of Bowes and Mower.

When the war came along, Mr. Mower entered the Navy in the Bureau of C. and R. and as Lieutenant Commander inspected many of the submarine chasers and other wooden vessels turned out for the Navy. At the close of the war, he located in New York, specializing in the designing of yachts. Except for a period when he was associated with Henry B. Nevins, at City Island, he was active as a designer until about two years ago, when he became ill and had to retire.

Mr. Mower in his long career designed many famous boats and it was always said of his designs that he never turned out a bad boat or one that was not pleasing to the eye. In the "R" Class and the Six-Metre Class and in the "Q" Class, he turned out many successful boats. In the "R" Class, two that especially made names for themselves were the *Ardelle* and the *Ardette*. When the Sonder Class races with Germany were at their height, Mr. Mower designed several successful boats, including the *Joy* and *Joyette*. The last named won the International Trophy in that class in 1909. Among his larger boats were the Class "M" *Windward*, which he designed for Junius S. Morgan, and the cruising schooners *Windjammer* and *Shellback*, for Commodore Crabbe of the Cruising Club of America, and the *Mañana*, for Roger Young of the same organization. One of his most successful boats was the cutter *Duckling*, designed for Charles W. Atwater.

Mr. Mower was also the author of a number of technical books on boatbuilding. He served as official measurer in several yacht clubs of which he was a member.

In 1915, he married Frances Hollingsworth Petrikin who, with his son Charles P., now associated with Sparkman & Stephens, survive him. Also surviving is a sister, Miss Helen M. Mower, of Boston.

A former member of the New York Yacht Club and an honorary member of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Mr. Mower was also a member of the Cruising Club of America.

PENGUIN RESTRICTIONS

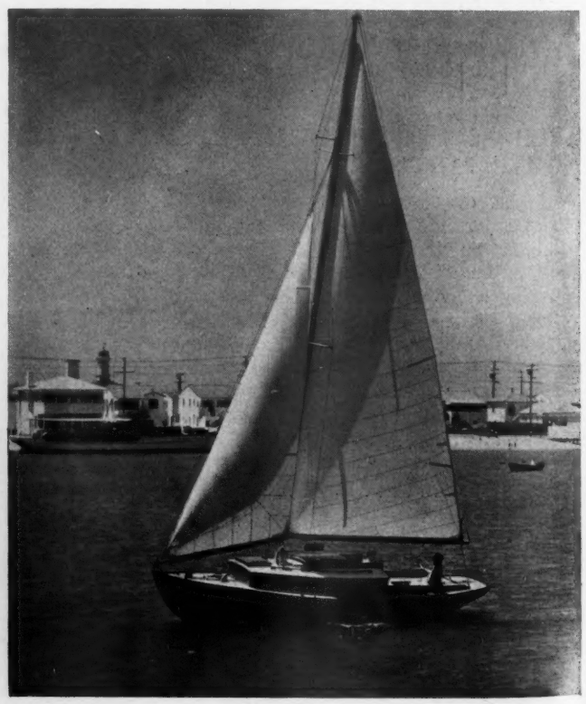
▶ According to a bulletin issued by the Penguin Class Dinghy Association, the result of the referendum mailed to the membership in last November is as follows:

By a two to one vote, it was decided that the weight restriction shall be retained at 275 pounds but 25 pounds of this weight may be in the form of dead ballast. It will be remembered that at the President's Cup regatta, in September, the two leading crews in the class were found to be under the weight limit and were disqualified.

As to sails, it was decided, also by a large majority, that the cost of the sails for a Penguin be raised to $35.00 and that, as at present, not more than one sail may be bought in any two-year period.

In the bulletin, the secretary plaintively reminds members that dues must be paid or the delinquent will not be allowed to enter any sanctioned event in 1942 nor will he receive any bulletins or the yearbook. Dues of any members in active service with the armed service of the United States or Canada are remitted for the duration of the war.

Below, 26' mine yawls built for the Army by Palmer Scott & Co., New Bedford. Right, "Siboney," Paul Hurst's cutter, built on Grand Cayman Island, B. W. I. Designed by Ralph E. Winslow, she is 28' 9" l.o.a. She carries a 10 hp. Universal Blue Jacket Twin for auxiliary power

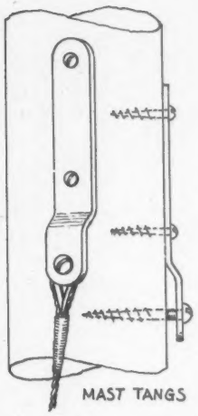


Albert Goguen

"GADGETS & GILHICKIES"

Mast Tangs

▶ Mast tangs for small boats up to 16′ in length may be made as shown in the sketch. The lower screw, which takes the heaviest strain, should be about 5/16″ diameter and should extend almost halfway through the mast. Use Everdur screws if you can get them. Brass strip 3/32″ by 1″ wide will do for the tangs. It is always wise to make your eye splices over thimbles, particularly for standing rigging, and I recommend that the splices be soldered before they are served. Be sure to wash off the soldering flux with gasoline before you cover it with serving; otherwise it is very likely to corrode and let go under severe strain. It is not a bad idea to wrap your splices with electrician's rubber tape (not "friction tape"), stretching it taut and working it into place with your fingers, before you serve with marline. Another easy way to finish up a splice is to substitute white adhesive tape of the waterproof variety for marline. The final turn should be lashed with sail twine, generously waxed; otherwise it is likely to unwrap in a short time.



A Sliding Cabin Table

▶ The center of hospitality in cruising boats, below decks, is always the cabin table. How many of your fondest recollections are centered around that hospitable board? You are snugged down for the night, the lamp is alight, you have just polished off a meal that is fit for a king and you settle back for an evening of such sociability and yarning as the landsman will never know — around the cabin table. The faces of your dearest friends, tanned and happy, smile at you in the friendship bred of hardships and pleasures shared — across the cabin table.

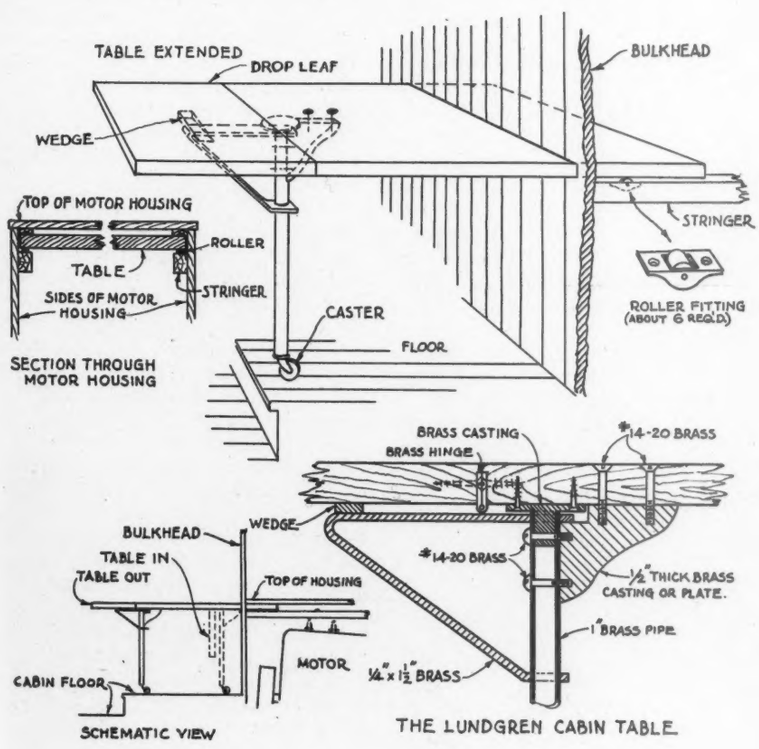
It follows that the sailor who specializes in hospitality gives a good deal of thought to that important piece of furniture and Vice Commodore Bill Lundgren, of the Cruising Club of America, is that kind of sailor. The table that he has designed and built for *Butterfly* is about as ingenious as a table can be. Unfortunately, it is possible to install it only in a boat in which the motor housing is adjacent to the main cabin.

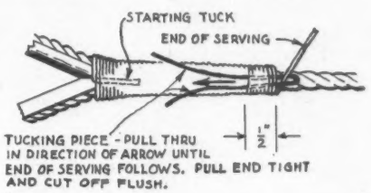
In *Butterfly*, this works out perfectly for, as you enter the cabin, you pass through a doghouse in which the motor housing is off center, to starboard. At the forward end of this housing is a bulkhead; on the forward face of this bulkhead and above the level of the table, is a dish locker.

The table, as will be seen in the accompanying sketches, is designed to slide through a horizontal slot in the bulkhead. It is supported at its after end by hardwood guides which permit it to be slid freely either in or out. The lower guides are equipped with rollers, as indicated, to permit easy operation. The top of the motor housing also covers the table so that when the latter is pushed in it is out of sight. It is important that the lateral guides be a close fit to the table; otherwise, when in the extended position, it will have a tendency to wobble from side to side. Even when fully extended, enough of the table top should remain between the guides to assure steadiness; about 12″ should be enough.

The drop leaf at the table's forward end is hinged on strong, cast brass hinges (piano hinges would also be good) and has a wedge fastened to its under side to assure that it comes up even with the main part when open. The details of the leg assembly should be clear from the drawings; they may, of course, be varied to suit conditions but the leg must be rigidly fastened to the body of the table. In *Butterfly*, there is a low step in the cabin floor, as indicated in the sketches, and it was necessary to provide a sliding inner tube in the leg to allow the table to be extended beyond this point. This extension is secured by a simple wing nut (not shown).

The table can be pulled out and the leaf extended quickly and with a minimum of effort. It stows just as easily. For eating, drinking or chart work it is ready and waiting.




STARTING TUCK
END OF SERVING
TUCKING PIECE - PULL THRU IN DIRECTION OF ARROW UNTIL END OF SERVING FOLLOWS. PULL END TIGHT AND CUT OFF FLUSH.
½"

A Neat Serving

▶ In case you don't know the trick of finishing off a serving, the accompanying sketch may prove helpful. There are other ways to do it but I think this is the easiest. It is the way they finish off those beautiful wrappings you see on fishing rods.

When Beveling Frames

▶ Forbes Morse, of Flushing, Penguin producer par excellence, came to my rescue with a list of bevels for the Penguin dinghy and I pass 'em on for the benefit of the rest of you fellows.

Frame Number	ANGLES *Side*	*Bottom*
1	24°	6°
2	17°	6°
3	10°	4°
4	6°	3°
5	0	0
6	4°	6°
7	10°	8°
Transom	15°	10°

HAM DE FONTAINE

Being a Department Designed for Preserving Unusual Tales Spun by Yarners at the End of the Day's Run When Everything Has Been Snugged Down

AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

TURTLE SOUP

▶ A three-day nor'wester was howling and the bay was dotted with the white crests of breaking seas. The shoals were a mass of suds and spindrift torn from the curling breakers on the shore drifted inland, giving the coast a smoky appearance. The wind was cold although it was midsummer.

In the shelter of the little cove, however, where we lay snug at anchor, it was as calm and peaceful as a lily pond. Only the swaying tree tops, a far flung flag and, of course, the white nor'west wind clouds hurrying across the sky, told us that Old Mother Nature was still on the rampage.

It would be a good day to give the topsides a much needed scrubbing. I went below and brought up a can of soap powder and an old shirt. I was tearing the shirt up into cleaning rags when I noticed a little group over on the float taking it easy in the sun. They had their heads together and I noticed that one of these fellows was Joe Haskell, my good friend the fisherman. I put the powder back, for I knew there would be yarns a-spinning and I wanted to hear what Joe's extraordinary imagination would bring forth this time.

▶ Sure enough, when I got there, a yachtsman I knew was hard at it. I borrowed a match, sat down and lit my pipe. The rough boards of the float were warm to the touch and the heat felt good.

The story teller was saying: "Boys, that tuna was a holy terror. Talk about fight, why, for hours at a time, the seat of my pants never touched the chair at all. . . ."

The yarn was interesting — full of action. But a glance at Joe told me that he was hardly listening. The story served merely to remind him of another. His nimble mind had shot off at a tangent into a tale of his own and now it was all that he could do to hold it back until the speaker had finished.

▶ "Now," said Joe at the very moment that the story teller had vocally boated his fish, "that was some fight! You sure enough had a tough old he one that time. But for real first class, gilt-edged, super-trouble, you want to get fast to a sea turtle, the meanest and fiercest critter that swims the sea. Godfrey Mighty, but they're bad! We ironed one once and didn't he give us hell-a-plenty!

"It was August, Nineteen twenty-one. No — wait a minute — 'twenty-two. We were out on Georges swordfishing in the *Kingfisher*, as pretty and able a little hooker as you'd ever want to see. The sea was smooth and we were working the shoals for finning fish.

"I'd just come forward to stand my trick as striker when the lookout sang out, so I ran out on the stand. The vessel swung, then steadied towards a spot I could see on the water some distance away. Coming nearer, I could see at once it was no swordfish and I wondered what the blazes it was. Something humpy and black as a thunder squall at midnight was lying there just awash, not moving much except to lift and fall with the gentle swell that was working in over the shoals.

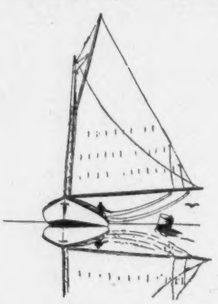
"Well, by gosh, all of a sudden I knew what it was; it was a sleeping sea turtle, and a big one. Fourteen feet long, I judged him to be, with a seven-foot beam and, getting closer still, I guessed he was darn nigh as thick through as he was wide.

▶ "We stole up nearer and nearer until I was within range, almost over him. I braced myself to heave. But, shucks! It wa'n't no use, for he was in his shell. No sense to heave at that moss-covered back. 'Twould have been like driving the iron at a rock.

"Just then the *Kingfisher* lifted over a swell; then, as her forefoot dipped, it made a little splash. In a flash the turtle up-ended to dive. That gave me just the chance I was looking for. I hove the iron hard and, by ginger! I caught him right in the rear flipper, just where it entered the shell. Boy! It was a lucky shot, headed just right so that the dart sank deep into the tough leg muscles in the animal's body.

▶ "Now, none of us ever expected what happened next. The boat's way had carried us ahead so that the spot where the turtle had disappeared was off our starboard quarter where the vessel's sheer carried the rail down low, almost to the water. Before we knew it, something hit us a clip that shook the vessel from stem to stern. The infuriated sea monster had attacked us and now a couple of tons of living dynamite was doing its best to clamber aboard.

"His terrible parrot-like jaws were a-snapping and a-cracking and his long, sharp-toed flippers were churning the water alongside to froth. Treading water furiously, he threw himself half out of the sea and managed to get a flipper caught over the rail. By jingoes, his weight heeled the vessel! A swell rolled her farther still. Kicking and scrambling, the damn turtle flopped in over the rail.



"Was there the devil to pay then! He made for the helmsman. The wheel spun, striking his shell. Spokes flew in the air. We grabbed oars — anything at hand — and went for him. Believe me, boys, it was some ruckus! He'd get an oar blade in those jaws of his and, *crunch*, it was kindling. When the rope trailing his leg passed close to the binnacle, we tried to snub him against it by taking a turn on a cleat. It only parted the rope and he hit the binnacle a swipe that tore it from the deck. The Old Man started blazing away with his gun but the turtle's head was weaving so fast that he couldn't seem to get in a head shot. Other shots didn't seem to bother him at all and, when bullets hit that armor-plated shell, they simply ricocheted all over the place.

▶ "The cook was in the galley door, yelling at the top of his voice and brandishing a heavy meat cleaver. He wasn't doing the turtle a bit of harm but he was making a hell of a noise. This seemed to attract the turtle's attention and he started to lumber towards the galley — and he moved damn quick, too. Still yelling, the cook ducked inside quickly.

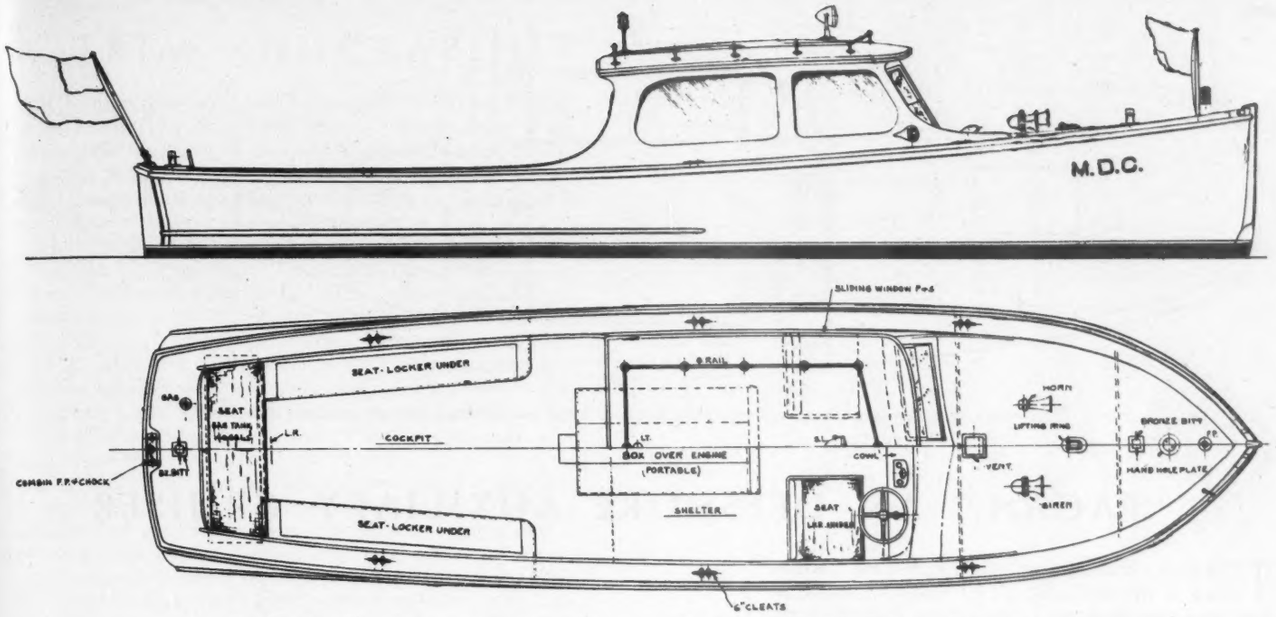
"Now, by cracky, I don't think the galley door could ever have stopped that monster. I figure that he would have gone right on through the deckhouse like an army tank. That is, he would have if he'd had time. But the minute the turtle stuck his head into the galley, Cooky went fighting mad. He didn't let *anyone* go messing around his galley. 'Git to hell out o'here!' he screamed and let fly with a kittle of boiling water.

"*Whoosh!* The turtle didn't like that! His jaws closed with a click. His wicked little beadlike eyes shut tight and he started to pull his neck right in. 'Take that!' shrilled Cooky and whacked off the end of his snoot before he could do it.

"Now, both blinded and hurt, the turtle figured he'd *better* get out of there. He stuck out his head to turn. *Zing!* Down came the cleaver just in the right place and, with a gush of blood, off came the turtle's head and rolled under the table where it scared the daylights out of the ship's cat."

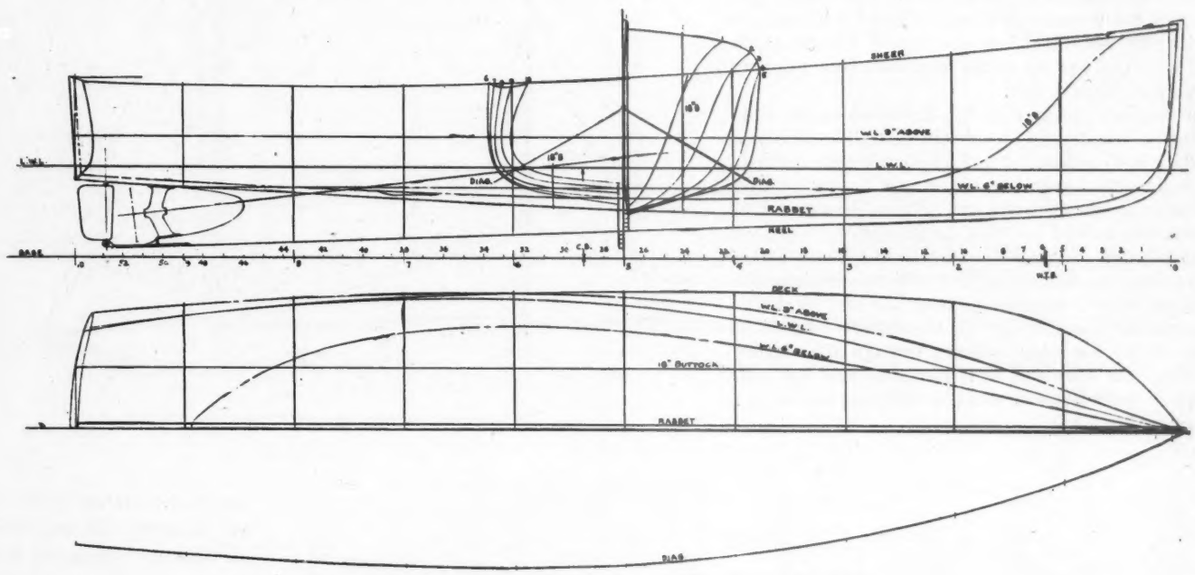
▶ At this point Joe paused and scratched his head thoughtfully. His eyes had a far-away look. His nose seemed to turn up just the slightest little bit, almost as if he smelled something he didn't like. "Now," said he, "I suppose you fellows would consider turtle soup a delicacy. *B-l-a-ah!* I don't like it. Never have since that trip to Georges in 'Twenty-two. That two-ton turtle made a whale of a lot of soup and maybe that has something to do with the matter."

CARTER FILLEBROWN



Outboard profile and arrangement plan of the new police boat designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc.

POLICE BOAT FOR THE CHARLES RIVER BASIN



The lines show a boat that should drive easily and attain high speed

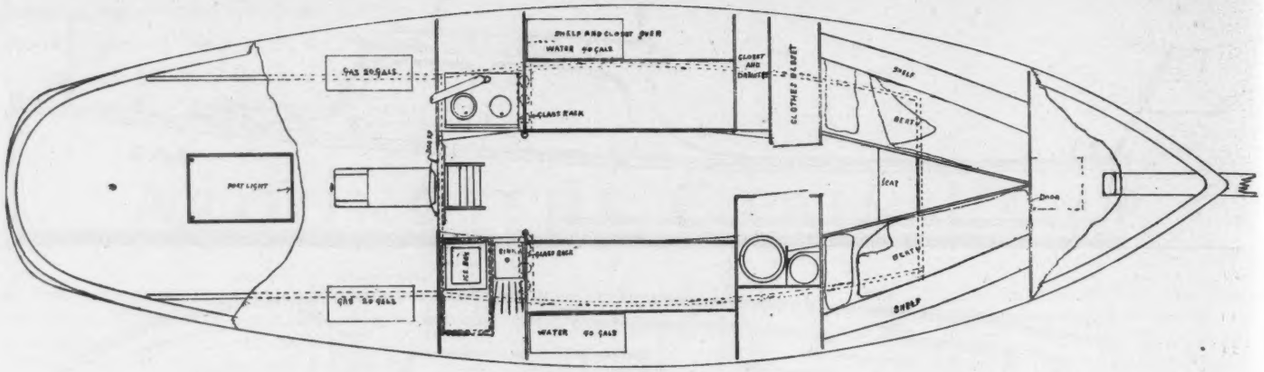
THE plans of a new and fast motor launch designed for the Metropolitan District of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are shown on this page. The boat, which is intended for service on the Charles River Basin, Boston, is from the board of Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., naval architects of that city. She is now under construction at the yard of Carl N. Beetle, of New Bedford, Mass. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 28′ 0″; length on the water line, 27′ 6″; beam, over guards, 7′ 0″; draft of water, 2′ 0″; displacement, 5014 pounds.

The power plant consists of a Chrysler "Royal Eight" marine motor which drives the propeller direct. The boat's designed speed is 24 miles per hour. The gasoline tank, of 40 gallons capacity, is located under the after 'thwartships seat of the cockpit. The engine is installed amidships, under a box which is readily removable.

The boat has a pleasing sheer and long, straight buttock lines, a rather fine entrance and plenty of beam carried well aft. She should be fast and handy. She has a short forward deck, a roomy shelter cabin amidships and a capacious cockpit from amidships aft. There are two high seats under the shelter at its forward end, one of them being for the use of the helmsman, and seats on both sides of the cockpit and across its after end.

Construction is light but strong. The keel is of selected white oak, sided 2⅞″ at the rabbet and 4¼″ inside the hull. It is deep in section. Frames are of 13/16″ by 13/16″ white oak, spaced 6″ center to center. There are web frames of 13/16″ by 1¼″ oak, worked on top of the regular frames like the reverse frames in a steel vessel. A spruce spacer is fitted between the two members of the web frame above the bilge stringer and white oak below it. The outside planking is of 9/16″ white cedar and the deck forward is of the same wood, 7/16″ thick, covered with canvas. The plankshear is of 9/16″ Mexican mahogany as is the sheerstrake. The shelf is 1⅝″ Sitka spruce. Clamp is ¾″ by 2⅞″ yellow pine and a hogging girder, ¾″ by 2½″ yellow pine, runs the length of the boat. Engine keelsons are 1⅛″ yellow pine, extending well forward and aft, and engine beds are of 1⅞″ white oak. There is enough mahogany trim to give a touch of color.

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.



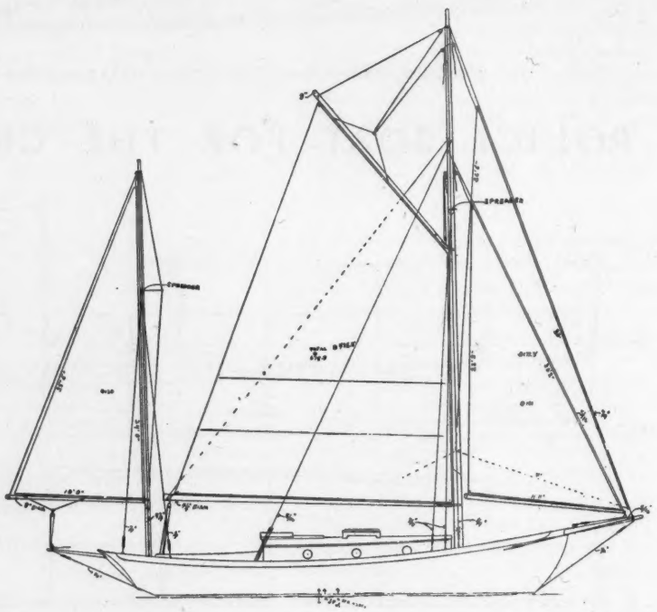
The arrangement plan is, perhaps, somewhat conventional but it should prove entirely practical in service

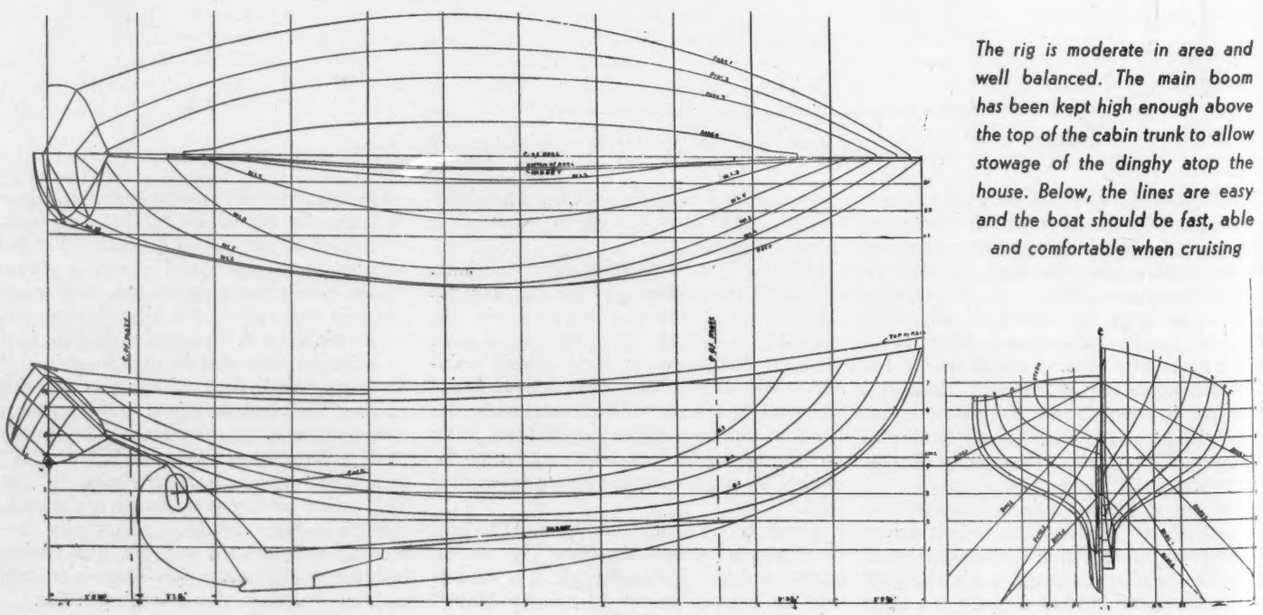
"PAGAN," AN OFFSHORE AUXILIARY CRUISER

THIS husky cruising yawl was designed for Norman Bates, of Oceanside, N. Y., by Elwood Sprague, of that town, who is known to yachtsmen along the north shore of Long Island Sound as "that fellow from Rockaway." The boat is well on her way to completion at the yard of the Mill River Boat Works, Oceanside. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 36′ 0″; length on the water line, 29′ 0″; beam, 10′ 8″; draft, 5′ 4″. Her sail area is 679 square feet in the three lowers and she carries 6300 pounds of iron on her keel. The peak halliard is carried well up to the masthead, thus reducing the thrust along the gaff.

As auxiliary power, a 25 hp. Universal engine is installed, driving a screw on the center line. Gasoline tank capacity is 40 gallons; 80 gallons of water are carried.

The lines show a model which should be easy to drive and show a fair turn of speed. *Pagan*, as she will be named, was worked out from the lines of *My Wife*, Mr. Sprague's own schooner. Construction is husky as the owner plans to spend a good deal of time in cruising. He spent two years in an offshore fisherman and his desire, to quote the designer, is "To be offshore where it is quiet, where the wind whistles through the rigging, breaking seas roar and slop alongside and sea gulls scream, a quiet place in which to write music. He is a saxophone teacher."





The rig is moderate in area and well balanced. The main boom has been kept high enough above the top of the cabin trunk to allow stowage of the dinghy atop the house. Below, the lines are easy and the boat should be fast, able and comfortable when cruising

A TRIM KNOCKABOUT

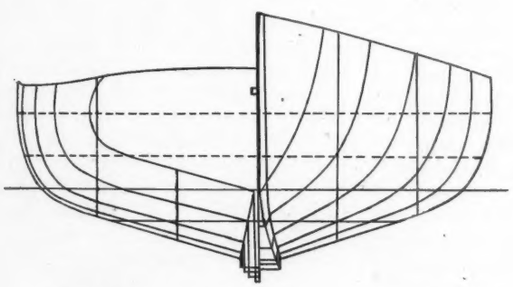
THIS interesting little boat is from the board of Edward De Levante, of New York. She is a development of an earlier class, the principal changes being that the new boat has longer ends. One of the older boats survived a December gale a good many years ago, arriving in Norfolk ten days after it was predicted alongshore that she was lost.

The boat is 20′ 0″ in length over all, 17′ 6″ length on the water line, 7′ 6″ beam and 1′ 4″ draft. Construction is fairly heavy, the frames being of ⅞″ white oak, spaced 12″ and boxed into the 8″ by 7″ teak keel. Planking is ⅞″ white cedar and deck of ¾″ white pine, canvased. Deck beams are 1½″ by 1½″, white oak. Cabin trunk is ¾″ Philippine mahogany and the trunk roof of ⅜″ white pine, canvas covered. The centerboard is of steel, 5/16″ thick and weighing 200 pounds. The centerboard trunk is of teak. There are 300 pounds of lead in the keel.

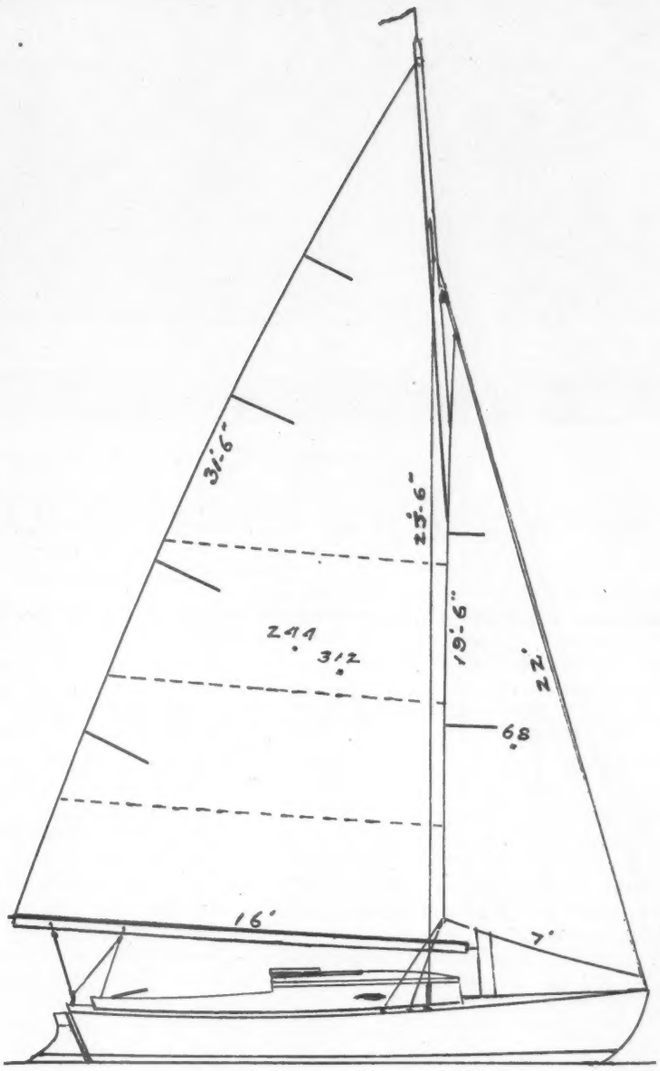
The rig is simple and the total sail area is 312 square feet, of which 68 are in the jib and 244 in the mainsail. There is a minimum of standing rigging. The mast is hollow, and is of box section.

The cockpit is roomy for a boat of her size and the cabin is arranged with a transom 30″ wide on each side, with comfortable sitting headroom over. Headroom in the cabin is 4′.

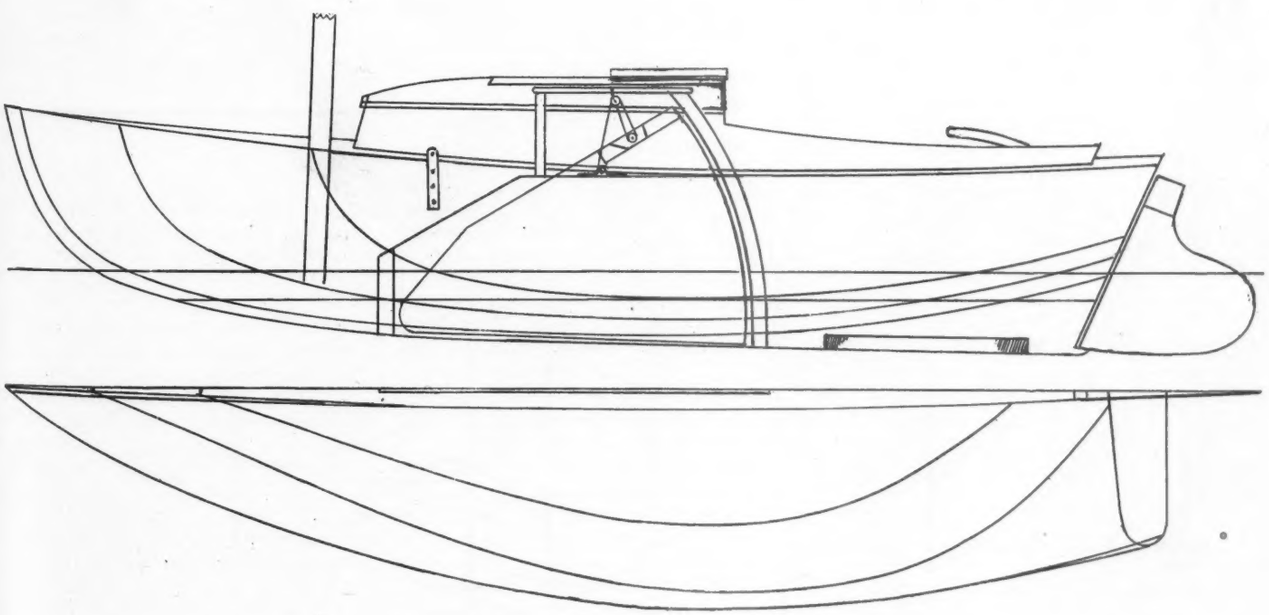
The lines show a model that should be able as well as have a good turn of speed and go to windward well. With her sail spread, she should perform well in light weather and yet not be overpowered when it breezes up.



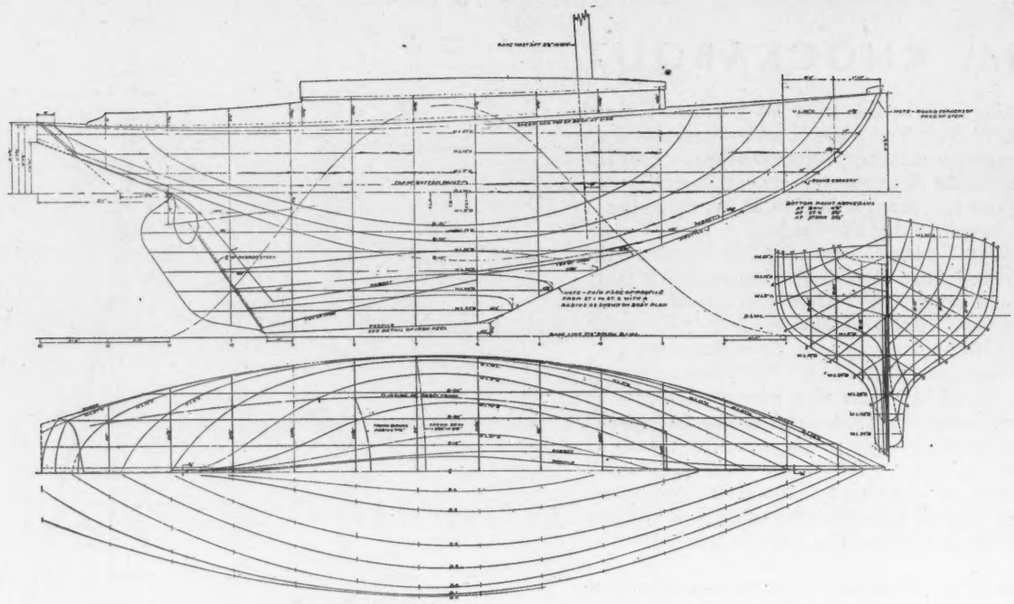
The body plan indicates an easy model to drive



Sail plan of the new boat, with 312 square feet of canvas



The lines of the knockabout designed by Edward De Levante



The lines show an able and husky cruising boat

THE "WINSLOW 33"

THE design on this page was prepared by Ralph E. Winslow, formerly of Quincy, Mass., but now of Washington, D. C. The boat, which is to be known as the "Winslow 33," is planned to be the first of a class of small standardized auxiliary cruisers which will accommodate six persons but be capable of being handled by one man.

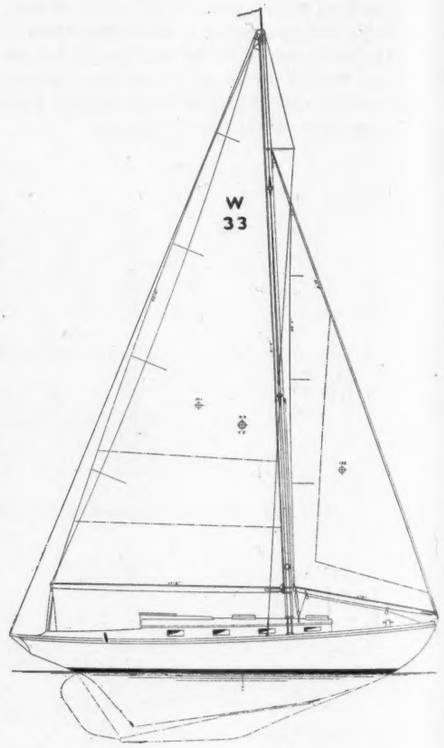
The principal dimensions of the new boat are as follows: Length over all, 33′ 1″; length on the water line, 24′ 2″; beam, 8′ 9″; draft of water, 5′ 4″. Her displacement is about 14,000 pounds. She carries an iron keel, running well fore and aft, which will afford good protection to the bottom in case of grounding and, being straight on the under side, will make hauling out or beaching easy. The weight of the iron keel is about 5750 pounds and there is about 750 pounds of trimming ballast inside.

Construction is husky but simple. The outside planking is 15/16″ finished thickness and the frames, of white oak, are 1½″ by 1½″, 9″ center to center. The keel is 3½″ by 18½″ and the stem is sided 3¾″. The deck is of ¾″ Weldwood and the deck beams are 2¼″ in moulded depth.

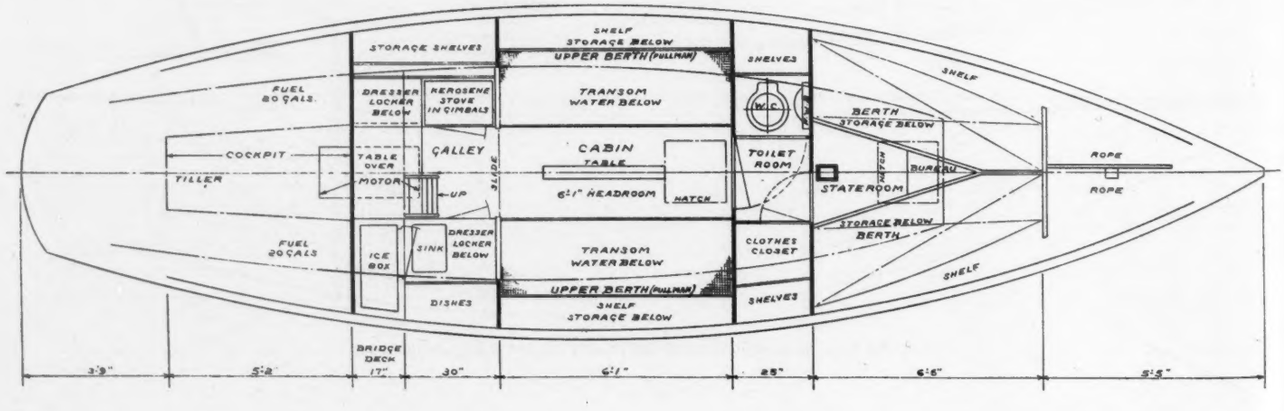
The mast is a hollow box, the other spars being solid. The rig, a simple Marconi cutter, has a total sail area of 519 square feet, 158 square feet in the jib and 361 in the mainsail. The jib, fitted with a club, is self trimming and the main boom has been kept high enough above the deck to allow a dinghy to be carried in chocks atop the cabin trunk.

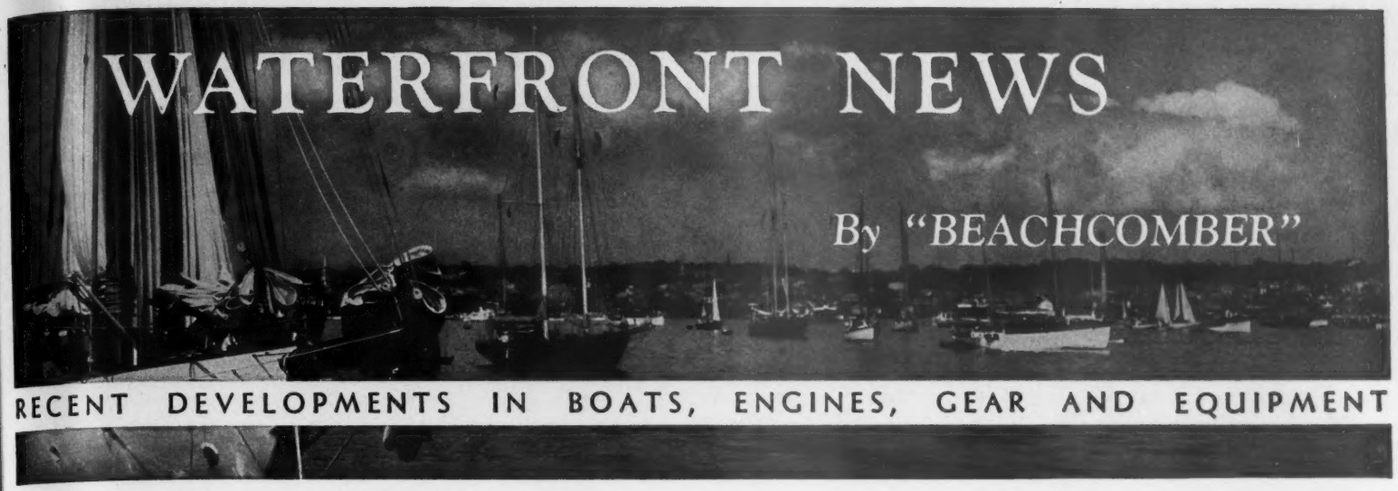
As auxiliary power, there is a 4-cylinder 20 horse power Gray "Sea Scout" engine located partly under the bridge deck and partly in the galley, out of the way yet quickly accessible. It drives a two-bladed propeller located on the center line. Gasoline tanks, of a total capacity of 40 gallons, are located under the deck in wake of the cockpit and the same amount of fresh water is carried in tanks under the transoms in the main cabin.

Headroom below is 6′ 1″. As the plans show, there is a double stateroom forward and two transom berths and two pullman berths in the cabin. The galley is aft and is well equipped, and there is a toilet room, with clothes locker opposite, between the cabin and the stateroom. The cockpit is roomy and self bailing.



Sail plan and, below, accommodation plan of the new cruiser by Ralph E. Winslow





WARTIME REGULATIONS CONCERNING BOAT OWNERS

OUR nation is at war, a war which is being fought at sea and may very well be won by sea supremacy. It is a war which strikes closer at home for yachtsmen and boat owners than for the adherents of any other large scale recreational activity. There are today many wartime regulations affecting not only the tools of the sport, boats and boating equipment, but also the waters on which it is carried on.

We feel that it is a proper function of the pages of YACHTING at this time to keep its readers informed, as well as possible, of whatever wartime regulations affect them as owners and operators of pleasure craft. We will do this, not with the thought that it will aid them in hoarding materials which are or will be scarce, nor that it will encourage anything but the strictest conformance with the regulations. The purpose is merely to interpret in pleasure boat owner's terms the principal regulations affecting them.

It must be remembered that YACHTING is a monthly publication and that it goes to press some two weeks before it reaches its readers. Rules and regulations controlling the movements of vessels are subject to sudden and frequent change and therefore our interpretation should not necessarily be considered as final.

Identification Cards

IDENTIFICATION cards are being issued by the Coast Guard to persons whose activities take them onto coastal waters and along the waterfront in principal harbors and ports. The cards require a photograph and fingerprints, etc. The regulation is written in all-inclusive terms and *may* be applied to owners, operators, and guests aboard boats of all sizes and types. However, it also gives the Captains of the various ports authority to exempt the owners and operators of many types of craft from its provisions. Obviously the regulations will be more stringent along the coasts than on the Great Lakes. However, the procedure for obtaining the cards is simple and our advice for the present is not to bother your local Coast Guard office about the matter until a month or so before your boat goes into commission. There will be a much better chance of settling it once and for all at that time.

The cards are issued to individuals, not to their boats.

Vessel Licenses

THERE are other regulations requiring that special licenses be carried by all vessels operating in the territorial waters of the United States. These, too, are issued by the Coast Guard. These licenses are valid for *repeated* departures or movements for the same purpose and to the same destination or area, within the time fixed in the license. In other words, you probably will not find it necessary to procure a separate license each time your boat gets under way. In this regulation, too, the Commandant of the Coast Guard is authorized to issue general licenses for various classifications of vessels; for instance, all sailing vessels, all vessels under 16 feet long, all vessels under 50 feet long, all those outside certain areas, etc., etc. It is quite possible that a great many pleasure craft will not be required to carry the licenses at all. In any case, the licenses will not be required until your boat goes into commission so, again, there would seem to be no point in bothering Coast Guard offices about the matter until a month or so before launching. At that time, apply locally for full information as to the status of your boat.

Defensive Sea Areas

DEFENSIVE sea areas and regulations pertaining to them have been drafted by the Navy Department. The boundaries of the areas were described most specifically in the Coast Guard's Notice to Mariners dated December 24, 1941. The areas at present include the waters in and about the harbors of Portland, Maine; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Boston; Narragansett Bay; New London, Conn.; New York; Delaware Bay and River; Hampton Roads; Charleston, S. C.; San Diego; Los Angeles and Long Beach; San Francisco; Columbia River; and Strait of Juan De Fuca and Puget Sound. In some cases the outer limits of the areas are well outside the harbors themselves; for instance, the New London area extends all the way to a line between Montauk Point, Block Island, and Point Judith.

The same Notice to Mariners contained the Regulations for Defensive Sea Areas. However, since these regulations are subject to amplification by local Naval authorities there is no point in reproducing them here. The big question for pleasure boat owners, of course, is the extent to which operation of their boats within the areas and departure and entrance into them will be prohibited or controlled. The Navy has no desire to make the necessary regulations burdensome either to pleasure boat owners or to its own personnel. We may rest assured that there will be few restrictions on the operation of boats within the areas and on passing into and out of the inshore boundaries of the areas. Few boat owners will be interested in passing in and out of the seaward boundaries.

We will publish further information on the details of Defensive Sea Area regulations before the start of the active season.

Pleasure Boat Use Tax

EFFECTIVE February 1, 1942, all *pleasure* boats over 16 feet in over-all length which are in commission must carry a stamp indicating that the Federal Use Tax has been paid. These are obtainable at offices of the Collector of Internal Revenue. They will not be sold at Post Offices. All pleasure boats, sail, auxiliary, and power are taxable. However, if the boat is not being used this year the tax need not be paid. Tax stamps are transferable with boats which have been sold.

Since the tax is based on the Federal Government's fiscal year and the rates prescribed on an annual basis, the tax stamps sold this spring will cost 5/12ths of the annual rate and will be good until June thirtieth, the end of the current fiscal year. At that time new stamps must be procured at the annual rate. The rates are tabulated below:

L.O.A. of Boat	*Rate to June 30, 1942*	*Annual Rate*
16′ to 28′	$ 2.09	$ 5
28′ to 50′	4.17	10
50′ to 100′	16.67	40
100′ to 150′	41.67	100
150′ to 200′	62.50	150
over 200′	83.50	200

Priorities for Pleasure Boat Equipment

OWNERS of purely pleasure craft, of course have no recourse to priority assistance in obtaining materials for fitting out this year. If they did, there certainly would be something wrong with the system. However, as far as the

(Continued on page 83)

AN 18-FOOT RUNABOUT ASSEMBLY KIT

HERE'S something which ought to be particularly attractive this year to the host of people with the late winter and early spring boat building urge. It's an assembly kit for an 18-foot inboard runabout built of waterproof plywood and called the Aquamobile model V-18. Not only does the manufacturer of this kit, the Kayak Boat Company, 152 East 129th Street, New York City, do practically all of the hardest and trickiest part of the work, but they also get the job of rounding up the material, which is one of the most important parts of any boat building project this year.

The completed Aquamobile has the following specifications: 18′, length over all; beam, 6′ 6″; draft, 18″; freeboard forward, 30″ and freeboard aft, 24″. The hull is Vee-bottomed forward, tapering back to almost flat sections astern for fast, stable, planing performance. The cockpit is 10′ 6″ long and 5′ 4″ wide. Engines are not included with the building kit but the boat is designed for use with converted automobile and high speed marine engines up to 60 and even 90 h.p. Twenty horsepower at 3500 r.p.m. should give a speed of about 15 miles per hour, forty horsepower should provide a good 25 miles, and sixty horsepower ought to drive the boat at 30 to 35 miles top speed. The engine beds supplied with the kit have been made long enough to span several frames and their distance apart may be adjusted to take a wide variety of engines.

The V-18 assembly kit consists of stem, keel, transom, frames, deck beams, planking, decking, seats, floorboards, coamings, all necessary glue and seam composition, galvanized bolts, nails, and screws, and an instruction booklet with complete description of the recommended procedure in building. The stem, keel, transom and frames are of oak and are cut and bevelled to size so that no additional work need be done before assembling them. The frames are completely bolted together at the Kayak plant under the control of master jigs so that the individual builder need not work with tables of offsets, full size lines, etc. Planking is of ⅜″ waterproof plywood and is cut to approximate size so that after putting it onto the boat the builder need only trim the edges to exact size.

Paint, engine, propeller, shafting, rudder and hardware are not included as these items must be selected in accordance with the engine used or are left to the discretion of each builder. There is, however, a "sedanet" windshield and side window cab which may be added.

STOVE THOUGHTS FOR THE FUTURE

HERE are a couple of new stoves for small to medium sized yachts, worked out by "Porthole" Chamberlain just before the supply of necessary metals was completely exhausted. The originals were snapped up quickly by owners who had heard of the virtues of "Porthole's Constant Cooker," the coal burning range brought out by the same "wizard of the galley" two or three years ago. Without a priority and a pretty fancy one at that, you can't get these stoves now, but there are no restrictions on thinking about them and wishing you had one aboard.

The pictures tell most of the story. Porthole worked out both two and three burner models based on the same general design. There is a grating over each burner with a cast top filling in the space between. Lids are provided to make the top one continuous heated surface when preparing large and varied meals for a husky crew. These stoves can be made up in stainless steel, monel, or other metals. Any open flame burner may be used, burning bottled gas, kerosene, or alcohol.

The cubical member, of course, is an oven designed to fit tightly over one of the burners. The row of holes near the bottom is part of the draft adjusting mechanism which works hand in hand with the vent in the back. Such vents and the attendant smokeheads are usually provided only with ranges using solid fuel, but Porthole claims they do wonders here in keeping the galley and cabin both cool and free of the odor of expended fuel and other fumes.

In case you're interested in just how one of these stoves would fit in your galley the dimensions are as follows: Two burner — 21″ wide by 12½″ deep; three burner — 32″ wide by 12½″ deep. For further details get in touch with W. R. Chamberlain, care of Rudman & Scofield, 277 Pearl Street, New York City.

FYBR-TECH: A LIGHT WEIGHT WALL FINISHING MATERIAL

HERE'S the latest thing in plywoods for interior use, a material called Fybr-Tech and consisting of wood veneer or plywood core, with sheets of vulcanized fibre glued to both faces with phenolic resin glues, the type used in manufacturing waterproof plywood. Fybr-Tech is available in thicknesses from 3/32″ to 1″ and the sheet sizes go up to 4′ by 8′. It is extremely light in weight, running about ¼ to ½ the weight of aluminum, and therefore should work in very well for interior use in high speed yachts where the saving of weight is so important.

The fibre used for the faces is a specially made rag paper product combining resistance to tearing and bursting, and high tensile strength. In these respects it compares favorably to commercial and industrial fibres used in the walls of trunks, as a backing for abrasive wheels and such uses. To resist bruising and scratching it is comparatively hard, but the finish is without glaze in order that it may take paint well. There are no joints in the fibre surface even in the largest panels. There is no "come and go" in the fibre.

Thicknesses of Fybr-Tech up to ⅛″ are three ply, with one wood core and two fibre surfaces. Thicknesses of 3/16″ and up are five ply with three wood veneer cores. Weight per square foot is about one pound for the ⅜″ thickness with others in proportion. The tensile strength is 15,000 pounds per square inch.

The material may be worked with ordinary tools which permit punching, sawing, shearing, planing, and bending. The thinnest sheets can be bent to radii as little as ½″. It is being used extensively in the interiors of modern busses, trolley cars, aircraft and trains. The flying boats recently built by Vought-Sikorsky for trans-Atlantic service by the American Export Lines made extensive use of a special construction of Fybr-Tech containing the fibre backing, a balsa wood core, and very thin walnut facing. The total thickness was ¼″, and the weight less than 3 ounces per square foot.

Technical Plywoods, 228 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, are the manufacturers of Fybr-Tech.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Dependable Champions make dependable engines

MORE VITAL · MORE DEPENDABLE THAN EVER!

Boat owners will be very conscious of the necessity for more careful and economical maintenance of their craft this year. Many of these craft will undoubtedly be performing many useful services in the national defense scheme.

In any case, and in the interest of our national economy, it behooves every power boat owner to keep his boat in the most efficient condition. Here is where spark plugs play a very vital part. They should be checked, cleaned and adjusted at regular intervals, for old, worn-out, or carbon encrusted spark plugs destroy engine efficiency and economy at its source. If you need new spark plugs, install Champions—the spark plugs champions use.

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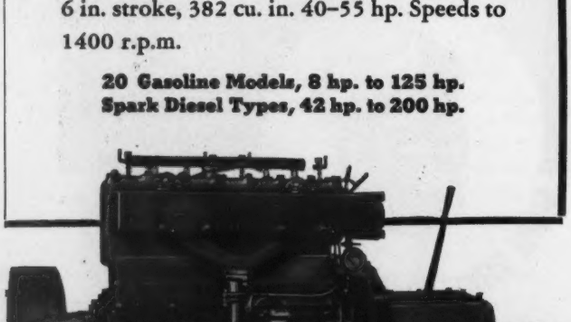

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BAHAMA CRUISE—UNRESTRICTED

(Continued from page 21)

but that's no problem in those waters. From the several boatmen offering their services, we selected Abraham, a Negro who appeared as old as his Biblical namesake but who handled his aging sailing charge as Fritz Kreisler handles a fiddle. How those baggy-sailed, loose-footed, shallow-keeled affairs go to windward will remain a mystery, but go to windward they do.

Harbor Island, what with a motion picture in the making there and some conviviality-swapping with a couple who had been there for weeks on a 36-foot ketch and who had no desire to leave, held us for three days and two nights. Then we were off for Little San Salvador, some 80 nautical miles to the SSE but a good 100 miles as *Pinta* sailed, with the Egg Reef memory still very, very vivid. It was a series of long and short hitches, with the seaward ones ever ample. Just before dawn, the dead reckoning showed Cat Island must be uncomfortably close and dead ahead. The jib was doused and the fore eased until there was a liberal luff. It was a caution well taken. The first light showed the rocky Cat dead ahead and no more than three miles off. Coming about, we headed southwestward and luffed our way into three fathoms of water around the western end of the island and in the lee of a jutting point.

Here was another spot productive of curses over the brevity of a two weeks' vacation. It was Wednesday of the second week. Miami was nearly 300 sailing miles away and we had yet to see Abaco. The shore-going hiking was ended at dusk and, at 9:30 p.m., we were again on the way. Caution still with us, the course was well out to sea. At 3:00 a.m., the log showed we had cleared Eleuthera Point and could head in but the skipper had no arguments against his decree to hold on until daylight.

The recently-acquired urge for safety, plus a lightening of the breeze, combined to postpone picking up Abaco Light until 4:10 p.m., when it looked as good to us as it must look to the mariners who see it as their first American landfall on trips from Europe to the Gulf ports. The last of daylight had faded when the light finally lined up abeam, and the navigator turned in a little boner that added a couple hours more to reaching an anchorage on the west side of the point.

The detailed chart (British) indicated a lone clump of trees well to the north of Southwest Point. Bearings on the light and a clearly visible clump of trees indicated a course which didn't appear to make sense but, as any errors would be on the seaward and safety side, we took it. It was 9:00 p.m., and the navigator was listening to some nasty cracks, when the constantly plumping lead finally went from "no bottom" to a scant three fathoms — and suddenly — and the anchor went down.

The cause of the added mileage was evident next morning. Since that chart was made, some British equivalent of the C.C.C. must have been at work on the island. There are clumps of pine trees, clumps of palm trees, and clusters of high, spiky sisal plants easily mistaken for "clump of trees" on the chart. In the darkness, we had picked one of the innumerable uncharted clumps and rounded a "point" already rounded.

The Little San Salvador schedule was repeated, a day of shore going that included a close-up view of Hole-in-the-Wall, the unusual natural bridge on the Atlantic side, and a 9:00 p.m. (and damned reluctant) shove-off for the last leg of the cruise.

The gods that rule the weather did their best to ease the pain of that homeward leg. It was a glorious sail all of the way home. Stirrup Cay, some 36 nautical miles from that Abaco anchorage, was abeam in a little more than five hours. Two sights during the forenoon made sense and the noon latitude sight was fun for any embryo navigator — it was the longest day of the year, with the sun's declination 23.6° and our latitude 26° :09′. Tossing a little more southing in the course, Great Isaac showed up just off the port bow at 1:00 p.m.

At 2:30, it was abeam and *Pinta* was traveling as though someone had sprinkled her matronly fanny with rocksalt. Darkness found the loom of Miami clearly visible and, at 11:30 p.m., with a breeze that had been building up since sundown getting downright fresh, we were heading into the ship channel after half an hour of cussing the maze of flashing neon signs ashore that makes this problem none too easy.

The cruise was over. There had been no superthrills, no material for lies to future generations. Somehow, I thought of the old wheeze of the New Bedford whaling skipper who returned with empty casks after four years and remarked: "Nary a fish, but we sure had one hell of a swell sail."

The squall, the only one of two weeks, hit half an hour after the riding light was plugged in. It was a dandy. *Pinta* started dragging her hook triumphantly toward a mudbank, stopping reluctantly only when a second anchor went down. From somewhere in her timbers a voice said, quite distinctly: "You guys had it too damn easy!"

SOMEWHERE OFF-SHORE TONIGHT...

SOMEWHERE off-shore tonight in the darkness, the Commodore sits in the deckhouse of his cruiser, peering out over the waters, maintaining his vigil of watchfulness, guarding our shores against a surprise attack.

As a member of the Coast Guard Reserve he has enrolled himself and his cruiser in his country's service for the duration. Patrol duty keeps him constantly underway.

Many and many a night the weather "out there" gets pretty nasty—wind and spray whip through the night—the seas are not at all gentle with small ships.

Let 'er blow. During nights like these the Commodore wears a self-satisfied smile on his countenance. He radiates confidence. He has no fear of the elements.

His cruiser is a husky Matthews "38".

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NAVAL SMALL CRAFT IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

(Continued from page 28)

bilities have been extended to Supervisors of Shipbuilding for the approval of plans as well as the inspection of actual construction. Supervisors of Shipbuilding are located at all principal shipyards; in certain areas, they are responsible for the supervision of work being carried out in the many small shipyards as well as the larger shipbuilding by the principal yard.

The duties of supervisors are not confined to plan and inspection work. These offices provide information on general Naval procedure and requirements, approve orders for the purchase of materials, designating whether the inspection shall be made by the representatives of the Naval Inspectors of Material or Naval Inspectors of Machinery, or at the builder's yard by the ship inspectors. Priorities, essential in obtaining material, payments and other contractual matters must clear through these offices. Changes in plans, substitutions of other materials for those specified, consideration of modifications in details of construction to suit local conditions — all these matters are referred to the Supervisor for action.

The progress of building is perhaps the greatest responsibility of each Supervisor. While expediting construction is the foremost consideration and the gladly accepted responsibility of each builder, the Navy representatives study progress, attempting to anticipate delays and to assist in preventing and overcoming them by reference to the Navy Department for action compatible with the whole program.

To carry out these functions, the organization of Supervisors' offices includes regular and reserve officers qualified in hull construction, machinery, electrical and ordnance installation and operation; experienced naval architects, marine and electrical engineers; inspectors qualified by actual experience in building and operating ships; and clerical personnel to deal with correspondence and records.

Inspection forces are on duty at each shipyard so that they may be always on hand to follow the details of construction. In addition to seeing that plan and specification requirements are followed out in construction, the inspectors are occupied with many unlisted tasks. They witness tests of compartments for strength and tightness, tests of machinery and rigging, inspect material delivered to the yard before it goes into the ship, test welders, and train new inspectors. In yards new to Navy building, they pass along their experience with Naval requirements and procedures; with newly organized yards, they assist by advice in getting the new force into production. They assist the ship's personnel by familiarizing its members with the details of the new ships, and by the preparation of test records and machinery history.

As has been the case in all phases of the defense program, difficulty has been experienced in expanding inspection forces to meet present needs. The expansion, however, has provided a peculiarly appropriate niche for many men whose advanced age has precluded their acceptance into active service or in production, and whose earnest desire is to contribute their knowledge and experience to their country. There are many, also, whose experience qualifies them for inspection duty, and whose ordinary employment has been interrupted by the present emergency. Frequently, inspectors find themselves on duty at yards from which they have previously taken private ships to sea as master or chief engineer.

SINCE our entry into the war, many of these men have found the urge to go to sea too compelling to ignore and they are now in active service. Those remaining in inspection may be assured that their service in assisting the steady flow of new ships and replacements is equally valuable.

The pleasing sense of accomplishment which one naturally feels in observing each tangible step forward in the construction of these small ships has been replaced, since December 7th, by a grim satisfaction as each event in their building is completed — a satisfaction deeply felt by each shipbuilder, each man on the job, and the Naval personnel. To those intimately connected with the details of the work, there are many such milestones — framing, planking, testing of the first compartment, installing the engines — but the first generally understood event after the keel is laid is the actual launching. The added significance of this operation is that immediately following — sometimes within a few minutes — another hull is started on the same stocks.

Following the floating of the vessel, the completion of the machinery is pressed and, as soon as work reaches the stage when the ship's completion can be accurately predicted, official trials are scheduled. Prior to taking the ship to sea, complete tests of all machinery and electrical equipment are run and the main engines are operated, with the vessel alongside the dock, to make final adjustments. Following the dock trial, the builder takes the ship to sea for a complete rehearsal of the official trial to ascertain that performance requirements will be met. Trial requirements are speci-

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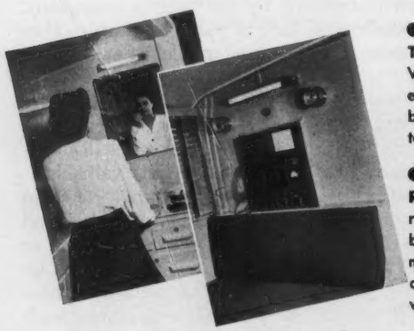

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fied in detail in each contract; in borderline cases of performance, additional tests may be requested to remove any doubt of the vessel's capabilities. The official trial is witnessed by members of the Navy Board of Inspection and Survey whose recommendations affect acceptance of the vessel for Naval service. The Board is composed of officers of long experience in ships of all types, whose critical inspection is based on comparisons with other ships and a thorough knowledge of the military requirements of each type.

With the exception of the high speed PT's, trials of Coastal Defense craft are not as thrilling as those of high speed destroyers with their "crash" stops — from full speed ahead to full speed astern while moving through the water at 40 knots. However, even though the speeds of these smaller ships are more moderate, there is always the keenest interest to see what each one will do on test and each builder goes on trials with the hope of surpassing the performance of a sister ship built at a rival yard.

On the day of trials, the Trial Board arrives ready to put the new boat through her paces. The men of the builder's trial crew are at their stations; they always operate the ship until her delivery to the Navy. The ship's complement already on duty at the shipyard is on board, standing by their future stations as observers.

Drafts are measured to determine the trial displacement, and fuel and water tanks are sounded to verify the ballasting. Observers are stationed and instructed in their duties of recording data on machinery performance: temperatures, r.p.m., electrical readings. The mooring lines are hauled in, the ship leaves the dock, and the trial is on.

The engines are slowly speeded up until the required conditions for full power are reached. When the ship has steadied down at full speed, watches are started and the full power test has officially begun. Leaving the observers at their stations to take readings on signal at regular intervals, the Board begins its detailed inspection.

The inspection proceeds along the weather decks, observing arrangements of deck structure and fittings (noting clearances in passageways), scuppers, boat and life raft handling and releasing gear, masts and rigging, vents from fuel tanks and magazines as regards screening from water and fire. Fire plugs are observed for suitability of location and ease of operation; pressure of the fire main is checked by playing hoses over the side. Doors and ports are critically observed as to location and operation. The location and foundations of the ordnance gear — guns, depth charges, antiaircraft guns — are critically noted, particularly with regard to the arcs of fire and supply of ammunition.

Below, structural details, welding, joints and fastenings, are inspected. Floor plates are lifted to examine the bilges for drainage arrangements. Magazine spaces are entered to investigate stowage racks, safety devices, insulation and ventilation. Storerooms are examined for arrangement of shelving and convenience of handling stores, in and out. Ventilating and heating systems are operated to check their efficiency of operation and to see that blower outlets and heaters are properly located. The galley and messing facilities are given an operating test by the feeding of the trial party, usually more numerous than the normal operating crew.

With the ship still proceeding at full power, the steering gear is tested. The wheel is turned from hard over port to hard over starboard, noting the performance of the gear, the time and force required for major changes of angle, and the steering qualities of the vessel under the severest conditions. Emergency steering arrangements are tried and the time required to shift from primary steering to emergency is noted.

The full power run is now nearly completed. When the official watch indicates the test is over, full speed astern is signalled from the bridge. The engines stop, the screws reverse, and the ship quickly begins to move astern. The vessel continues to back until she has satisfactorily demonstrated her ability to meet the backing requirement, operating the steering gear during the run.

Full speed ahead is rung up and the ship seems to surge ahead as the propellers bite in.

The ability of the ship to answer rapid changes in speed is further tested by a rapid fire series of engine orders from the bridge. Times required to respond to bridge signals are taken. These tests put the trial crews on their mettle; the decrease in recorded times noted in succeeding trials of vessels of a class at each yard demonstrates forcibly the results of training and the capabilities of the new machinery in the hands of a seasoned crew.

When deep water is available, the anchor gear is tested. With engines stopped, the anchors are let go, stopped to test all braking arrangements, and let run to sufficient scope to test thoroughly the hoisting power of the windlass. They are hove in, and the speed of hoisting is noted. The stowage of the anchor in the hawse pipe, or the operation of the anchor davit where deck stowage of the anchor is used, are also critically observed.

The anchor test completed, the ship proceeds to the trial course for speed runs over a measured distance to determine the speed characteristics over the ground relative to engine speeds. Several runs are made at each

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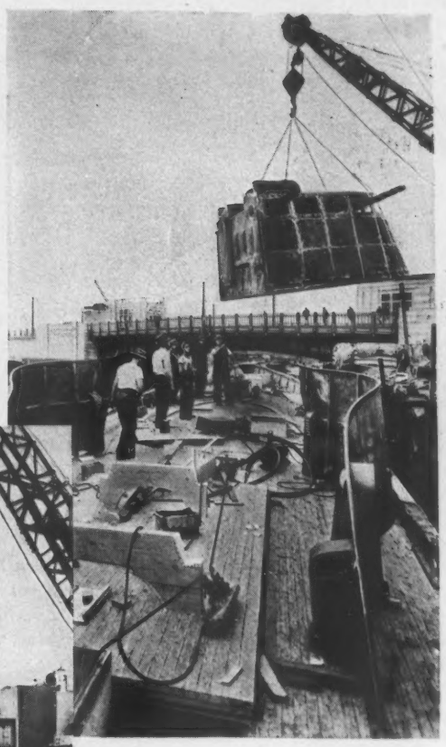

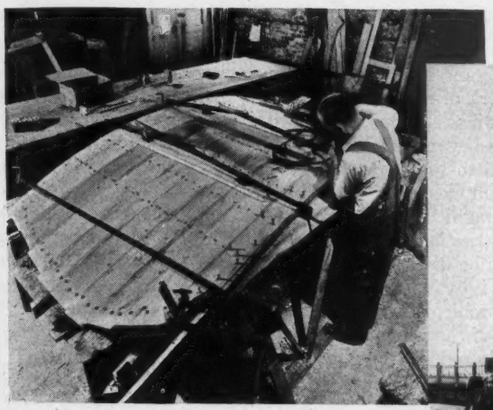

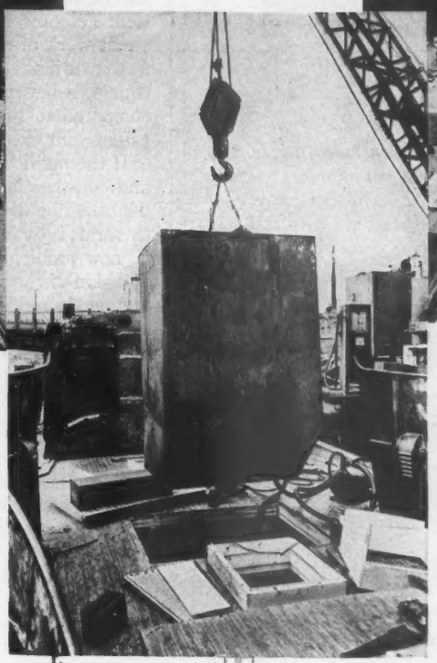

Above: **IT SHOULDN'T SURPRISE YOU** to find screws of Everdur going into the transom for this staunch 83-footer. Everdur screws also fasten all hull and deck planking. The finished cutter below is but one of many being built not only by Wheeler Shipyards, but also by other leaders in the industry that serves your pleasure in peacetime, and your security today.

Above: **LOWER AWAY!** And into position swings a welded Everdur pilot house—made by the Gerstein & Cooper Co., South Boston, Mass. The wings already standing in position are also constructed of Everdur. Here's why: because EVERDUR Metal combines strength, *plus* corrosion-resistance, *plus* weldability, PLUS non-magnetic properties.

At left: **DOWN THE HATCH** goes the copper-silicon gasoline tank, also made by the Gerstein & Cooper Co. These tanks are made of this unique alloy for the same reasons you find them in so many well-built pleasure craft — high strength, rustless, and welded.

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speed, in reverse directions to neutralize the effects of current and wind. A minimum of six such runs is required for the full speed run which determined the optimum performance of the ship.

When the last speed run is completed, the trial skipper sets his course for home. Still another small ship has passed her preliminary tests qualifying her for the more severe ones to come in action with the Coastal Defense Fleet.

The opinions and assertions contained in the accompanying article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval service at large.

SIXTY-FOUR TONS OF SHIP ON WINGS

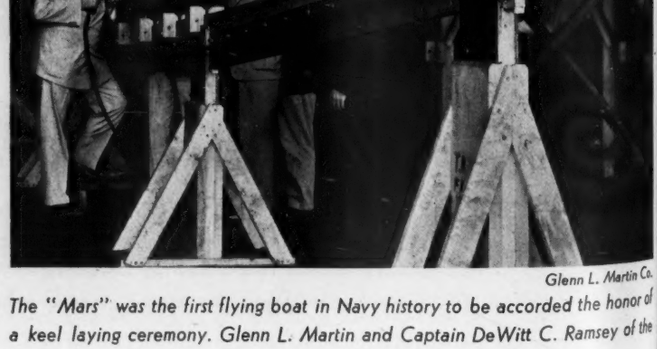
(Continued from page 41)

and fairing the lines in the mold loft is much like yacht and ship construction. Tolerances, however, are much closer than in ship or even the finest yacht work of comparable size. The half breadths of the completed ship at the various stations are held to an accuracy of less than 1/16". That, of course, is beyond the realm of ordinary shipbuilding but it is as nothing compared to the work on the wind tunnel models where, with calipers, gauges and files, accuracies of .002" are obtained.

If the public were permitted to examine the countless details of design and construction in this great ship, many most interesting items would doubtless be disclosed. However, Martin engineers stated that, although this craft is by far the largest flying boat ever built, mere size alone brought no new problems in materials and methods of construction. The framing and skin of the ship are almost entirely of aluminum alloy, partly riveted and partly welded. Spun glass is used for insulation because it is not only extremely light in weight but also because it absorbs no moisture. The instruments, navigating gear and armament are all on the secret list for the present but some time they will be a story in themselves. However, it is interesting to note that there is 7½ miles of wiring in the ship, almost 2 miles of pipe and conduit, and over 3,000,000 rivets.

Though christened and launched last fall, the giant craft has not yet flown, so carefully is the work of testing and final adjustment carried out. But the *Mars* will be in the air soon. When the great ship flies, it will be interesting for those on the water below to know that the slim looking wings spread out 200 feet wide; that, actually, they are slim only in comparison to the 24-foot high hull, for mechanics stand upright in walking out within the wings to adjust and service the engines; that living and operating accommodations of the ship are arranged on two entirely separate decks.

The normal crew of the *Mars* is eleven men but there are sleeping accommodations for thirteen and, as a troop transport, 150 men and their equipment could be carried. Figures for air speed and cruising range are not available but it has been said that the fuel capacity is about that of a railroad tank car and that the Navy will be able to fly the big ship to Europe and back without a stop. The same quantity of gasoline would run a medium powered 35′ cruiser about 2000 hours and drive her almost 20,000 miles.



Glenn L. Martin Co.

The "Mars" was the first flying boat in Navy history to be accorded the honor of a keel laying ceremony. Glenn L. Martin and Captain DeWitt C. Ramsey of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics drove the first rivet

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

(Continued from page 42)

"Boy, oh boy, what a pleasure not to be taking it on the chin from Spun Yarn."

I NOTE that blood banks have been established in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Rochester, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and suggest that you call up the Red Cross and make arrangements for donating a pint of your blood to Army and Navy. But what gets me about the cities cited is that not one of them is located in the Deep South. Are Virginians, Georgians, Alabamans, Carolinians, Louisianans and Texans who may be wounded in the war to have no vital fluid from the veins of their own hot-blooded kinfolk? Have they got to go back into the fray with the blood of Northerners chilling their arteries? It looks to me like rank discrimination, and I offer my opinion to Dick Nugent for what it is worth.

I SEE that George Roosevelt's *Mistress* is flagship of the New York Yacht Club fleet and that the flag of the vice commodore will fly from a 30-footer. O Tempora, O Mores. . . . O hell, as Sherman said.

ELECTRICITY AND THE AUXILIARY

(Continued from page 38)

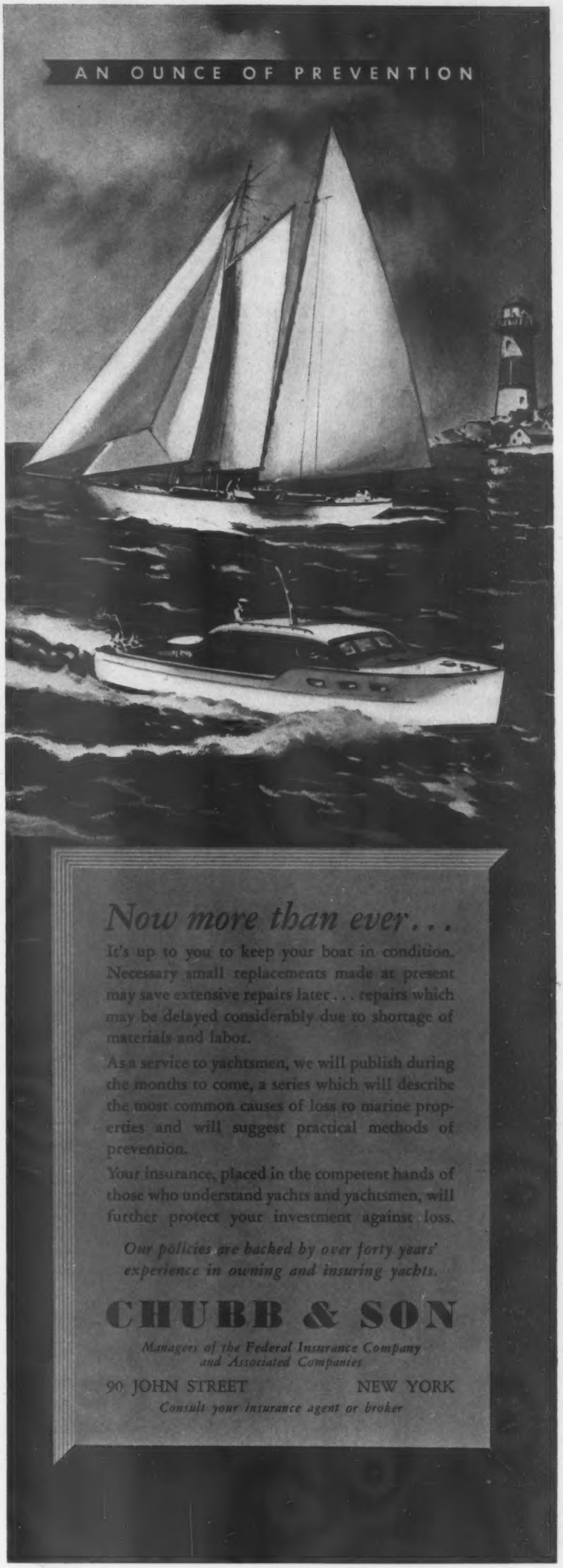
voltage loss is ordinarily considered to be a good working compromise.

The common way of keeping track of electrical energy whenever a storage battery is used is to use "ampere-hours." Thus, a 120 ampere-hour battery is able to discharge 6 amperes continuously for 20 hours. In computing the size of the components of the electrical system, it pays to estimate as accurately as possible the total number of ampere-hours which will be consumed over a given typical period, such as a week. The current each lamp, pump, radio and other device uses should be multiplied by the number of hours it is normally operated. The sum of these figures is the total amount of energy that is consumed. From this figure should be deducted approximately three-quarters of the number of ampere-hours which the charging generator may be expected to replace in the battery over the same period. The remainder, if one unhappily exists, is the deficit of energy which must be made up in one way or another. (The factor of three-quarters used in conjunction with the charging rate is approximate and subject to variation. It is used to cover energy consumed in starting the engine and that lost by the fact that a storage battery is approximately 85 per cent efficient.)

IT IS essential that any deficit be made up as soon as possible. Storage batteries have been made so reliable that the tendency is to take them for granted, yet the fact remains that a battery remains efficient and dependable only when kept well charged. Frequent discharges tend to remove the active chemical from the plates and severe loss of storage capacity results. Eventually, the chemical deposit on the cell bottoms becomes deep enough to short circuit the plates; the battery is then worthless. Slow overcharging results only in the dissociation of the electrolyte into hydrogen and oxygen. If not carried on at too great a rate, this effect is not particularly harmful.

For most purposes, the maximum desirable charging rate is 30 amperes. If this rate, multiplied by about three-quarters the number of hours a 30-ampere generator can be expected to operate, will not keep the battery fully charged, it is necessary to go to a higher voltage at which potential the various loads require less current, as shown by Table B. It follows that the greater the load, the greater should be the voltage at which it is operated. This may run into serious complications with respect to the starting and ignition system of the main engine. If an ignition system is not available at the voltage best suited for the rest of the electrical auxiliaries, there is nothing to do except to split the two systems and use separate storage batteries operating at the two suitable voltages.

THE use of a single voltage and a single battery possesses one advantage worth retaining if possible. This is the ability to charge the main battery with the small generator should the battery be allowed to become so discharged that the main engine cannot be started. The small generators are readily started manually, and a short period of operation is usually sufficient to place the battery in condition to handle the propulsion engine. This is a valuable asset on the safety side of the ledger. It is, of course, possible to charge the starting battery from the higher voltage lighting battery if a dropping resistor is used to limit the current flow. Unfortunately, a great proportion of the power given up by the lighting battery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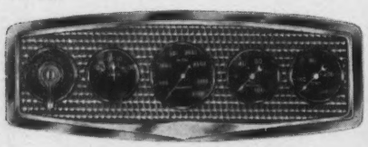
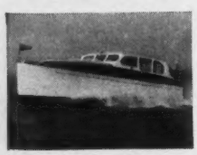
38 miles per hour is developed by this 1942 Century "Sea Maid 17" Runabout, powered by a Gray Phantom 6-103—with controls by Stewart-Warner.



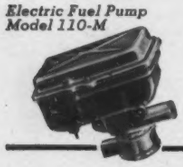
The Ensign for runabouts and cruisers having narrow control boards comes in either mahogany, black wrinkle, or engine-turned finish. It's typical of the Stewart-Warner line —complete, accurate, beautiful!



Richardson identifies this as the "33-2" for 1942—33 feet long, Gray-powered, and including Stewart-Warner instruments as standard equipment.

All Instruments Meet Navy Quality Standards

Electric Fuel Pump Model 110-M



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appears as heat in the resistor, and the efficiency suffers consequently. This is important when every ounce of energy is obtained at a relatively high price.

The use of two separate batteries complicates the charging situation to some extent. The simplest scheme is to employ a separate charging generator for the lighting battery which is operated by its own gasoline engine. These sets have proved reliable and the best of them may be purchased at amazingly low figures. The chief problem is to use them without annoyance. Being high speed machines, they are noisy and their portability limits the size of muffler which can be mounted directly adjacent to the cylinder. Many yachtsmen prefer to store them in a locker and to bring them on deck when the battery must be charged. A waterproof socket connected to the battery is mounted on deck, and the generator is plugged into this fixture when charging is to begin.

Almost any yachtsman anchoring near a boat charging her battery in this fashion will testify against it willingly but the system is simple, efficient and entirely suitable if the charging is to be done in a lonely anchorage with no one aboard who minds the racket. If it is possible to mount the engine below and to isolate it, mechanically and acoustically, with rubber and sound absorbing material, a fixed installation allows the use of a good muffler. There remains the problem of what to do with the heat which the air-cooled engine gives off at a surprising rate. Provision must be made to vent this outboard if the cabin is not to be heated unduly.

FOR many years, water-cooled charging sets designed for permanent installations have been available. Until recently, these have been almost prohibitive in cost, but the trend seems to be toward greatly lowered prices in this field. If you plan to buy in the future, this type of machine will probably be most satisfactory in the long run.

If the main engine is used for extensive periods, it may be used to drive a second generator, as already mentioned. This can operate at any voltage and thus is eminently suited for supplying the higher voltage lighting battery. Unless the engine is to operate for long periods, a voltage regulator is almost a necessity. This maintains the generator output at its full value through a wide range of engine speeds.

The use of a second main engine-driven generator as the sole source of lighting circuit power is generally suitable only for cruisers and motor-sailers. The true auxiliary does not operate under power sufficiently long to take care of any system large enough to justify the use of two batteries. There is no reason, though, why the main engine-driven generator cannot be used as the basic source of power, and a charging set installed to help out in the pinches. Direct current generators of this type operate successfully in parallel and, while it is better not to exceed a 30-ampere charging rate, no harm will come if both generators are inadvertently operated together for a short time.

If you are one of the fortunates who moors his boat to a dock each night, the gasoline charger may be dispensed with in favor of a battery charger operating from 110-volt power ashore. One yachtsman of my acquaintance has fitted his craft with a deck plug designed to receive shore current and it is necessary only to throw the shore cable aboard and to plug it in to have almost unlimited quantities of power aboard. (We'll deal more with this subject later.) It is sufficient to mention, though, that the standard battery chargers seen in every garage provide a silent and efficient means of keeping the battery in good condition.

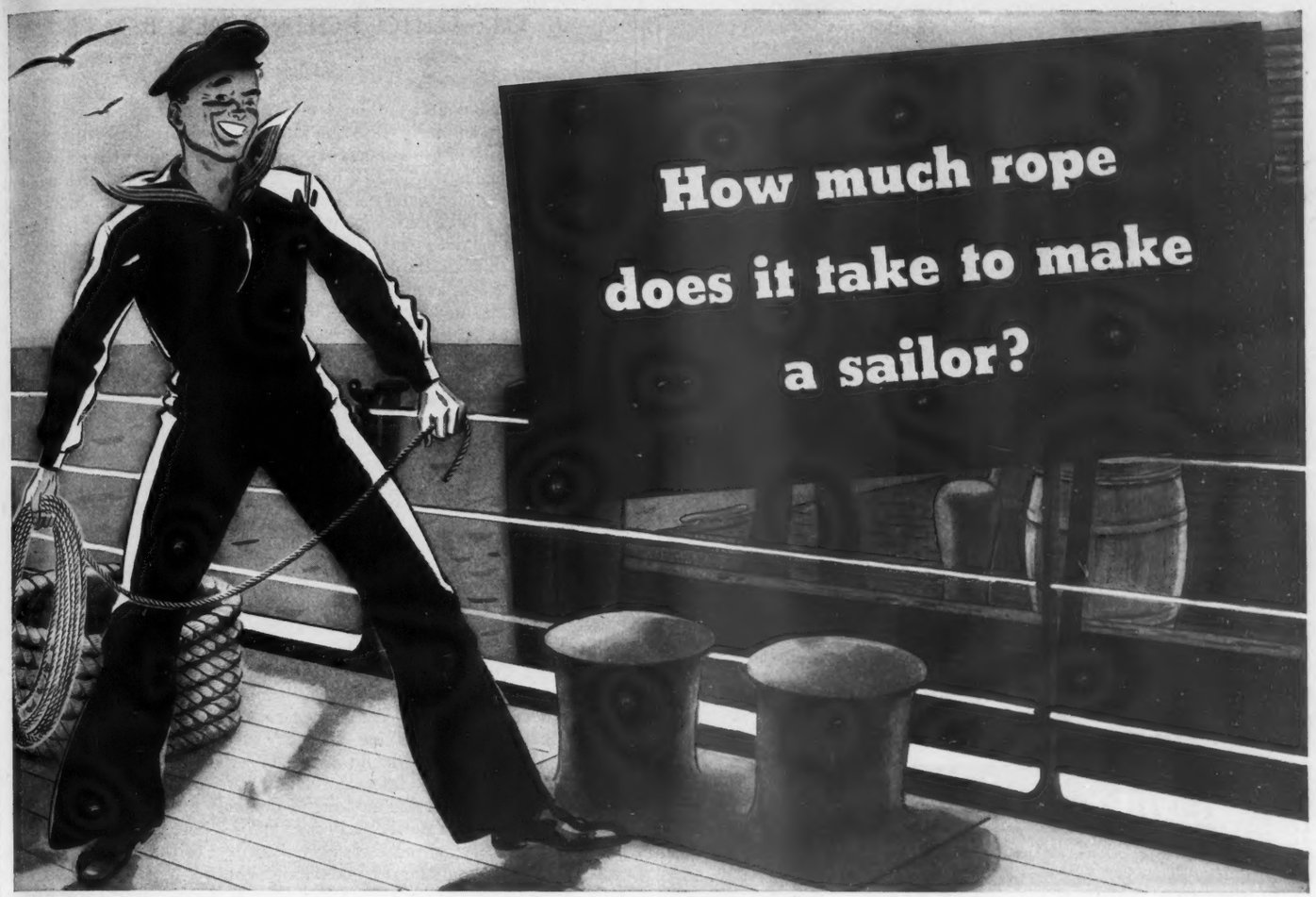
TABLE B

LOAD CURRENTS OF VARIOUS TYPICAL AUXILIARIES

	Current Consumption			
Equipment	*6 volts*	*12 volts*	*32 volts*	*110 volts*
3 candlepower lamp	0.75	0.44	....	....
6 candlepower lamp	1.2	0.66	....	....
15 candlepower lamp	2.1	1.2	....	....
21 candlepower lamp	2.9	1.5	....	....
32 candlepower lamp	4.3	2.2	....	....
50 candlepower lamp	7.1	3.6	....	....
10 watt lamp	1.7	0.83	0.31	0.09
15 watt lamp	2.5	1.25	0.47	0.13
25 watt lamp	4.2	2.1	0.78	0.22
50 watt lamp	....	....	1.6	0.44
100 watt lamp	....	....	3.1	0.88
Horn (average)	20.	10.	6.	....
4" ventilating blower	7.	3.5	1.25	0.35
Small pump, bilge or fresh water type	6.	3.	1.	0.31
Cabin fan, conventional type, small size	4.5	2.25	0.87	0.25
Radio receiver (average)	8.	4.	1.5	0.5

Note: Data on capstans, sail hoists, radio transmitters, and starters should be obtained from the manufacturer, as they vary greatly.

(To be continued)



ANSWER: All the Manila rope this country can produce . . . because alongside sailors we must now include soldiers, marines, plus the 17 workers required to equip every single armed man.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!
That stab-while-smiling attack unleashed War in the Pacific and interrupted the normal trade movements of one of Uncle Sam's vital materials—Manila fiber from the Philippines.

That's why our Government now has wisely taken over all existing stocks of Manila fiber for production of rope FOR WAR USE ONLY—leaving the needs of yachtsmen to be filled by rope made from other fibers.

PLYMOUTH WARTIME ROPE is now made to fill the needs of yachtsmen and for other civilian uses. It is composed of the finest sisalana fibers available and is approximately 80% as strong as our famous Plymouth Ship Brand Manila.

This Wartime Rope must also be conserved to the best of our ability. There must be no waste of rope of any kind.

MAKE YOUR ROPE LAST LONGER. If every piece of rope used in 1942 were made to last only 10% longer through proper care and handling, the country's stockpile would be increased by 15,000,000 pounds!

HOW BOAT OWNERS CAN NOW HELP OUR WAR EFFORT: Take better care of your rope. Give careful instructions to any men working for you. A few simple instructions are sufficient, if carried out.

FOR INSTANCE, dry rot can be prevented by storing rope in a dry, unheated place with free air circulation. Overloading and breakage can be prevented by estimating rope loads on the Plymouth Tensile Strength Table. This now is doubly important, since the Wartime brand has approximately 80% the tensile strength of our regular Plymouth Manila.

SO PLAY SAFE, BE THRIFTY, HELP UNCLE SAM WIN. For complete information on rope conservation, send in coupon for our free booklet telling you how to make rope last longer.

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You may send me a copy of the new Plymouth book "Making Rope Last Longer."

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THE OHIO POUND NET BOATS

(Continued from page 31)

the sail of the pound net boat might be worth experimenting with. It does not seem likely that the false gaff would wholly destroy the windward ability of the sail, as compared to a jib-header; the convenience of the single halliard would be retained, yet the additional area required to make a good all around mainsail or mizzen could be obtained without having to use a lofty mast with its expensive and otherwise objectionable standing rigging and fittings, and with but little increase in weight. Compared to the gaff sail, the only loss would be the inability to drop the peak; it must be remembered, however, that only few gaff-rigged boats can actually do this, anyhow, due to the design of their gaff jaws. By topping up the boom of the pound net boat sail in reefing, and by having some method of securing the false gaff, the remaining sail would serve as a try-sail. It seems doubtful that the false gaff would develop any unusual weakness, even in a heavy seagoing cruiser. At any rate, the experiment is worth consideration.

THE POOR MAN'S YACHT CLUB

(Continued from page 51)

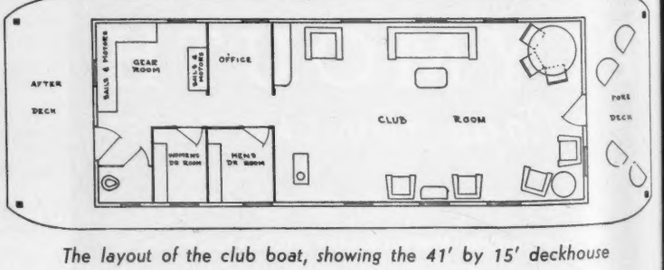
remained a moot question. It was at this point that the commodore produced the proverbial "ace in the hole."

Notwithstanding a cash offer, the Queen City members were willing to sell to us at less than cost and on a deferred payment plan at that, in this way trying to help us launch our venture. To take advantage of their generosity, Barnes suggested that each member make a voluntary, non-interest bearing loan of at least ten dollars to the club, all notes to be repaid within three years. By having the thirty members enrolled do this on a staggered basis, the $300 which was asked for the boat could be paid in four installments at 90-day intervals. Dues were to be raised to $18 per year, this sum to cover the mooring of the craft while allowing a balance to amortize our debt slowly and cover unforeseen contingencies. The response was gratifying; members oversubscribed to the point that money was available not only for original purchase but for repairs and for buying part of the furnishings as well. A bargain was struck with George Henry, commercial harbor operator, and a rate of $17.50 was agreed upon as a monthly mooring charge, this to include beaching the craft in the fall and launching her in the spring. With the arrangements settled to the satisfaction of all, the down payment was made and our new pride delivered to her moorings.

What a beauty she was (to our eyes, at least)! She was a barge-ended scow 54 by 19 feet, with a stoutly built deckhouse approximately 15 by 41. She was a real river boat, even to the catwalks and hog chains. Her planking varied in thickness from two to four inches of good, sound timber, fastened in traditional river style with hand-wrought iron boat nails. We were proud of her as she rode at her slip, but it wasn't long before we stopped gaping and, rolling up our sleeves, fell to with a will.

ROME wasn't built in a day, they say, and our club boat certainly wasn't either. With all labor strictly in the volunteer class, work proceeded rather slowly at times. First on the list of things to do was the preparation of blueprints by our "engineering" force. With these as a guide, a wrecking crew moved in and ripped out partitions, which cluttered up the interior, as well as many odds and ends nailed to the outside. While this work was going on, several of the gang, more familiar with paint brushes than the rest, attacked the exterior. We found the bulk of the white work in excellent shape and left it alone, but the trim was of a color and condition hard to appreciate. After changing this bilious, faded green to a cheerful shade of blue, our spirits shot up like a rocket. Our burgee was emblazoned in paint on both cabin sides for all the world to see and each of us trotted up the bank at least once to pass judgment on the boat's improved appearance.

Our lone electrician worked overtime running wiring for fluorescent



The layout of the club boat, showing the 41' by 15' deckhouse

lights, outlets and fixtures, while the carpenters (comprising the rest of the membership) rebuilt the interior to form a lounge 30 feet long and 15 wide, two good-sized dressing rooms, a toilet, gear room, and office. With part of the boys busy hanging doors on the new rooms, the rest worked on the windows until each could actually be opened (though not any too well). At this point, we became painters (without union cards).

Nor were the wives and sweethearts idle during this time. Curtains and draperies made their appearance almost magically, a tribute to the ladies' skill and an acknowledgment that our sailing interest is not limited entirely to the men. Secretary Manning sent out a call for furnishings and slowly they trickled in — a stream of material we were saved the necessity of buying. Little by little, we are completing the list of essentials and bringing the transformation nearer.

FISHING FOR "STRIPERS"

(Continued from page 39)

asked, I call attention to the accompanying photograph of Hornbostel's skiff and also pass along the rough specifications of the *Black Duck* for those who prefer an inboard-powered boat.

A cedar-planked skiff, put up on seaworthy lines, is ideally suited to this work. Light, constructed of ½" by 5" planking, she is easy to launch from the beach and easy to handle with oars in the surf until she is beyond the breakers; then the motor can be started. Further, a light skiff can easily be loaded on a two-wheeled trailer. A 14-footer will accommodate two anglers in grand style; three can fish from her without uncomfortable crowding. And a 14-footer really can take a lot of sea. When it is too rough to launch a boat that size with safety, an amateur fisherman should stay ashore no matter how large a surf boat he may own.

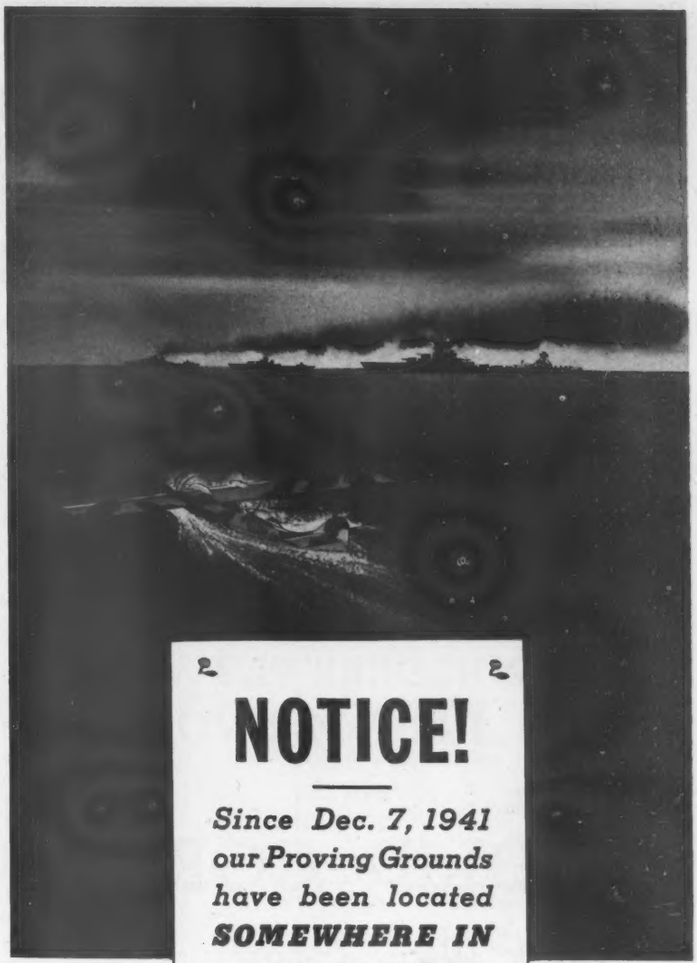
Novices considering a boat for this sport often demand more freeboard than is compatible with the dictates of safety. Since two knots or less is the most efficient trolling speed, affording but bare steerageway, additional planks in the topsides beyond those demanded by conservative requirements for perfect seaworthiness prove a headache instead of insuring added safety. A light skiff with too high a bow is unmanageable in a mild breeze unless the motor is gunned. Thus, except on a glassy sea when she answers to the rudder while the motor is idled to minimum trolling speed, such a skiff produces scant striper action.

Novices probably exaggerate freeboard requirements because they keep in mind the fact that the boat must be launched through the surf. They forget that most bass are hooked while trolling at dead low speed, just beyond the outside breakers. Therefore, they need a boat in which they can edge in close to the breakers, trolling parallel to shore while always ready to nose into a wave which threatens to break down farther out than the average. When that happens, an angler wants his boat to answer the instant he throws the rudder hard over. True, he keeps a hand on the throttle but some motors resent sudden gunning after idling for an hour. The answer is that the bow should have plenty of lift but be no higher above water than normal seaworthiness dictates.

A TOP speed of 8 knots is ample. Hornbostel relies on a 4 horse power outboard. The *Black Duck* is powered with a 2¾ horse power air-cooled motor swinging an 8" by 6" propeller. Regardless of the type of motor, keep the exhaust above water. My first efforts in a 26-foot sea skiff with an 85 horse power motor proved disappointingly unproductive until I installed a "Y," with valve controls, in the usual underwater exhaust line through the stern so that the motor could exhaust out through the side, well above the boot top, when I trolled for stripers. That boat promptly became the bass-catchin'est rig along the coast! In a 14-foot skiff which can be launched from the beach by a couple of anglers, the same requirements as to the exhaust hold true. Bass rarely sit still when there is a racket under water.

I also soon learned that bass were none too coöperative when the motor refused to run evenly at very low revolutions. Further, a squeal or rumble in the shaft bearing invariably cuts down my catches. Vibrations through the water from such sources apparently scare stripers.

There are a number of minor points which are worthy of consideration. Rod holders fashioned out of short lengths of hose often prove convenient when trolling. A good seaman always secures an outboard motor with a stout safety line against possible loss overboard. When launching or beaching the boat, lash rods and gaffs well. A spare cranking rope should be stowed aboard. Don't compromise on the strength of rowlocks. A towing ring in the bow, close to the water line, often comes in handy, particularly when it is desired to haul the boat up the beach with a car or a block-and-fall. In an inboard-powered skiff, a well-insulated motor box provides a fairly comfortable seat. Just forward of that is the ideal location for a roomy, watertight locker, substantial but constructed of light materials, in which to stow clothing, tackle and gear. One can't be too fussy about stowage facilities for extra gasoline carried along for motors provided with small tanks.



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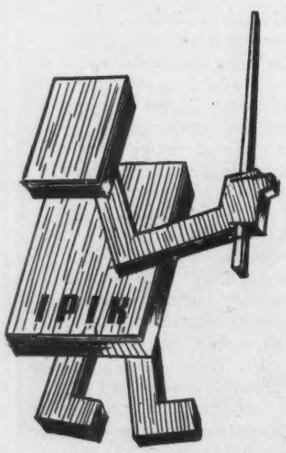

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SALES AGENTS

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE CAPTAIN

(Continued from page 48)

I had gotten used to her irritating manner of mothering me and she and I were great friends. At the time, she was going into a long-winded, discussion on saving a part of one's earnings. What she was saying didn't interest me, but I listened because I liked her and liked being near her.

This time my attention was divided. Not over a hundred yards from us was a schooner from which I could hardly keep my eyes. She was about seventy feet on deck, clipper bow, topmasts, sparkling white hull with light blue trimmings. She had the graceful strength in her lines achieved once in a blue moon by a designer and seldom duplicated. Years later, at Marblehead, I had the same thrill when I saw the first *Tioga*, one of the finest little ships that ever left a drawing board, in my modest opinion.

This schooner — let's call her the *Polaris* — had attracted me from the first moment I saw her. Then and there, I decided that if I ever had a boat of my own, that's what she would be like.

No woman likes divided attention and a wandering eye, even if she is talking only to her steward. Mrs. Lambskin was no exception.

"Your touching interest in what I am saying is flattering. Are you trying to stare a hole in that boat, Boris?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Lambskin, I was just admiring her. That's the kind I would like. I wonder who owns her."

"Well, I don't know, Boris; someone in 'Frisco. She's chartered to a Mr. Pillsbury who, by the way, is coming aboard some time today."

That pleased me. I was anxious to see a man who could charter and sail such a boat. A schooner seemed to me the ideal seagoing type and the *Polaris* the embodiment of seagoing perfection.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Pillsbury turned up. Tall, handsome and with a ready smile, he captivated me instantly. Just the type to own such a boat, I thought. He went aft to join the Lambskins and I reached the after deck only a second or two later, with a tray full of iced glasses. I had prepared them when I saw him board his tender. I wanted to be on the spot in the hope that the conversation would drift around to his boat.

After hurrying through the polite how-are-you-I-am-fine-preliminaries, he launched into a tale of woe.

"I had the nasty experience last night of having my skipper come aboard drunk and trying to bust me one."

After the *Ah's!* and *Oh's!* had melted in the sunshine, he continued.

"Yes, sir, he was boiled. Came aboard about midnight and I had just turned in. I heard him floundering about, came on deck to see if he was ill and found him trying to play a tune on the halliards. I told him to go below and he took a pass at me."

"What happened then?" This from the Lambskins.

"Well, nothing much. I laid him out and then took him ashore and had him tossed into the jug. He's still there. I won't bail him out, either, until the case comes up. He can rot there for all of me. That's not so bad in itself, but I have to go to Chicago immediately, and the yacht must be returned to San Francisco. What to do I simply don't know. I phoned 'Frisco and Los Angeles and, of course, no one is available right off the bat."

The practical Mrs. Lambskin had a suggestion. "Why don't you leave her here until the agency sends someone?" she asked.

"Bad, Mrs. Lambskin, very bad. When I am away the boat may lie here weeks. And at the rate I'm paying for the charter, plus penalties for the delay, it'll be something near the edge of bankruptcy. Besides, I want to know who takes her up."

For a while, further conversation was barren of any acceptable ideas. Then, suddenly, dear Mrs. Lambskin produced the perfect brain child.

"I tell you what, Zeb," she said, "let's loan Mr. Pillsbury our Captain!" Mrs. Lambskin looked around, pleased. "We were going to take it easy, anyway, and you can go to LA by car if you have to." All smiles now, she continued: "Whether the *Cassandra* lies around Wilmington or in Santa Barbara really doesn't matter."

The idea was good; it was so good it practically floored me. Mr. Lambskin was all for it, anxious to help his friend out of a difficulty so easily. Mr. Pillsbury pondered the offer for a moment. Then he said:

"Does your Captain have any experience in sail?"

It was now Mr. Lambskin's turn to go to town.

"Experience in sail! Why, my dear man, you should see his record! He was sixteen years in sailing ships before conditions forced him into steam."

Mrs. Lambskin was not to be outdone. "He's a real sailor. You should hear him tell about his experiences in windjammers. I doubt if there's anything afloat under canvas he couldn't handle."

Mr. Pillsbury was pleased. "Well, that sure is handsome of you. It'll help me out, and I'll see to it that he isn't sorry."

Everyone was pleased but me — and I was sweating blood. Fate had carefully worked out all the details, perfectly timed.

At that moment Max leisurely walked aft. Immaculately dressed,

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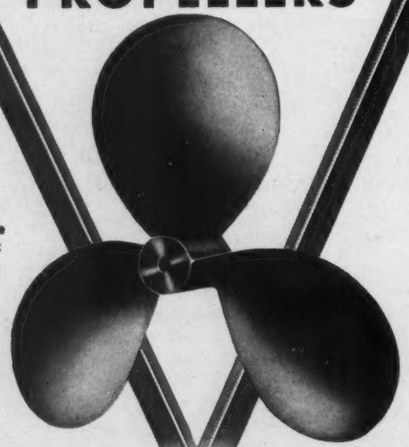

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debonair and self-assured, tanned and happy, he was, nevertheless, a cooked goose.

Max was introduced, and without further conversational frills Mrs. Lambskin exploded the firecracker.

"Look, Captain, we want you to help out Mr. Pillsbury and incidentally make yourself a little cash. He lost his skipper and must return the *Polaris* to San Francisco immediately. So we felt you wouldn't mind doing it. Anyway, you would probably enjoy getting back into sail."

I couldn't see Max's face. It was just as well — my nerves aren't made of iron. If I sell this story I expect to be paid so much a word. If I tried to do this scene justice I could probably retire for life.

Max fought gamely to the last ditch. He advanced a number of arguments, only to see them dissipated into dust. His sheet anchor was the contention that he couldn't leave the *Cassandra*, that she would be unsafe without his expert care — but he was cornered. Every thrust was expertly parried. They used his own weapons — his purported experience, his love of sail. He gave up just this side of trouble, warned by a slight change in Mrs. Lambskin's voice.

It was decided that he would depart that afternoon. Just enough time out to pack his duffle while Mr. Pillsbury waited to ferry him across to the *Polaris* to start him off.

Head high, Max went to his quarters. Refilling the glasses, I advanced the lame excuse of getting last minute instructions and followed him. In Max's stateroom we closed the door and windows and stood facing each other. I spoke first.

"You can't do it, Max! The best way out is for you to pretend you had a heart attack and go to a hospital for a few days until the *Polaris* leaves."

Max was pale, but determined. "That's out, Boris. Nobody would fall for that gag. They'd get a medico and he would see that I am as healthy as an ox. I just got to go through with it."

I became panicky. "It's impossible, Max. You're insane! Just because you learned the levers on this mechanical flea doesn't mean you can handle a schooner! Why, I'd rather see you skipper the *Leviathan* across the Atlantic than sail a dory across the harbor!"

The reader might well question my extreme anxiety. Several times during stays in port I had hired small sail boats and I had acquired an unholy respect for the mysteries of canvas and wind. But Max was resolute. He just couldn't give up.

"I'll try it . . . Once out of the harbor I'll manage. If I don't try I'll lose everything."

"Max, I implore you! Run away, play sick — anything — but keep your hands off the *Polaris*. You can't do it. That's one thing you can't bluff. You can't fool the sailors. You're cutting your throat, deliberately, and with your eyes open."

I might as well have talked to a wooden Indian. Max listened, packed, and within half an hour was aboard the *Polaris*.

The end came quickly. I shall refrain from dramatics and simply relate the events as they passed before me as if in a play.

Max and Mr. Pillsbury walked around the deck of the schooner and then went below. After a short while Pillsbury returned to the *Cassandra* in one of our tenders with all his luggage which, apparently, had already been packed. On the *Polaris*, meanwhile, the sailors were removing the sail covers. On the *Cassandra*, the Lambskins, Mr. Pillsbury and I were aft, leaning on the rail, watching. The entire crew was forward, also leaning on the rail and watching the departure of their skipper.

The *Polaris* had an efficient crew. The mainsail went up in jig time, followed by the foresail. Then the clanking winch announced that the anchor was coming home. Suddenly, the clanking stopped and the headsails went up. Pillsbury swore.

"Why, the damn fool is getting his heads'ls up before the hook!"

The winch resumed its clanking. Max was aft at the wheel. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the *Polaris* filled on the starboard tack and started sailing. The clanking winch accelerated its tempo. On the *Polaris* the men were sheeting home the canvas. The schooner gathered speed and was now rapidly approaching us.

I could see Max clearly. His face was gray, distorted with fear, and he was clutching the wheel as if it were his last hold on life. Pillsbury was swearing vilely and loudly. The *Polaris* was coming toward us and would have cleared us by the length of a boat hook, if — if her anchor, which hadn't broken water, had not fouled our cable. A yell from forward on the *Polaris*. A yell from Pillsbury. Max let go of the wheel!

With morbid fascination, I saw the *Polaris* jibe over and crash into *Cassandra*. Her bowsprit went through our hull like a needle through a pincushion. The *Cassandra* heeled. Everybody yelled. *Polaris'* foretopmast came down like a tree and, still hanging by the springstay, swung down on the deck like a giant flail. Poor *Polaris!* There she was, defiled. Poor *Cassandra*, wrecked by her own skipper!

As in all accidents, the inevitable crowd congregated instantly. It seemed that everything afloat on the Pacific Coast was around the two ships within a few minutes. As through a haze, I saw Max clutching his left side

(his heart trouble must have been genuine now), board a small power boat and depart for shore.

That is really the whole story. I'll just gather a few loose ends.

MAX went to a hospital and claimed severe heart attack. Nobody could understand what happened except Pillsbury, who insisted that Max was a fake. Right after Max's departure we were in a mess. No one knew what to do. The two ships with but one captain who wasn't a captain were deserted by him.

Mr. Pillsbury aboard the *Cassandra* and a trumpet-voiced individual on the *Polaris* finally crystallized into the leaders. With a lot of bellowing and the help of the greater part of the sightseeing fleet, the two vessels were pulled apart. By nightfall, the *Polaris* was again anchored alongside and the debris partly cleaned up. Mr. Pillsbury went ashore with Mr. Lambskin to see Max and to notify the respective insurance companies. Mrs. Lambskin and I sat in the lounge, discussing the accident.

The bubble had burst and I was scared. I finally broke down and told Mrs. Lambskin the whole story, sparing no details and outlining the whole fraud. She was a great gal all right. She listened to me attentively, without interrupting. When I had finished, she was as kind as ever.

"You realize, Boris, that Max will be slapped in jail? And they might slap you in, too, for good measure; you were an accessory, or something."

"I know, Mrs. Lambskin — I know — but what to do?"

"Well, there are always two ways to handle anything, Boris, the right way and the wrong way. The only out is to keep the matter from the hands of the insurance companies and thus out of court. I'd like to help you; besides, I still sort of like Max. I think if the damage is not too costly I can get Zeb to pay it and we'll squeeze out of it that way. He can do it without batting an eyelash."

And this is exactly what happened. The whole explosion, so dangerous, simmered down to a damp fizz. Mr. Lambskin agreed to settle for the damages. (I suspect his wife told him that if the matter got into print he would play the rôle of a gullible fool.) Mr. Pillsbury departed for Chicago, and good old Max vanished from the hospital without a trace. Later, I found that he walked out of the hospital and went to Los Angeles where he drew all his available money. Then he disappeared. I never heard from him and I never saw him again. He, of course, didn't know about the settlement of the damage by Mr. Lambskin.

THE *Cassandra* was taken to a shipyard where she was repaired and then laid up for the winter. The crew was dismissed. The Lambskins offered me a job as houseboy on their estate, but I refused. I had run across two chaps who were planning a cruise to Cocos Island in search of the elusive treasure (they, too, had the only authentic map) and were willing to let me in on the ground floor for a small consideration. However, that is another story.

LONG ISLAND SOUND RACING— WHAT NEXT?

(Continued from page 35)

introduced, and things have now reached a point where a few new ultra-fast boats make the large majority of Stars obsolete except where they race only against others of their own caliber.

Bedevilled for years between the wishes of the "development group," which is always trying to make its Stars faster and faster, and the "stand patters," who asked nothing but an even break under strict one-design conditions, the Star Class rule-makers may have erred a bit in striving to hold the interest of the former, thereby bringing about a condition where money makes the mare go. As the situation now stands, one group or the other is likely to be frozen out of the class.

A SOLUTION one occasionally hears suggested is to divide the Stars into two groups, one with its rules "frozen," as of a few seasons back, into rigidly enforced one-design form, with restrictions on haul-outs, new sails and whatnot; the other opened up even more than at present for development purposes. (For the latter group, we offer the name of the Mare Division.) I have a hunch that some skippers who now go in for the latest and hottest stuff, in order to stay in the competition, would settle back into the more stable group with a sigh of relief if this were done. It would probably complicate the problems of the I.S.C.Y.R.A., however, by making it necessary to hold two world's championships instead of one. Another suggestion that has been offered, to take care of the present situation on Western Long Island Sound, is to race the Stars in two divisions, the older boats up to, say, No. *1500*, and the newer boats. For the next few seasons this certainly has possibilities.

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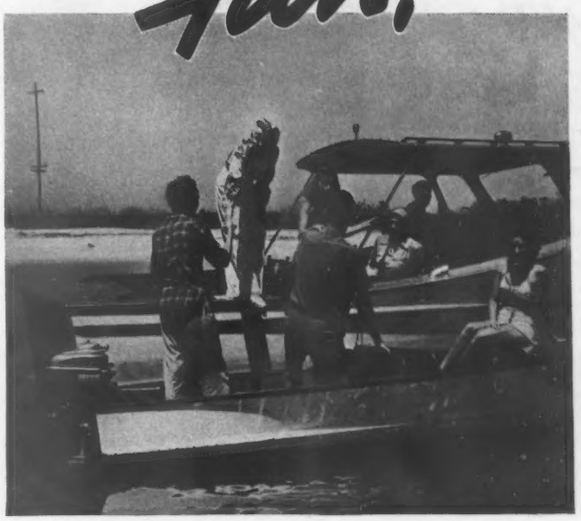

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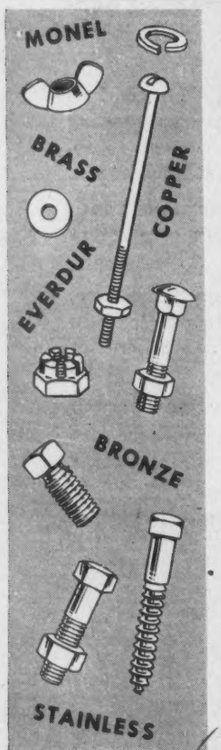

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But aside from all the above considerations, the thing that got the Y.R.A. in an uproar a year ago, and that is on the minds of many racing men and officials, is the falling off of interest and participation in the championship regattas — perhaps not in actual numbers but in relative numbers compared to the growing fleets of small boats. In 1940, Y.R.A. officials were alarmed over the fact that, with hundreds of potential racing craft owned around the Sound, only 178 entered for the Y.R.A. championships and, of those, only 80 sailed races enough to qualify. The special committee referred to above brought in a report recommending (*a*) class option as to the percentage of races in which a boat must start during the season to qualify; (*b*) weekly publication of class series standings; (*c*) giving second and third place medals for the season in classes whose numbers warrant it and (*d*) getting out a weekly news letter to Y.R.A. members.

I THINK the first-named move was the most effective. Some classes, such as the Internationals, whose skippers can never get enough racing, boosted their requirement to sixty per cent of all title regattas. Others, such as the handicap and cruising boat classes, whose members are more interested in long distance racing and cruising than in matinee races; and the Stars, which have special racing series of their own outside the Y.R.A., reduced it well below the old requirement of 50 per cent. Last season, while only one more boat entered for the championship than in 1940 (179 entries), twenty-three more, or 103 of these boats, qualified. These figures represent a greater increase among the active classes than appears on the surface because a lot of the larger boats that raced in 1940 were on the beach last year.

But the fact remains, and it irks the Y.R.A. no end, that ever-increasing fleets of smallish boats in places like Seawanhaka, Cold Spring, Eastchester Bay, Manhasset Bay, Hempstead Harbor and Riverside do most of their racing in their own harbors, and appear with the Sound fleet only on special occasions — Larchmont Race Week, for instance, or when their home clubs happen to be holding the day's Y.R.A. regatta.

This condition is bound up with the decrease of the average size of yachts racing in two ways. One is that a few club and race officials still gear their regattas to the requirements of big boats and neglect the small fry even to the point of sometimes not bothering to put out special marks that the circulars direct them to round. You can hardly expect skippers in such classes as the Snipes to like this. The other consideration is that, no matter how the size and speed of the boats shrink, the distance from Execution to Center Island or Greenwich Point buoys (in either direction) is still more than ten miles, to which must be added the distance to those points from harbors lying beyond them. It was no great chore with a Ten-Metre or a "Thirty" to get from Cow Bay or City Island down to a Seawanhaka or Stamford regatta. But for a Star, "One-Ten," or Snipe, with her lack of conveniences and speed, to cover the same ground, sail a race, and get home again, is a major and, frequently, an uncomfortable undertaking, especially when breezes on the Sound, especially in the morning, ain't what they used to was. Towboats still make it possible but the chances are that, for the next few seasons, towing, even if organized on a community basis with one power boat handling eight or ten racing craft, will be out of the question. Cruising auxiliaries can make these trips easily, of course, but you can't build up a big racing fleet on the basis of Week-Enders, Coastwisers and handicap cruising boats. To most of the men who own those boats, matinee regattas are of minor interest and on most week-ends they'll either be off cruising or competing in overnight and coastwise races.

ONE suggestion, for which we are indebted to Fred Wright, chairman of the Manhasset Bay Y.C. race committee, and which a number of racing men consider well worth trying, is to split the Y.R.A.'s sphere of activity into two districts, each with its own weekly regatta, and then decide the Sound championships by bringing together the half dozen leading boats of each class from the two districts, either in certain designated central regattas during the season or for a three-race title series in September. This would involve a dividing line approximately between Matinicock and Playland. The majority of boats would be in the district west of this line but sponsors of the plan believe that a weekly Sound regatta held in the waters roughly between Greenwich Point and Oak Neck, would bring out, regularly, boats from Cold Spring, Seawanhaka, Stamford and Riverside that now find it impossible to race in more than a few Sound regattas.

Under such an arrangement, some clubs would have to run more Sound regattas than they do now but, since they now run both Sound and harbor regattas, often the same day, this would entail no more hardship on the clubs, especially if they were content to run things on a simplified scale. A number of classes, such as the Internationals, would be wholly contained in one of the other districts. Others, such as the Atlantics and the Stars, would work up to a season climax in the inter-district championship series, which would take on a degree of interest transcending the regular weekly regattas.

This latter point brings up a point that is important to the sport — that of publicity. When I started covering yachting for a New York daily,

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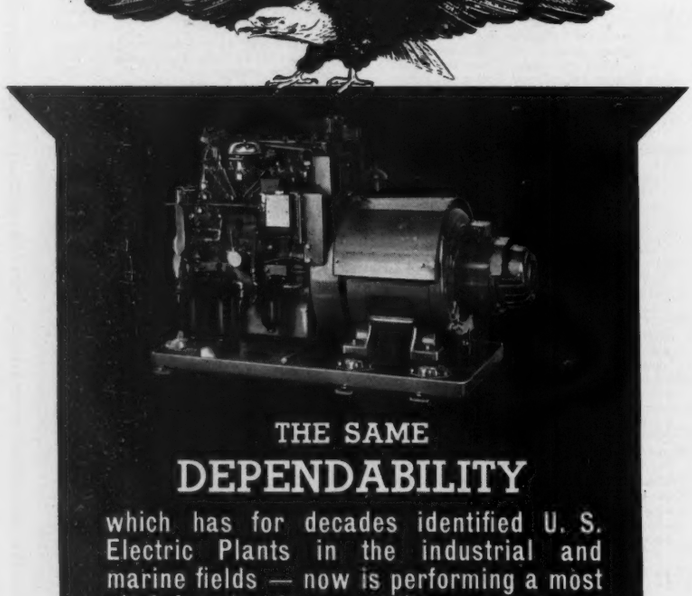

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in 1927, it was a "glamor sport." It was spectacular, it lived in an aura of big money and it involved a lot of "big names." It was followed avidly by many thousands of readers who knew less than nothing of sailing, many of whom probably had never even seen a yacht race. This made it worth big space to editors and publishers. In fifteen years, this condition has completely changed. Fifteen Internationals may have the world's finest race but they are no such popular spectacle as an America's Cup race, or a New York Yacht Club cruise in big yacht times. The big names and the big money have largely disappeared from the game.

From a competitive standpoint, I believe the situation is better than it was then. Hundreds of ex-landlubbers have "taken up sailing" and thousands of readers keenly interested personally, or through friends, follow the sport more closely and intelligently than did the reading public whose yachting hero was Sir Thomas Lipton. But their numbers, from a circulation standpoint, do not compensate for the strictly landlubber public which bought papers to read about the (to them) incomprehensible but fascinating doings afloat of yesteryear. Editors and publishers, unfortunately, have sensed the drop in non-participating reader interest without having fully grasped the rise in participant interest and, when their yachting specialists point this out, they suspect (and quite rightly) that we have our axes to grind. Newspaper space for anything is vastly harder to get these days and we're having a tougher and tougher fight for what we can get of it.

Further decentralization of the game, locally, would make this all the worse. Stories on a dozen club races on a Saturday or Sunday would cover more actual competitors than Sound regatta stories do but, from an editor's standpoint, it would be expensive and unwieldly, if not actually physically impossible, to cover these. Furthermore, any editor, reading accounts of the same few boats and men racing in the same place week after week, with the same winners usually leading the list, would tell you it wasn't worth what little paper it was printed on. "We don't cover sand lot baseball," they'd tell you, and baseball is one of the sports editor's sacred cows. The present difficulty of getting even a few inches for Frostbite dinghy racing, which was once eight-column-line stuff, is a prime example.

Ocean racing, international, national and intersectional racing have public interest today, and it's the stuff on which we have to depend for our space. If the sport can't give us that, and can't educate editors and publishers to understand that there's interest in such events, no matter how small the boats involved, it'll have to struggle along on a starvation allowance of newspaper space.

What the sport of Sound yacht racing may be like next summer, or the next, nobody knows. I hope some of the suggestions made here may help to keep things alive. Certainly, we aren't going to see a great deal in the papers about yacht racing, and I thank God for such magazines as Yachting in which we'll be able to read about boats and sailing, current, past or future, as the British are able to do in their yachting publications, which are carrying on nobly.

YACHTSMAN, MIND YOUR T & T!

(Continued from page 24)

This is especially applicable to sail boat races and, most of all, to one-design class day races. While even offshore races are sometimes won by playing the tidal currents at the start or finish, selecting an optional course, such as The Race, or the Gut, at the entrance to Long Island Sound, according to where the tide starts to run your way first, it is the little fellows who gain or lose most by their knowledge or lack of it as to the tides.

This knowledge includes not only knowing *where* the current runs strongest and to use it when you're going its way or avoid it when it's against you, but also an accurate knowledge of *when* the current turns at various points along the course. It should be constantly remembered that the turn of the tide (that is, when it starts to rise or fall) and the time when the tidal current starts to run in the opposite direction, are two entirely different things. Not only is there a discrepancy in time of as much as two hours in some places but the difference between full low tide and slack water is never the same in any two places. It's quite a game, well worth the careful study of the racing and also the cruising skipper. It's all to be found in the Government Current Tables and the Coast Pilots' sailing directions. Government Tide Tables should, of course, be carried, chiefly to give you the depth of water at any given time when navigating where the water's spread out thin; but the Current Tables are of much greater value when it comes to getting there first in a race or with a minimum of effort when cruising.

Of course, there are many fine bodies of salt water where the tides and currents are of little importance but in spots like Fishers Island Sound or along the Maine Coast, they loom large. I recall how one young skipper always used to win — well, almost always — with his Bull's Eye, even when

he sailed a boat other than his own. Part of it was due to his skill with the sheet and tiller but, I believe, much more to his accurate knowledge, based on study and experience, of where the tidal currents along the usual courses sailed were strongest.

As we all know, abnormally high tides are frequently dangerous results of heavy storms. The famous, or rather infamous, New England hurricane of September 21st, 1938, brought such high tides with it that boats of all descriptions were carried sometimes a mile or more from the normal shore line. At New London, the 120-foot steam lighthouse tender *Tulip* was most inconveniently deposited across the tracks of the New Haven Railroad. At Fishers Island, a 60-foot schooner was placed safely and gently on a shoal so far from the channel that it took a dredge over a week to dig a channel to her. A small cruiser was lifted over the piling of the dock and dropped on an even keel upon the dock, without a scratch. But another was caught half way over the dock and, when the tide dropped, she dove head first to the bottom. There's not much to do to guard against cases like that. Some small craft are purposely flooded and sunk at their moorings before the tide or wind can wreck them; after the storm, they can be raised in as good condition as before. Of course, a boat is safer against these extremely high tides at a mooring than at a dock; but be sure, when you put down your mooring, that there is enough scope for such a contingency if you can do so without taking up too much room for swinging.

So far, we have discussed chiefly the first of the two "T's" which the contented yachtsman would do well to mind. We have shown, however, how the second "T," Time, is often directly associated with the first "T," Tide, and so will add just a few hints in which time is disassociated from tide. The first is: When planning a cruise, allow sufficient time for the enjoyable features of cruising that come when anchored — the early morning plunge over the side and the more deliberate swim in late afternoon; the little adventurous journeys in the tender; a bit of quiet fishing, and a lot of not so quiet gamming. When on a cruise in a small boat, meals are much more enjoyable if eaten in a quiet anchorage, even at the sacrifice of an hour's delay in getting off in the morning or selecting a somewhat nearer port for the night. And, by all odds, the best time of day on the water is early in the morning; so plan on early starts and early anchoring for the night.

Use Time carefully, just as you use Tide. For neither Time nor Tide will wait for any of us. But both of them can become mighty good friends and powerful influences in making a cruise a continuous joy and complete success or in winning a race.

WARTIME REGULATIONS CONCERNING BOAT OWNERS

(Continued from page 63)

principal items required for fitting out are concerned, the situation is still very much as described in the article "Don't Give Up The Ship" in our January issue. Hardware and supply dealers' shelves are well stocked with paints, hardware, fittings, and other equipment. Although since January 1st copper and copper base alloys have not been permitted to be used in the *manufacture* of pleasure boat equipment, there are no restrictions on the *sale* of whatever was manufactured prior to that date. Manila rope is still the only product for which there is ordinarily a heavy demand at fitting out time, which probably will not be obtainable this year. The rope situation is as follows:

Manila Rope Further Restricted

As a result of a further amendment to OPM's regulations covering the manufacture and use of manila fiber and manila rope, boat owners will find it increasingly difficult to purchase new rope for use on pleasure craft. This amendment came through in the last week of December too late to permit correcting the article entitled "Don't Give Up The Ship" in the January number of YACHTING.

Owners of pleasure craft may now purchase rope of the following categories only.

1. Manila rope in dealer's stocks which on December 19, 1941, was in the form of cut lengths of less than 200 feet. (This rope must have been procured from the manufacturer prior to August 27, 1941, the date of the original manila rope regulation.)

2. Half-and-half, 50-50, and other half manila and half sisal, henequen, or cantala ropes which were manufactured prior to December 19, 1941. (The further manufacture of this type of rope was prohibited as of that date but there is no restriction on the sale of existing stocks.)

3. Ropes containing no manila fiber and made of sisal and other inferior rope making fibers.

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"Something NEW Has Been Added . . ."

If by chance you skipped page 11 of this issue, warnings are in order! Turn-to! Skipper, and head back to something of undeniable importance!

Good news indeed is the new feature starting soon in YACHTING. Its name: "The Yachtsmen's Swap Chest." Its purpose: to enable you and every other yachtsman to list inexpensively in YACHTING any items of gear and equipment which you would willingly swap, trade or barter for something more useful for your boat this summer. It's fun, it's timely, and it's valuable.

Turn now to page 11 for more complete details. Help a yachtsman in distress! Be a successful "swapper"!

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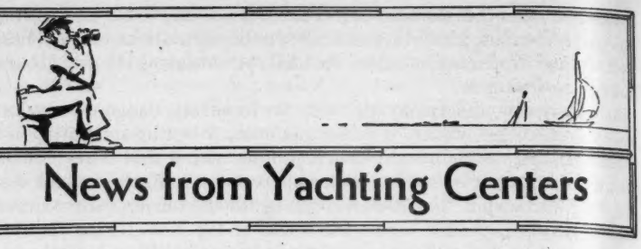

News from Yachting Centers

FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Jesse L. Carr

▶ San Francisco Yacht Harbor looks like a large mouth from which many of the teeth have been extracted. At 10:00 a.m. on Monday, December 8th, 1941, naval officials took most of the serviceable power boats over 35′ in length and capable of over ten knots' speed in this vicinity. The request was made by the Navy that the boats be turned over within twenty-four hours and the response of yachtsmen was immediate. Many were caught with their boats in partial disrepair, because of the season, with overhauling operations progressing. However, the entire list has now been taken over by the Navy and moored at Treasure Island or in the immediate vicinity where the boats are rapidly being converted to coast patrol vessels.

▶ New officers of the St. Francis Y.C. for 1942 will be: S. W. Ford, commodore; R. J. Bekins, vice commodore; A. C. Farlow, rear commodore; W. Armstrong, I. Read, and J. L. Cauthorn, directors.

The Circus Party scheduled for December 12th at the St. Francis Y.C. was held and is, to our knowledge, the first yachting event which proceeded during a blackout. This episode seemed to make little difference to the attending yachtsmen who navigated their respective courses successfully without light or compass. The annual dinner of this club was scheduled for January 19th, at which time the new officers were inaugurated.

▶ Instructions to sailors who still want to sail their boats for pleasure have been issued by Captain Stanley D. Parker, senior Coast Guard officer, and are filed in binders at the various yacht clubs about the Bay. Identification cards and permits have already been issued to a number of yachtsmen by the Coast Guard, and winter sailing is again under way. Although somewhat in abeyance during the past few weeks, enthusiasm for the spring season is now building up. Charlie Langlais has been appointed head of a committee of past commodores and executives of the local yacht clubs to work in conjunction with Bob White, Chairman of the Y.R.A. They hope to arrange a coast-wide meeting, to be held in February, to work out a somewhat attenuated but satisfactory schedule of racing.

▶ At the San Francisco Y.C., officers for the following year will be: Leonard H. Brown, commodore; Raymond A. Hall, vice commodore; Wm. W. Stout, rear commodore; Norman E. Shean, secretary; Shirley Morgan, treasurer. Directors for 1942 are: Joe P. Fullerton, Robert M. Gunn, Wm. A. La Violette, Raymond J. Millzner and Herb Van Zandt. Chosen by the nominating committee, this list was scheduled to be elected at a midwinter dinner at the clubhouse on January 17th.

▶ Fishing is again permitted outside the Golden Gate. For a time after war was declared, fishing both by commercial and pleasure boats was permitted only from Monterey Bay. At present, however, fishing boats may go through the Gate in groups under the escort of a Coast Guard patrol which stands off and on during the day.

▶ Probably the most precipitous and certainly one of the strongest of southeasterlies rose out of the night just after Christmas and lashed Northern California waters. Many marine railways were sanded in, waves broke over the Madden and Lewis docks and many of the erstwhile yachts commandeered by the Navy were caught in their somewhat exposed new anchorages, receiving various degrees of damage. Among those needing repairs are: *Pes Espada*, *Folderol*, *Sobre Las Olas* and *Bonnie Dundee II*, which is now out on the ways at the Madden and Lewis basin.

▶ Nominated officers of the Corinthian Y.C. for 1942 are: Herman Hogrefe, commodore; Dr. James Nuckolls, vice commodore; L. T. Timmerle, secretary; E. S. Howard, treasurer; Kenneth C. Jones, port captain. The election was preceded by a dinner at the clubhouse on January 28th.

More festive was the fifty-sixth annual midwinter dinner at the Corinthian Y.C., held on January 11th. This affair marked the retiring of the commodore of the previous year. Commodore Nelson Jones, who retires this year, leaves behind the most active season the Corinthian Y.C. has seen in years.

THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

By John G. Robinson

▶ Dr. J. F. Novatney, 1941 vice commodore of the Cleveland Y.C., was elected commodore at the annual meeting of the club, held on January 9th. Commodore Novatney, who has been active in the club for years, is a speed enthusiast, owner of the express cruiser *Nomae* (a 38′ Chris-Craft of commuter type), one of the fastest cruisers in the fleet. He is an energetic worker and a born leader.

Lee Wilson, 1941 rear commodore, one of the best racing skippers of the club, owner of the Class R sloop *Cotton Blossom* and the big motor-sailer *Marna Lee*, was promoted to vice commodore, and Ernest T. Kindt, owner of the 54′ power cruiser *Adelaide II*, is the new rear commodore. N. M. Schweicher continues as treasurer, and L. J. Ptak, owner of the Friendship sloop *Sea Bird*, takes over the position of secretary. New directors are N. C. Foster, R. G. Heintz, Lee Wilson, Dr. J. F. Novatney, E. T. Kindt.

E. E. Noble, first Commodore of the Cleveland Y.C., who has always been a tower of strength to the club in the most trying years of its history, was elected an honorary director for life, the first time this honor has been extended in the annals of the club.

▶ Bob Morrow, of the Cleveland Y.C., is having Norman Philpot build a pilot house on his big Bahama-built schooner *Alburys* this winter. The same builder is also making alterations on Harold Seymour's auxiliary sloop *Bagatelle*.

▶ If the Mentor Harbor Y.C. secures permission from the N.A.Y.R.U. to hold the Junior Sailing Championship races for 1942, which seems possible at the time of writing, the races will be held in the Great Lakes "21's," the new one-design class promoted by the club. In the past, the races on the Great Lakes have been held in Stars and, as these boats do not use light canvas, the Great Lakes juniors have always been handicapped in Sears Cup races on the East Coast where the events are sailed in boats using light canvas.

The Mentor Harbor Y.C. will hold two championship series in 1942. The first will start on May 24th and will run through with weekly races until July 19th, the second series starting August 16th and continuing until October 4th. In between the two series will be a few week-ends to allow members to compete in regattas held by other clubs.

The annual Inter-State race for auxiliaries, usually sailed from Mentor Harbor to Erie, Pa., will be reversed this year, with the start at the Erie Y.C., on July 18th, and the finish at Mentor. This will enable the Erie yachts to stay over at Mentor and compete in the annual Falcon Cup Race the following Saturday and the annual Mentor Harbor Regatta, July 26th.

The Sail Race Committee of the Mentor Harbor Y.C. for 1942 consists of Harold Kneen, chairman; Art Williams, judge and starter; Tom Jones, sail fleet captain; Herbert Bailey and Dick Bostwick, representing the auxiliaries; Clarence Bowers, the G. L. "21's"; Ed. Southworth, Division I; Roger White and Dick Newpher, the Inter-Lakes; Harry Smith and Hank Herbsky, the Lightnings; Howard Morris and Bob Wilson, the Snipes, and Ray Higgins in charge of the Falcon Cup event.

▶ Ray Swanbeck, of Huron, O., formerly one of the crack skippers of the Southern Lake Erie Star Fleet, graduated from the Annapolis Naval Academy in December and has reported for duty aboard the destroyer *Denton*.

▶ Robert K. Laughlin, of Oberlin, O., 1941 rear commodore of the Vermilion Y.C. and a well-known skipper in the Southern Lake Erie Star Fleet, is serving with the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

▶ Frank Maxon, of Cleveland, was elected commodore of the Lakeside Y.C. at the annual meeting of that club on December 19th. Oscar J. Netshke is the new vice commodore; George Shaef, rear commodore; Joe Parusa, fleet captain; C. G. Sterret, secretary; Frank Herbst, treasurer; Sig Mueller, measurer, and Dr. Thomas Laughlin, fleet surgeon. New trustees are: Harry Brett, George Shaef, Paul R. Gartland, Oscar Netshke and Art Mellick.

Charles (Chuck) Herbst, brother of Commodore Frank Herbst, who was acting as night watchman at the club yacht basin, was accidentally drowned on Christmas Eve. Handicapped by heavy clothing in the cold water, Herbst perished before help reached him. He was 57 years old.

FOR THE RECORD

▶ An article which appeared in YACHTING for January, 1942, "When You've Bought Your First Boat," was erroneously attributed to Harrison P. Williams. We offer apologies to Mr. Harrison P. Martin, whose name was signed to this article as author.

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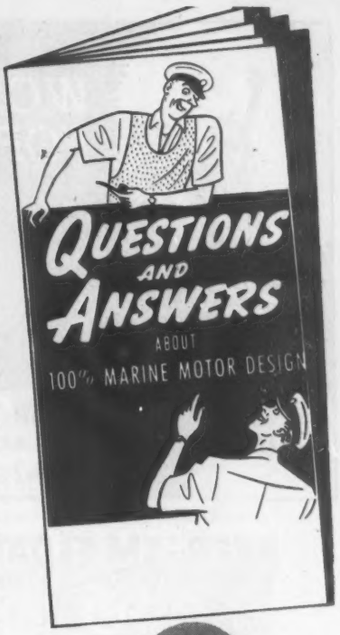

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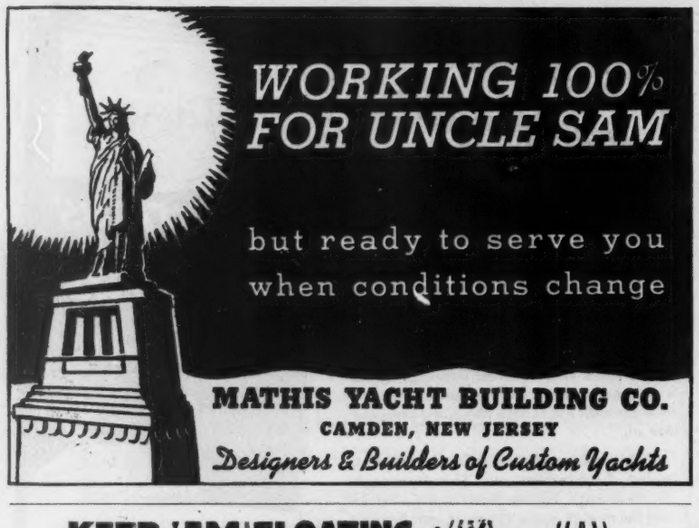

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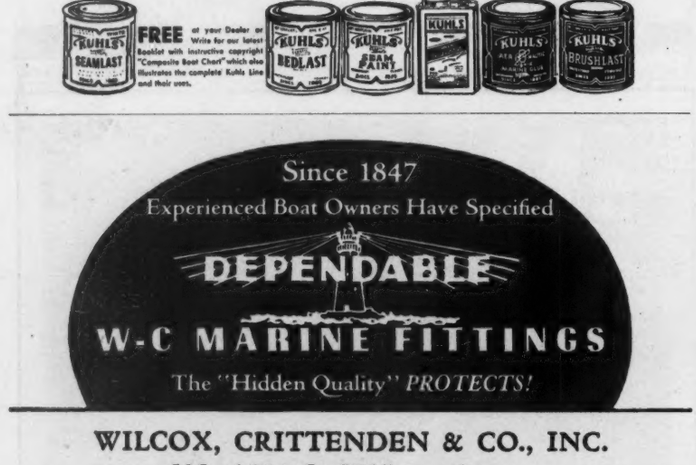

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COMET COMMENTS

By Malcolm D. Lamborne, Jr.

▶ The Conesus Lake Fleet, at Livonia, N. Y., has taken an optimistic view of Comet racing on that lake next summer, despite the war threat to the class. If all goes well, at least 50 Comets are expected out. With such a large number of boats, fleet officers are considering dividing into two parts, creating divisions at each end of the lake. Following divisional eliminations, the top skippers in each will race in the eliminations for the nationals.

▶ It is now official that the national regatta this year will come, for the first time, to Barnegat Bay. The Seaside Park Y.C. offer to stage the races off its fine clubhouse has been accepted by the Executive Committee. The dates are September 11th, 12th and 13th. The regatta is a little later in the season this year for the reason that Labor Day is not until the 7th, the traditional date for the Comet nationals being the week-end after that holiday.

While Barnegat Bay will play host to a national title regatta of the class for the first time, it is not the first championship fleet to compete there. The annual open Comet regatta held the first week-end in August by the Seaside club has attracted, for the past three years, an average of 50 Comets each regatta. Included in the entrants have been virtually all of the class champions since 1935.

▶ R. Hammond ("Bob") Gibson, former regional vice president of the class for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is serving in the Coast Guard Reserve. He was commissioned a lieutenant, junior grade.

▶ A charter has been issued to a new Comet fleet at Lake Owahgena, Cazenovia, N. Y., which will be known as the Willowbank Fleet. It is the seventy-ninth Comet group chartered thus far. Its captain is Paul Forster and its secretary is D. Manson. The fleet will begin the season with five Comets.

▶ At the annual meeting of the Comet Class Y.R.A., held January 17th, in New York, the following officers were elected for 1942: President, D. Verner Smythe; executive vice president, Rodney T. Bonsall; secretary, John J. Fernandes, Jr.; treasurer, Dr. Wilbur H. Haines. Regional vice presidents: Massachusetts, Wm. H. Neilson; South Jersey and Pennsylvania, Edward Braddock; Raritan Bay and North Jersey, John J. Fernandes, Jr.; Long Island Sound and Great South Bay, Dan Wynkoop; New York Lakes, Frank R. Hoffman; Chesapeake, Malcolm D. Lamborne, Jr.; Central States, O. E. M. Keller; West Indies, Luis Santaella; West Coast, George H. Potts. Additional members of the executive committee: Herbert L. Stone, Edward K. Merrill.

▶ The Solomons Island (Md.) fleet, on Chesapeake Bay, has elected August Seifried as captain and Henry Brylawski as secretary. . . . Lake Carey fleet, Tunkhannock, Pa., has Robert Selingo for new captain and Nat D. Stevens as secretary. . . . Harrington Moore is captain of the Medford (Mass.) B.C. fleet and William P. Conrad is secretary. . . . Irondequoit fleet, Point Pleasant, N. Y., elected Ted Sweet, captain, and Jerome J. Foley, Jr., secretary. . . . Niles Hammick is captain of Rocky River fleet, in Cleveland, and Dorothy Keppler is secretary.

DETROIT RIVER AND LAKE ERIE NEWS

By Walter X. Brennan

▶ The Detroit Power Squadron has organized a class for seaplane pilots as the first attempt of the Squadron to assist aviation in the national defense effort. While plans are under consideration to form a group of seaplane pilots as a unit in either the Civilian Air Patrol or the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, the Squadron is offering the pilots free instruction to fit them better for whatever activity they take up. Most airplane pilots have little experience around the water and have to start at the bottom in aids to navigation, marine regulations and boat equipment.

▶ Ice yachting got off to a good start on Lake St. Clair, January 11th, when a fine winter day gave the fans a 20-mile wind and miles of clear ice. Jack Moran, of Grosse Pointe, won three heats for the best score in the Marsh Trophy event which is run off on three week-ends. Al Pochelon, of Detroit, scored three firsts in the Skeeter Class to take the Peters award.

Defense work has caused the postponement of the series of ice yacht

races at Menominee, Michigan, where Rex Jacobs and James Ford, of Detroit, planned to take their big boats for competition with John Buckstaff and Ben Lampert, of Oshkosh, Wis. Ford's boat was completely rebuilt for the series during the past summer but both he and Jacobs, and George Hendrie, who sails Jacobs' *Ferdinand*, are tied up with the war effort.

▶ A popular rendezvous of yachtsmen on Lake Erie, the beautiful Lonz Winery on Middle Bass Island, was burned down on January 11th. The huge building, of medieval design, was connected with many a happy memory for Great Lakes yachtsmen.

▶ The Gregory Boat Co., of Detroit, has been awarded a contract for ten 34′ boats for the U. S. Navy.

▶ Bayview Y.C. Florida racing fans were much disappointed when word came that the winter's sailing events had been cancelled. Possibly they will change their interests to ice yachts as the club has sponsored its first "hard" water race this winter, and Commodore Charles Beck has bought one of the smartest Skeeters in the country, the first ice yacht flagship the club has had.

▶ Carl Miller, Lieut., j.g., of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, has been transferred from a desk at Cleveland to sea duty in Southern waters. He has been particularly active in Lake Erie yachting, having organized the Sandusky S.C. and being one of the organizers of the Sandusky Power Squadron.

LONG ISLAND AND THE SOUND

By Weather Quarter

▶ The week-long cold snap which descended on Long Island during the first week in January held off just long enough to permit the Frostbite Yacht Club to wind up its eleventh annual regatta in ice-free water. The Manhasset Bay Y.C. was host in its usual hospitable and efficient style. Races were held on January first, third and fourth for the "B" One-Design, Dyer "D" and Penguin classes. The brand of weather served up on the three afternoons was, respectively, damp, light, and fluky; damp and almost windless; and damp, moderate, and fluky. All this meant that the racing was only fair, but it made the subsequent "warming up" period around Manhasset Bay's new snack grill and enlarged bar the more enjoyable.

Jack Sutphen of Larchmont came from behind in the final day's racing to win the "B" championship with Johnny Nichols, always near the top, second. Commodore Ed Raymond, of the Storm Trysail Club, distinguished himself by winning the only race sailed on the second day and led the series at that time, but fell to third in the final score when he towed a chunk of seaweed around in his centerboard trunk all the last day. The second day's race, incidentally, took longer to sail than any other short course dinghy race on record. Only eight of the fleet of almost thirty finished, and the last of these stuck it out for over three hours. The course was less than three-quarters of a mile all the way around.

Eddie Miller, Penguin Class ace, was in his usual fine form and took the series comparatively easily though Ruth Blanchard gave him a close fight on the last day. Fred Gade took the sub-par competition offered by the D Class into camp with a perfect score. He didn't lose a race.

▶ Precedent remained unbroken when the Frostbite Y.C. met and elected the following officers whose only duties will be to call next year's meeting: Commodore, Ed Raymond; vice commodore, Bob Fraser; rear commodore, Arthur Knapp; fleet captain, Jim Moore; secretary, Everett B. Morris. Special honors were bestowed on Hugh Kilmer for exceptional consistency in falling overboard; his title is Knight Commander of the Bath. Bill Campbell, only dinghy skipper possessing a pump, was named Chief Bailer, and Jack Sutphen, Upholder of the Rights of the Port Tack.

▶ The mystery concerning what Sound Star skipper is having a new boat built by Purdy has at last been cleared up. It's not Frank Campbell at all but John White, erstwhile owner of *Shucks*. The new boat is making her debut at this Midwinter Star racing at Havana. Other Long Islanders at Havana include Adrian Iselin, and Harold Halsted, heavy weather ace from Moriches Bay, who is sailing White's former *Shucks*.

▶ The Western Long Island Sound Star boys have voted to permit any owner in the service to qualify in next summer's elimination series by sailing in four races. If the competition is up to standard, Uncle Sam can expect at least one hurried enlistment the day after the fourth race is sailed.

▶ The Bayshore Y.C. has offered the use of its facilities on Great South

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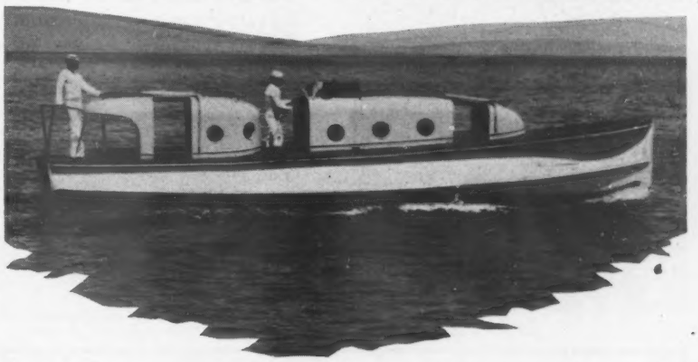

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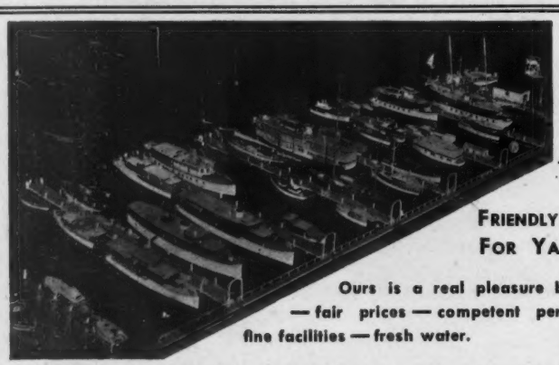

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Bay to the Coast Guard for whatever use that service may care to put them to. The offer has been accepted with appreciation and will probably be utilized in time.

▶ The Douglaston Y.S. is going along stronger than ever. Over forty small boats raced under the club burgee on Little Neck Bay last season and more are expected this year.

SOUTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS WHIFFS

By William U. Swan

▶ Steadily increasing boat production at New Bedford, not only on both banks but in the middle of the lower Acushnet, and preparation for a fair amount of small boat racing by a majority of the organizations and clubs in the district, were the outstanding midwinter maritime features here.

▶ Historic Pope's Island, on which the New Bedford Y.C. has maintained a winter station for many years, and which was to have been the last resting place of the whaler *Charles W. Morgan*, has been taken over for defense purposes. On the north side, in the street car barns above the bridge, the keels of four 100′ hospital ships for the Navy have been laid by Palmer Scott, who had no room for this work at his yard farther up the river. On the south side, the club station has been turned over to the Massachusetts Extension Bureau for navigation classes.

▶ Early in the year, Casey launched a 75′ dragger for Leslie Mikalsen, of New Bedford. She was designed by Eldredge-McInnis and is powered by a 140 hp. Chrysler. Casey is now working on naval construction.

▶ At Peirce & Kilburn's, the activity brings more than a hundred workmen to the yard daily. Two draggers will go overboard this month.

▶ Overhauling at Kelley's yard is an old-time rum runner, said to have cost $50,000 and to have paid for herself in three successful trips. After she had been captured by the Coast Guard, the U. S. Marshal at Newport sold her for $600. She was driven by two Sterlings and one Wright Tornado, of 500 hp. each, and is said to have made as much speed loaded as she did light. She will make a grand patrol boat.

▶ The Beetle Boat Company is constructing a bunch of its famous cats, which may eventually compete in the class championship which will undoubtedly be held at some Cape Cod port this summer. Some of the new boats are for the two Rhode Island clubs, Edgewood and Barrington, while others will go to Bass River and Barnstable.

Carl Beetle is building a 28′ police boat for use in Charles River Basin by the Metropolitan Park Commission. She will be powered by a 120 hp. Chrysler and is another Eldredge-McInnis design.

▶ Although the Army has taken over the club location at the tip of Butler's Point, where the Beverly Y.C. station has been domiciled for many years, the club is planning a season of racing for the Herreshoff "12's" and for its class of Yankee One Designs, in Marion Harbor or just outside. The annual competition for Thirty-Square-Metres for the Roosevelt Bowl will be but a memory until after the war. The club will celebrate its seventieth anniversary in June.

▶ With their shallow waters well closed in by shoals on the east and a narrow channel on the west, it looks as if Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds would stage plenty of sail boat races for craft up to 20′ water line, which means that the big regattas at Edgartown and Nantucket, and the somewhat smaller affairs at Harwich Port and Cotuit Port will once more attract sailing yachtsmen. Early in January, none of them had been canceled. The two so-called long distance races, Edgartown's Round-the-Island and Nantucket's Lightship events, however, will be shelved.

▶ Navy planes and Coast Guard boats are making the long breakwater at Harwich Port their base for patrol off Monomoy Point. As the memorial to the late Lieut. Commander Waldo H. Brown, initiator of this project, fittingly states, the breakwater is "for voyagers of the sea and air."

▶ *Zephyrs.* . . . Not being dependent on tires for progress along the Cape Cod shores, local yachtsmen are planning to commission nearly all their small motor craft for transportation purposes this summer. . . . The Falmouth boat yards fitted out a bunch of moderate sized power cruisers in January for southern waters. . . . The Hyannis Y.C., the only yachting organization in the district to function through the year, is holding navigation classes this winter. . . . Commodore Elliott C. Cutler, of the Vineyard Haven Y.C., headed the first hospital unit to leave Boston for war duty.

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FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

▶ With the coming of war, the yachting program around Florida is naturally being rearranged. The Miami fishing tournament, which is confined largely to coastal waters, will be held as usual. It began with the fleet review on January 11th and will run for three months. The Biscayne Bay Y.C. has called off the Sunburn Regatta for the smaller classes and also the Lipton Trophy Race for the cruising boats. Chairman Robert E. Collins has announced that the Miami-Nassau Race will not be held. At this writing, the St. Petersburg-Habana Race is still planned for March 7th. Habana is going right ahead with the Star Class series, running from January 31st to February 7th. The race from Miami to Habana for cruising motor boats has been called off.

▶ Florida A.P.B.A. officials report that Bradenton, Lakeland, Miami, Palm Beach, St. Petersburg and possibly other cities will hold their motor boat regattas. The Miami Junior Chamber of Commerce has made C. D. Van Orsdel chairman, with Jack Evans, George Smathers and A. L. Hefty to back him up. Ted Houser will be in charge of the two-day program, February 28th and March 1st. At St. Petersburg, the new class of "D" inboards has been added to the active fleet of 91-cubic-inch hydroplanes which will be raced March 20th and 21st, in the Southern Sweepstakes, by J. D. McIntyre, Al Strum, Guerdon Knapp, Sam Crooks and Alden Hayes.

▶ The Coast Guard Auxiliary is lining up flotillas under Lieutenant Commander G. A. Littlefield. At Jacksonville, the unit commander is Guy Marvin, Jr.; at New Smyrna Beach, Merton E. Sears; at West Palm Beach, John Butler; at Miami, Carrington Gramling and William Mansfield; at Sarasota, William Schley and Robert Givins; at St. Petersburg, John Wilhelm and C. G. Bagley. At Clearwater, Gardner Cornett heads a flotilla that has taken over the job of hunting lost boats. Tampa claims the organization of the first volunteer harbor patrol in the country, a force made up of 256 boat operators, mechanics and medical men maintaining a 24-hour patrol in their own boats. The Florida Y.C., at Jacksonville, is being used as a Red Cross center for making surgical dressings. The Miami Power Squadron, under the newly elected commander John Hanafourde, has started a class in signaling, blinker, radio and wigwag, open to all boat owners who have listed their craft with the Dade County Defense Council.

▶ Realizing that their separate yards are too small to handle the construction of the larger government orders, three different groups of Florida boat builders have combined forces to handle defense contracts. Early in November, representatives of the marine industry in Pinellas County met at the St. Petersburg Y.C. to make a survey of their combined facilities. They found that they could build one 85′ boat every two months, another 65-footer every third month, while they were building four 38-footers a month, or they could produce 25 boats up to 32′ long every month. In December, several firms in Fort Lauderdale lined up their group facilities. Later, Jay Fogal, former wartime shipbuilder, organized a group of Miami businessmen to construct a fleet of wooden barges.

▶ New officers at the Clearwater Y.C., are: H. J. Keller, commodore; John A. Taylor, vice commodore; Gardner Cornett, rear commodore; C. Raymond Lee, secretary, and Karl Rehbaum, treasurer. Guy Roberts' new *Roge II* has been taking most of the honors in the local Snipe fleet, of which Theodore Kamensky and Elizabeth B. Kirby are captain and secretary, respectively. John C. Pace is commodore of the Pensacola Y.C. for 1942, with John Fishback, vice commodore; H. Hilton-Green, rear commodore; and Max Bear, fleet captain. All are campaigning for a new clubhouse to replace the temporary quarters on the municipal pier. L. M. Harvey's schooner *Pagan Moon*, several times Pensacola's representative in the Habana Race, has changed her base to Fort Lauderdale.

▶ Roy W. Howard, of New York, has turned his 110′ diesel yacht *Jamaroy* over to the Coast Guard which is using her as its Miami headquarters. . . . W. J. Roberts' big motor-sailer *Marianna II*, from Chicago, is at the Coconut Grove Boat Works also ready for use by the Coast Guard. . . . Henry Howard's ketch *Alice*, from Newport, is preparing for a trip down the Keys. . . . Charles E. Sorensen, of Detroit, has been fishing at Cat Cay with his auxiliary schooner *Icaros*, as has Powel Crosley, Jr., of Cincinnati, with his new fishing cruiser *Wego*. . . . Thorne Donnelly, of Chicago, fishing out of Jupiter Inlet in his cruiser *Mako*, caught twelve sailfish in one day, making his boat's total 66 in eighteen days, most of them released uninjured. . . . Edmond A. Hughes, of Bismarck, N. D., has left Palm Beach aboard the 60′ Diesel cruiser *Anna* which he just bought from Hugh Dillman.

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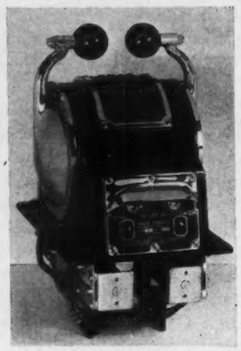

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

▶ A shakedown cruise for a sailing yacht just after the Christmas holidays may sound a bit irregular but, in the Pacific Northwest, where yachtsmen are becoming increasingly loath to decommission their craft during the winter, the idea is not as "irregular" as it appears offhand.

Dr. Peter Schranz decided that he'd take his new auxiliary ketch *Mariner* on a shakedown cruise on Puget Sound waters right after Christmas, winter weather or no winter weather. He stayed out for over a week on a jaunt as far as Long Branch. *Mariner* is a 42′ doubled-ended auxiliary ketch, powered with a 15 hp. Sterling Fisherman 2-cylinder gasoline engine.

▶ Harry Rowe, Seattle, has a fine heavy cruising yacht in his new command, the 40′ *Marharver*, designed by Tregoning and built by the Tregoning Boat Co., Seattle. *Marharver*, with a beam of 12′ and a normal draft aft of 4′ 6″, is driven by a 6-cylinder 100 hp. Hall-Scott gasoline engine with 3:1 reduction gear.

▶ Charles Moore, Seattle, is the newest owner of a 31′ Richardson cruiser sold by Marina Mart, Inc. The new craft is powered with a Gray Six-91 with "V" drive. Ray Corbett also reports the sale of the 35′ Marconi cutter *Betty* to Byron Scrivner, Seattle. *Betty*, equipped with a Four-22 Gray auxiliary, was formerly owned by Tom Tjerandsen, Seattle, who is now building a 47′ sail yacht for his own use. Tjerandsen built *Betty* in 1938.

▶ New officers of the Tacoma Y.C.: Martin Stockwell, commodore; Everett T. Steven, vice commodore; Paul Riggs, rear commodore. New trustees: Herbert Hunt, C. R. Mojean and W. H. Ostruske.

▶ Russell Rathbone, Seattle Y.C., just can't be without a boat. Last February he sold his 40′ Monk-designed sedan cruiser *Patrus* to Danny Cann. This February, the Bud Forder yard, at Bothell, Wash., is scheduled to launch and commission Rathbone's newest yacht, *Patrus II*, a 39′ bridge deck cruiser of modified "V" bottom design, powered with a Chrysler Crown with 2.5:1 reduction gear. This engine, swinging a 24″ by 18″ Hyde propeller, is expected to provide a cruising speed of 9 knots at 2,000 r.p.m. *Patrus II* has a beam of 10′ 6″, and a normal draft of 3′ 6″. Prior to the first *Patrus*, Rathbone owned the 30′ cruiser *Pajaro*.

A Kelso, Wash., yachtsman is having a 26′ sedan cruiser of Monk design built at the Forder yard; a Chrysler Ace with 2:1 reduction will furnish power.

▶ Gilbert Skinner, Seattle Y.C. member and owner of the 126′ Diesel yacht *Nellwood*, has sold his 77′ twin screw cruiser *Legil* to the Sebastian-Stuart Fish Company, Seattle. *Legil* is a Consolidated cruiser.

▶ The Coast Guard has taken over the new 40′ cruiser *Springbok II*, built recently at Seattle by the Grandy Boat Company from Monk plans, for Gordon Wilson, of Seattle. *Springbok II* is a heavy hulled modified "V" bottom craft propelled by a Chrysler Royal Eight.

▶ Speaking of the Coast Guard, four new patrol vessels for this service are now well along in construction at two Seattle yards. Washington Boat Works is building two Monk-designed 52-footers which will have twin 160 hp. Chris-Craft engines, while the Shain Manufacturing Co. is constructing two 50-footers from Morris Shain plans which will be driven by twin Chrysler Royal Eights. Required top speed for the four vessels is 16 knots. The Shain yard set aside construction of a 50′ yacht with 165 hp. Gray Diesel for Dr. Charles Ward, to proceed immediately on the Coast Guard order. Dr. Ward formerly owned the *Isla May*, 42′ Shain-built cruiser, which has been bought by Henry A. Holm, of Seattle. Holm is to rename her *Silver Wake*, while Dr. Ward will retain *Isla May* for his new Diesel-powered yacht.

▶ *Cat's-Paws.* . . . The Pacific Coast purse seine vessel *Balboa* has entered the service of the U. S. Army as the *Major Reuben L. Fain*. Similarly, the Seattle yacht *Robert L. Seymour* "is in the Army now" and is prosaically designated as *Q-46*. . . . Howard Richmond, Seattle Y.C., has bought the 36′ auxiliary sloop *Nautilus II*, of Ben Seaborn design, which was commissioned at Seattle last year by the N. J. Blanchard Boat Co. for Ralph C. James, Jr., of the same club. . . . The Ballinger shipyard, at Kirkland, is reported to be ready to build four Monk-planned 26′ cruisers for a Tacoma buyer. . . . The Tregoning Boat Co. has completed a new type "oarless" lifeboat, which is driven by a propeller powered by seamen pulling handles in a fore-and-aft movement. The propeller is swung much the same as an outboard motor propeller to control the direction of the boat; the device is known as the Allen manual propeller. Sole manufacturing rights are held by the Pitchometer Propeller Co., of Alameda, Cal.

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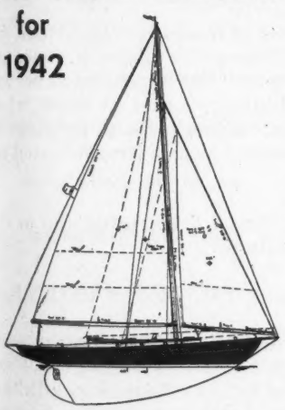

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NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis (Old Doc)

▶ Maybe all was quiet on the Potomac when that sentry announced the fact seventy some years ago, but if it was any quieter than yachting activities around Rhode Island — well, all *was* quiet on the Potomac.

There are only three things that make active yacht yard news at this time of the year when, in the sheltered spots where there's no tide, you can pick the top right off the water and hold it up and see through it while it melts, and they are: things building for pleasure; boats being bought and sold; and building for war.

If a builder has an order for a boat, no matter how little she may be, he'll tell about it; buyers and sellers don't mind having the fact known but, if the builder is building something for the Navy, Coast Guard or Army, while he might like to brag about it, he "dasn't." The Navy won't let him say a word.

So, without going into particulars about what, where or when, three yards have some government building work and two or three others get some repair work on government boats. They'd like more of it, and all the other yards would like some. They're hoping. Did you ever hear the one about the farmer whose grain bin was empty who, as he fed the old mare sawdust, said, "Live, horse, till the grass grows again"?

▶ The prevailing hail nowadays when one of the boating crowd meets another is: "Have you got your identification card yet?" Having been duly warned that those cards you get from the Coast Guard are going to be necessary things to have if you want to go boating here next summer, it's surprising how many can answer the hail by producing one and not waiting until they need them before they go after them. It's a little tough, though, on the men from distant parts of the State that they have to come to Providence to get the applications filled out and, unless they have all the required information, plus birth certificate and four photos, have to make a second trip before the application can be completed.

▶ You just miss 'em and, when you meet their chums and ask where so and so is, you get: "Oh, he's in the Coast Guard or the Coast Guard Reserve, or the Navy, or the Naval Reserve." Once in a while it will be "Oh, he's in the Army." But most of the boating gang that hold up their right hands and take it, head for the nautical branches of the service. Among the latest of the missing is Prescott Gustafson, president of the Narragansett Bay Y.A., who has enlisted in the Coast Guard Reserve and probably will be assigned to Doug Paton's *Olympic* which Doug has turned in to the Coast Guard Auxiliary. George Dunn, owner of the 30-Square-Metre *Tippler*, is another. Jack Skerry, one of the original Snipe skippers (*Jacksnipe*), and John Mason, skipper of the Indian Class *Peggy*, are both in the Naval Reserve. So is Mark Hough, owner of the Eight-Metre *Awashonks III*.

▶ The Power Squadron has sent questionnaires to all members asking for full descriptions of their boats, where they are, whether the owners are willing to turn them over for any service they may be called upon to give, and to have them ready so they can be launched at short notice if they're wanted.

▶ When this was written, the West Passage in Narragansett Bay had been closed to navigation, also Sakonnet River. In the West Passage, Whale Rock Light and Dutch Island Lights and the Dutch Island Light fog signal had been discontinued. Also a number of buoys. Indications are that more will be discontinued soon.

▶ The Power Squadron's elementary piloting course ended January 19th, when about 65 took the examination; a second elementary course was started a week later for the benefit of those who didn't get in on the regular one. They're talking about a special course in signaling, wigwag, Morse code, blinker and international signal hoists. Past Commander Dr. Terrell E. Cobb has been appointed chairman of the 12th District Power Squadron National Defense Committee.

▶ *Short Ends.* . . . Harlan Moses' *Pandemonium* won the first series of the Narragansett Bay Chapter, N.A.D.A., races. It took thirteen races to qualify and *Pandemonium* sailed seventeen, got 93 out of a possible 128 points for a percentage of 72.66. Stan Smith's *Sniffles* got a better percentage, 79.71, but was shy five of the qualifying number of races. . . . Wise Westcott, the A.A.A. head who bought the 29′ auxiliary sloop *Crosspatch* from William B. Cross, of Groton, Conn., has changed the name to *Knot Wise* as Mr. Cross wanted to retain the name for his next boat. . . . Even if a lot of them are worrying about whether they'll be allowed to use them next summer, quite a few who wanted to sell have found buyers ready to take the chance. . . . Gerald C. McOsker who sold his 32′ Casey-built

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cruiser *Mainstay,* has bought the 34′ cruiser *Mister M* from Mrs. John W. Martin, of East Marion, Mass. . . . Bertram R. Jordan has sold the 40′ cruiser *Strad* to Romulus Socciocio, of Cranston. . . . *Robie Bill,* the auxiliary cat boat sold by William Rossi to Edward Atkinson, has been renamed *Lazy Days.* . . . Thomas E. Sugden has bought the 24′ raised deck boat *Dawn* from John Donnelly. . . . Those famous "first Thursday" meetings and chowders of the Mariners' Club, at Peirce and Kilburn's Fairhaven yard, have been indefinitely postponed. The Masters' Gam, at Kelley's yard, didn't get started this winter at all. The next best chowder bet is the regular Friday night party at the Rhode Island Y.C., at Pawtuxet, where they're bragging they have the best fish chowder in New England.

LAKE ONTARIO NEWS

By W. Peck Farley

▶ With the temperature at five below zero, people don't seem particularly boat-minded; however, plans are being made for the coming season and in another two months actual work on boats will get under way.

▶ The Algonquin Y.C., on Irondequoit Bay, will be host club for the Northern Lakes Open Comet series, August 1st and 2nd. It is expected that there will be entries from some ten clubs, including Skaneateles, Owasco, Conesus, and Payne Beach.

▶ The Northern Lakes State Championship in the Comet Class is planned for Owasco Lake, August 8th and 9th, with Dr. John Copeland, of Owasco, as defending champion.

▶ The Payne Beach Y.C. will hold the Comet Class invitation meet on July 12th.

▶ The Central New York Y.R.A., which planned to hold its regatta at the Syracuse Y. and C.C., B.P.H. (before Pearl Harbor), hopes to be able to carry through. This meet is scheduled for August 13th, 14th, 15th.

The officers for the 1942 season of the C.N.Y.R.A. are: Floyd Reeves, of Onondaga, president; Vincent Hall, of Canandaigua, vice president; William Tatley, of Seneca, secretary and treasurer.

▶ The Youngstown Y.C. regatta committee is composed of the following members: Lauren Hitchcock, chairman, Charles Spaulding, Elmer Doyle, Roy Ritzhaupt and John Williamson.

"Bud" Doyle, skipper and part owner of *Bangalore,* Eight-Metre, has bought the Six-Metre *Sprig. Sprig* was designed by Clinton H. Crane and built by Nevins, in 1930, for George Ferguson. The boat is now on her way *via* trailer from Burlington, Vermont, to Hedley's yard, at Olcott, where she will be completely overhauled. She will be the fourth Six-Metre at Youngstown. Who will take Doyle's place as skipper of *Bangalore* is not yet known.

▶ Jack Wilkes (Ensign John Wilkes), former light canvas man in the "R" boat *Tycoona,* saw action at Pearl Harbor.

▶ A large delegation from the Rochester Y.C. attended the L.Y.R.A. meeting at Hamilton on January 17th.

Committees for the coming season were appointed at the January meeting of the Rochester Y.C. and a program of activities mapped out. There will be two fleet captains this season; Phil Farnham for the racing division and Harold Field for the cruising division. Farnham will also be chairman of the sailing committee, with Newton Castle as chairman of the protest committee. George Culp will again be at the head of the race committee, a job he has filled long and most ably. The house committee will once more be under the guiding hand of Phil Hoffman and Frank McGee will again function as chairman of the property committee. The publicity for the club will be handled by Oscar Marth and the entertainment and special activities will be in the hands of Johnnie Heinrich. Mrs. Oscar Marth will be at the head of the women's committee.

Charlie Case, owner and skipper of the yawl *Horizon,* has enlisted in the Army.

On January 9th, a large group of R.Y.C. members braved the icy wind from Lake Ontario to attend a dinner meeting at the club at which Herbert L. Stone, editor of YACHTING, was the principal speaker. He showed some splendid pictures of the St. Petersburg-Havana Race of last season and accompanied the pictures with a running commentary of interest to sailors and landlubbers alike. Through the coöperation of the U. S. Power Squadron, Rochester Fleet, the U. S. Navy sent three sound motion pictures; "Eyes of the Navy," "Gateway to the Pacific" and "Battle Maneuvers," particularly appropriate at this time.

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MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

▶ Commodore B. Devereux Barker has been elected to his third term at the helm of the Eastern Y.C. Other 1942 flag officers include Vice Commodore Malcolm W. Greenough and Rear Commodore Edward Dane, who succeeds Henry A. Morss, Jr., now a member of the Council at Large with Charles Francis Adams. J. Amory Jeffries continues as secretary while Stephen W. Sleeper carries on his long service as treasurer. John R. C. McBeath was renamed chairman of the Race Committee, which consists of John T. Whitmore, James P. Parker, Jr., Laurence H. H. Johnson, Jr., and Secretary Robert C. Seamans.

▶ The Massachusetts Bay Indian Marconi Association, which was the important link in carrying on racing in Boston Harbor after World War I, will carry on briskly during World War II, judging from the enthusiasm shown in the annual meeting at the South Boston Y.C. There may have been several members who attended with considerable doubt about racing next summer but when they left all were figuring how to get more speed out of their Indians when May 30th comes again. The 1941 officers were re-elected. They include President Charles Graf, Secretary-Treasurer Herbert Allbright, Measurer Bill Scotson and the board of judges, Bill McPherson, Harold Hazelton and George Young. The silverware awarded for last season included Marblehead and Quincy Bay race weeks. The major trophy for the Interclub championship was given to Walter Hallett, of the South Boston Y.C., owner of the champion *Tonto*. A special plaque was awarded Howard Gannett, veteran racing official, in keeping with a custom of saluting the person, not belonging to the class, who has done most for the Indians.

▶ After last year's Indian Class business had been wound up, Commodore John E. Murphy, of the South Boston Y.C., began unscrambling the gloomy future by pointing out that the Navy and Coast Guard want to keep yachting at top pitch this season for an invaluable supply of experienced sailors. Commodore Murphy contends that if the British Navy is able to put in some yacht racing in the Mediterranean, there is no reason why Americans cannot carry on. The season's success will depend largely on available men but the Indian Association intends to have every owner put his boat in commission and let some other member sail if the owner is in the armed service.

▶ Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., is supervising the construction of a 38′ twin screw Diesel sport fisherman for Dennis O'Connor, of Victoria, Texas, now building at the Baltzer-Jonesport Boat Corporation, Medford, Mass. A 1941 Gar Wood runabout has been sold through this office to Richard P. Cox, of Swampscott. She was formerly owned by Henry A. Stearns, of Providence, and will be used in Maine waters.

▶ The 75′ dragger *Little Sam*, designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., is practically completed at the yard of Willis J. Reid & Sons, Winthrop. She is powered with a 155 hp. Atlas Diesel engine. Two new 96′ draggers, also from Eldredge-McInnis plans, are under construction at this same yard. The 80′ sardine carrier *Kingfisher*, owned by William Underwood, Inc., of Watertown, Mass., is having extensive alterations made under the direction of Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., at the Stonington-Deer Isle Yacht Basin, Stonington, Maine.

▶ Work is progressing rapidly on the twenty new Penguin Class dinghies for the South Boston Y.C. Members have turned the basement grill room into a busy boatbuilding establishment evenings.

ELISHA WEBB, JR.

▶ Elisha Webb, Jr., president of Elisha Webb & Son Company, Philadelphia, died January 13th after an illness of several months.

Always an ardent supporter of the Port of Philadelphia, Mr. Webb was, in 1907, one of the organizers of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, which did much to bring about improvements to the Delaware River and other ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

Mr. Webb developed the WebbperfectioN galley range about forty years ago. Considered an authority on marine equipment, he frequently served in an advisory capacity to ship owners, shipbuilders, and government officials throughout the country. He was a member of the Port of Philadelphia Maritime Society, the Naval Architects and Marine Engineers Association, and the Miles River Yacht Club. He was a past president of the Vessel Owners and Captains Association, and a former treasurer of the Philadelphia Yacht Club.

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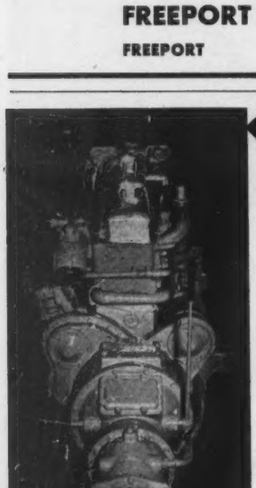

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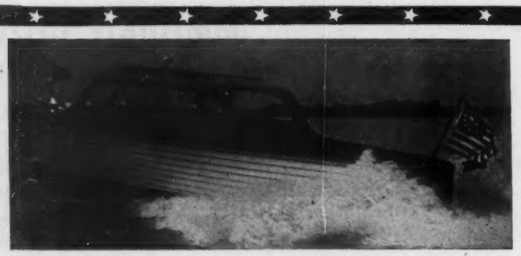

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CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By Bugeye Bill

▶ Yachtsmen on Chesapeake Bay, like boat owners everywhere in the country, are taking stock of what faces their favorite sport during the years of the war and particularly in the coming season. With restrictions prohibiting the operation of boats on the Bay after dark going into effect, it seems that overnight racing next summer will have to be cancelled. That much is apparent at this writing.

J. Miller Sherwood, new president of Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A., has this to say of the situation: "The Chesapeake Bay is certainly more favorably situated to continue yachting under wartime conditions than many yachting centers along this coast. I do not anticipate any governmental opposition to yachting, as participation is important to the maintenance of physical well being of citizens working under the strain of wartime economy.

"Obviously, a great many men who sailed last summer will be in active service or otherwise situated so that they will be unable to sail next summer. We expect that yachting will continue and that the various clubs will hold their regular regattas and races as usual. We do expect, however, that the number of participants will be substantially reduced."

▶ Robert A. Dodson, chairman of last year's Miles River Y.C. regatta committee, is the new commodore of that club. Other officers are: George Krill, vice commodore; Gordon Harris, rear commodore; William C. Fink, secretary, and William C. Mills, treasurer. The Board of Governors is composed of Nichols Hardcastle, J. Norman Marshall, J. Calvin Caulk and Phillip H. Hope.

▶ The Corinthian Y.C., in Washington, has reëlected Jacob H. Jacobson as commodore for another year. Robert W. Billups, who is active in the Coast Guard Auxiliary, is vice commodore; Irving Henderson, rear commodore, and Lewin Walker, secretary-treasurer. On the Board of Trustees are C. E. Ingling, Emery Galliher and Frank Scroff.

▶ The Chesapeake Bay Racing Association has been formed by a group of speed boat racing men of Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia and plans are under way to join the A.P.B.A. Present membership numbers about 68 owners of racing outfits. The association, formed since the outbreak of war, will devote its time to increasing interest in the sport and will lend its support to smaller clubs faced with cancellation of races because of the war.

Its commodore is Dr. G. Bache Gill, prominent yachtsman of Washington. Other officers are: J. Ford Walker, of Fredericksburg, Va., vice commodore; H. O. Link, Jr., of Baltimore, secretary-treasurer; and Redd Petress, of Richmond, John H. Hale, of Washington, and Vincent Schwing, of Baltimore, members of the Board of Directors.

ON COLLEGE CHARTS

By Leonard M. Fowle

▶ The Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A. will carry on during the spring with its full dinghy racing program. That was the major decision reached at the meeting of the association on December 27th. The officer representatives of the Naval and Coast Guard Academies were in hearty accord with the decision. Both institutions were granted sanctions to hold the I.C.Y.R.A. dinghy championships for the Middle Atlantic and New England districts.

▶ The spring dinghy schedule is still in a tentative state, subject to changes once the college authorities decide on their scholastic programs. Major dates assigned were: April 18th, Sharpe Trophy (Invitation) at Brown; April 19th, George Owen Trophy (Eastern Intercollegiates) at Harvard; April 19th, New England Associate Member Championships at Brown; April 25th–26th, Middle Atlantic Associate Member Championships at Princeton; May 2nd–3rd, Middle Atlantic Dinghy Championships at Annapolis and Coast Guard Alumni Bowl (New England Dinghy Championships) at New London; May 9th, Freshmen Dinghy Championships at Brown and Annual I.C.Y.R.A. meeting at Harvard; May 9th–10th, Morss Trophy (I.C.Y.R.A. National Championships) at M.I.T.; May 17th, Boston Dinghy Club Cup (Open) at M.I.T

▶ The future of the McMillan Cup competition remains uncertain and decision on the 1942 series has been postponed until the annual meeting in May.

▶ The most progressive action taken at the winter meeting concerned membership. Two new classifications of members — provisional and associate — were introduced. Provisional membership — the step between the regular and associate classifications — provides a trial period during

which a club enjoys nearly all the privileges of regular membership while proving to the satisfaction of the Executive Committee its qualifications for complete participation.

The inauguration of associate membership provides for sharing the privileges and facilities of the association by new college clubs and organizations not sufficiently advanced to seek regular or provisional status. Associate members will be elected by the Executive Committee, be entitled to a non-voting delegate at all meetings, be placed on the regular mailing list of the I.C.Y.R.A., pay nominal dues, be eligible for participation in specified regattas, and be elected for a two-year term, renewable if the Executive Committee believes the club is progressing satisfactorily. The advent of associate membership, designed for clubs now in the non-member category, means discontinuation of non-member regattas and eliminations. They will be superseded in New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and Midwest by Associate Member Dinghy Championships. The winners and runners-up will be eligible to compete for the Boston Dinghy Club Cup and in Schell Trophy regattas. If arrangements can be made, associate dinghy champions will be invited to compete in the district member championships of their area. Each regular member club possessing a fleet will be asked to include one or more associate member clubs on its schedule of regattas during the spring. In districts where no associate championships are held, all associate clubs are eligible for Boston Dinghy and Schell regattas.

NEWS OF THE INDUSTRY

▶ Kermath has recently announced the appointment of L. H. Grissell as Chief Engineer. "Griz," as he is known in the trade, has been prominent in the marine engine field for more than fifteen years. During most of this time he has been chief engineer of the Scripps Motor Company.

During the first World War Mr. Grissell served with the Aeronautical Section of the Signal Corps and after that completed his studies in internal combustion engine design at Purdue. After graduation he spent several years with prominent automobile companies, and then became associated with Gar Wood, Inc., where he collaborated in the design and conversion of engines and gear boxes for several of the *Miss Americas*. He joined Scripps in 1928.

▶ Dow Chemical Company, inventor of the new plastic tubing Saran, which can be used to take the place of copper tubing in pleasure boats during the war, has announced the licensing of three more fabricators of Saran. In addition to the Western Felt Works, of Chicago, the following will shortly be producing the plastic tubing: Hodgman Rubber Co., Framingham, Mass.; Pierce Plastics, Inc., Bay City, Mich., and Skuttle Sales Co., 12308 Hamilton Avenue, Detroit.

▶ Chris-Craft has recently received government contracts to build a total of 112 motor boats. The amount involved is approximately $2,000,000. Eighty of the boats will be 36-foot harbor patrol "picket" boats for the Navy, powered with two 150 hp. engines for a speed of 25 miles per hour. The remainder are for the Army, nineteen 42-foot aircraft rescue boats, and thirteen 60-foot transports.

"Revere", the recently completed all-welded cupro-nickel cruiser of Revere Copper and Brass, Inc., has been turned over to the Coast Guard "for the duration." Here, the Revere house flag is being replaced by the Coast Guard ensign as Coast Guard Lieut. W. L. Maloney, left, and Captain William Macy look on

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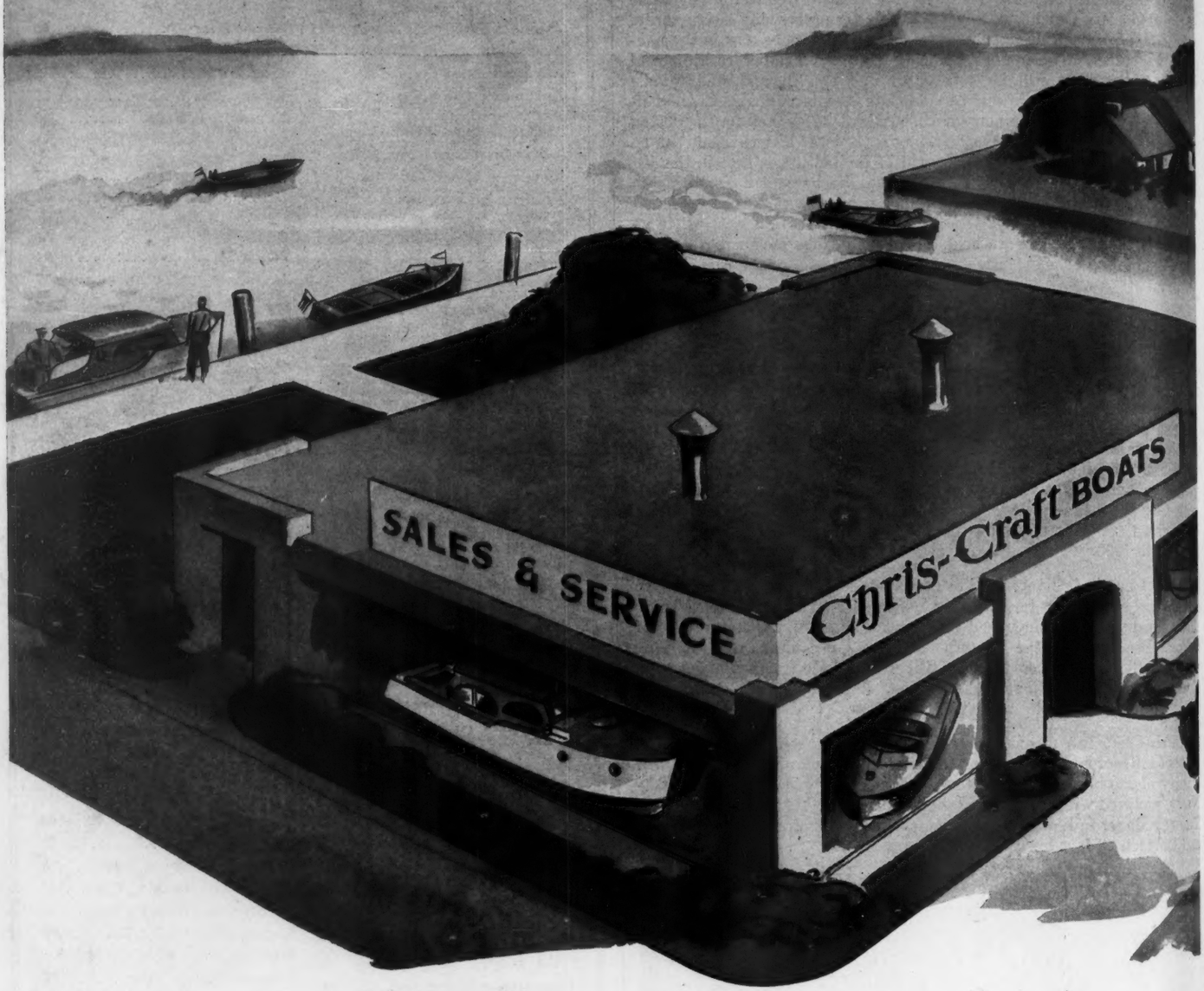

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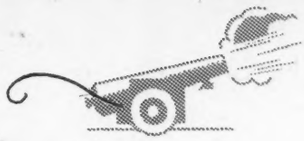

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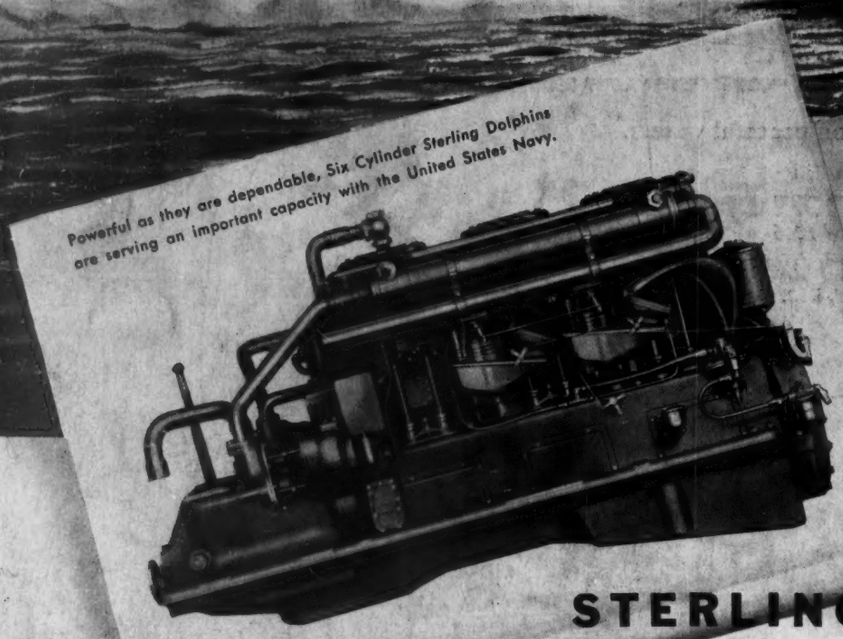
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